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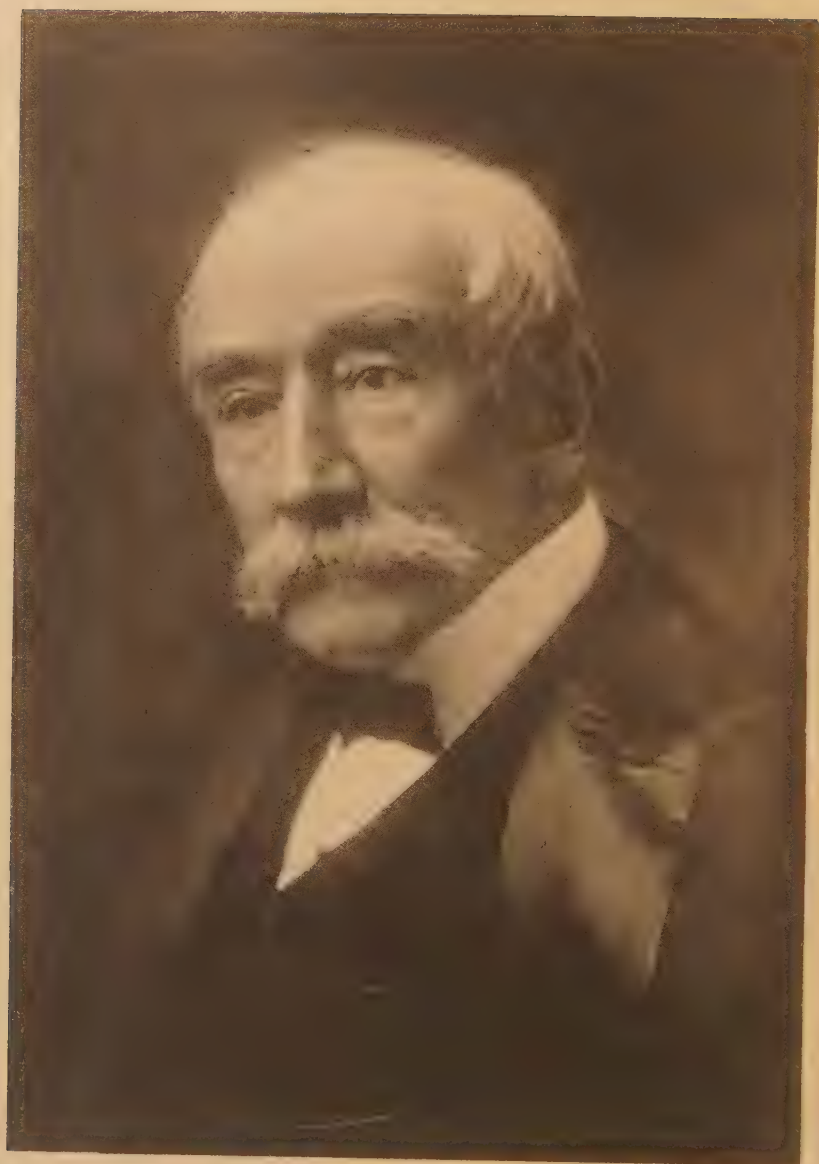
By Thomas Addis Emmet, M.D., LL.D.

IRELAND UNDER ENGLISH RULE

Or a Plea for the Plaintiff. 2 Volumes

INCIDENTS OF MY LIFE

Professional—Literary—Social
With Services to Ireland



Thos. Addie Emmet, M.D.

1909

Incidents of My Life

Professor Thomas Addis Emmet
With a preface by the author

Thomas Addis Emmet, M.D., LL.D.

From a photograph, 1909

President of the American Association of University Professors, 1909
Existence, Knight of the Order of the Star of the Danneberg
Great, and the other

With a preface by the author

By Thomas Addis Emmet
New York: The Knickerbocker Press
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Professional—Literary—Social
With Services in the Cause of Ireland

By

Thomas Addis Emmet, M.D., LL.D.

President of the Irish Federation of America during the Term of its
Existence, Knight-Commander of the Order of St. Gregory the
Great, and Member of Many Professional Societies at
Home and Abroad

With Twenty-seven Illustrations

G. P. Putnam's Sons
New York and London
The Knickerbocker Press
1911

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THOMAS ADDIS EMMET

The Knickerbocker Press, New York

Dedicated

TO THE REMEMBRANCE OF COUNTLESS BLESSINGS

WITH A HOST OF

SINCERE FRIENDS

AND A

HAPPY LIFE

THANKS BE TO GOD

Preface

"Our style is our personal signature affixed to our idea."

ERNEST HELLO.



THE preface is the most important part of a book, yet often it is never read. If properly written, it should develop a favorable impression, and as the author thus has the first say, it should be his fault when he fails to properly direct public opinion. The opportunity is thus given him to create the first impression, which in the case of most people is not only the more abiding but is often the only one received. Most mortals like to be humbugged, for it is very restful to one's vanity to feel that one has an opinion, and it is natural to think it all one's own brain-work; moreover, a peaceful mind contributes as much to mental digestion as the proper digestion of food by the stomach. If the preface gives the hint, it is a great advantage to know when to laugh, and when this is done heartily, without hesitation, it sounds well and always makes a favorable impression on those about, who have not had the same advantage to guide them. The unthinking, under such circumstances, always give credit to the boisterous one for the existence of more brains than are generally possessed.

It was found after the death of a noted clergyman that he had written on the margin of his sermons "cry here," "be slightly jocular," somewhere else, etc. Now these directions facilitated a prompt exhibition of feeling on his part, which, whether called for or not, was always touching in appearance, at least to his audience, and seemingly creditable to himself. The force of example is great, and with the women of the congregation in tears a pleasing break is made in the monotony attending most sermons which have to be read.

Many readers are satisfied as they are thankful to know where the joke comes in, something not easily determined, as the author himself, with so little [as a rule] on his mind, does not always know when to

laugh at his own jokes, and besides there are so many things in this world in which there is no joke. The clergyman with his marginal notes had a great advantage in being able to let his congregation know when to laugh or cry, but the author of a book cannot indicate to the reader by the same method when it would be in good taste to give an expression of feeling. Yet after all, a great deal has to be left to the imagination of the reader, and the only difficulty then is where the reader has no imagination, or where there is nothing to laugh at. The best plan is to leave the reader free, for it is but fair after all, when the money has been paid for the book, that the purchaser should have the option of laughing or not. It is certainly very difficult to take your cue from your neighbor, as a smile is not always an indication of mirth—we have the opportunity given us very early in life to realize this fact, or at least, others see it when we are sleeping, and we are liable at any time to suffer should we laugh with, or at, some one having a toothache or who is simply laughing to keep his courage up, for the probabilities would be then an occasion given us of laughing on the other side of our mouth.

It is a good plan on the part of the reader to assume, on evidence of any restlessness or want of clearness on the part of the writer, that he is about to perpetrate a joke. It is well then to laugh heartily. Should the product prove only a mouse, as from a mountain in labor, or a false alarm, the writer will be none the worse, and the reader will get credit for possessing a sagacious mind. This may be an error in judgment, but it is well to take what you can get, especially when it has cost you nothing. Under all circumstances a good deal has to be taken on faith with the telling of every story, and much has to be left to the imagination, where often none exists. It is said that Napoleon lost the battle of Waterloo in consequence of dyspepsia, so that the battle proved no joke to him. The state of the stomach does have much to do with the brightness of every one, but the lack of perceptibility as to the point of the story is generally due to stupidity.

Appearances are sometimes deceptive and the cause of a joke may be unseen. A writer is not necessarily witty, in fact he might not see a joke should he accidentally stumble on one, and often to read what he has written is anything but a joke, consequently, he would suffer from an injustice to be accused of making one. It is certainly hard to suffer from any circumstance for which you are not responsible. Not unlike the condition of a man who, calling to spend the evening with his sweetheart, found the house on fire and she calling for help. Recollecting seeing a long plank resting against a building he had passed, he placed it under the window, down which she was able to slide into his arms. But his astonishment was great to have each ear soundly boxed and have her

leave him in great indignation to join her friends. When he took down the board to return it, his soliloquy was: "By the Holy Mother and all the Saints, how was I to know the like of that nail was in the plank?" Evidently this was no joke to the interested party, and as nothing could be seen to laugh at, much has to be left to the imagination.

I once heard a story of an old judge in North Carolina who stumbled into making a pun, or at least, he was told he had made one. He was very fond of repeating the incident, but never having familiarized himself with the point of the story, did not always succeed in making the expected impression. The point was on conducting his court "without ceremony" in the absence of two important witnesses Mary and Sarah Mooney. But the point, as regards the "absence of ceremony" was never appreciated by his audience in the substitution of the name of *Mary* Mooney for that of her sister. After he had had his laugh (and he was the only one who did laugh) he offered the consolation: "Now it did n't strike me at first, either, but it is very funny and it will come to you in time."

I had great difficulty in determining where I should begin my narrative. Being a Southern man, I am entitled to begin "'For de war," but like an ass between two bundles of hay and embarrassed where to begin, I am also of Irish blood, and as such, "the year of the big wind in Ireland" is also at my disposal. The Irish point of reckoning has the advantage in being nearer the date of my birth, and being at so remote a period it would enable me "to draw a long bow,"—or one longer than modesty would allow, if I identified my narrative with a more recent date.

I am, however, fully aware that writers of autobiography are generally dubbed liars or perverters, and having great respect for the Psalmist as a close observer of nature, I have, so far as relates to myself, written as little as possible of myself. But in other respects, it is not unlike the saying: "It is as bad to be condemned for stealing a lamb as a sheep," so it is well in telling a story to make a good one, while we are about it.

Stories connected with "the big wind in Ireland" which occurred during a blizzard in January or March, 1839, for both dates have been given, were formerly not always accepted without some expression of incredulity. But of late years they are not often doubted, as the burden of proof, or *onus probandi*, would then rest with the skeptic, a position which is not tenable in the absence of proof, which can only be gained from the few persons yet alive; and they may have forgotten all about it. It is, therefore, left an open question to believe or not, yet the plan is a good one to enjoy all the fun, as the laugh often turns on the Münchhausen element these stories possess.

An old man who had in time been accepted, if by common consent,

as an authority on the "big wind in Ireland," was once asked what was his private opinion as to the exaggeration. He stated it was a dreadful calamity, and as a whole he did not think the accounts had been greatly exaggerated. Yet, he had heard one story he thought might possibly be open to question as being an exaggeration. He said "the big wind in Ireland" was unlike any other wind and did not come in puffs, but with a steady and unyielding force. He told about a horse which had been standing with his tail to the wind for some time, and turned to face it. The wind continued to blow steadily and without intermission, so that the horse's neck was gradually shortened and pushed inward, until at length the wind getting a purchase on the head, the animal was suddenly turned inside out, and the horse, in his fright, ran backward for fully twenty miles before he could stop himself!

If I am to be judged as to the truthfulness of my stories by the company I keep, and which was not of my choosing, 'I may suffer by comparison, for I have had but little aptitude in telling stories which would be worthy of those told in connection with "the big wind in Ireland." I will, however, do my best.

Being somewhat guileless by nature, I am not conscious of having followed any other course than that of giving an honest and simple narrative of my past life, and it is therefore scarcely fair that I should be considered a "blower," with all due respect to the "big wind in Ireland." But if I have been at fault in recording some detail, it is owing to the distorted impression retained from childhood, or to the impairment of my recollection owing to the lapse of time.

In this narrative I have presented a comparatively small portion only of my experience in life, and have omitted many amusing incidents, and many of great interest in relating to the living. I have chiefly alluded to the dead, and at the same time good taste has dictated that much in relation to them and their friends should remain buried, out of respect for the living. What I have written I have tried to present in a spirit indicative of peace and good-will to all men, as I wished neither to reflect on the acts of the dead while in the flesh, nor to wound the feelings of any one living. No matter how great the provocation may have been formerly, to the detriment of my good temper, it seems as if with each passing year the importance grows less in respect to both the actor and the action. It may be a subject for criticism as to my clear recitals of details in this narrative, not as if they were the impressions of a child, but those of a mature mind, and this is true. As a child I was unlike any other one I have ever known. After seeing anything, or overhearing a conversation on any subject which interested me, and almost everything did, I invariably, as soon as I had the opportunity, "played"

that I was the original person speaking and I tried to recall exactly every word said, and every gesture of personal peculiarity, which I repeated for my own amusement. When I saw anything of interest I always described it minutely, to myself, as if I were giving an account to some one else. Every time afterward whenever the subject happened to come up in my mind, it always interested me to recall every detail. This cultivated an instinct for seeing and hearing everything going on about me and kept my mind as a child always active. All through life I have preserved to some extent the same peculiarities, and on my power for close observation was based my professional success.

The reader may find that an undue amount of space and attention has been given to the consideration of historical matters in connection with this country and Ireland, to politics, questions of political economy, and religion. Every important point which was of personal interest to me has been considered, for all these subjects have directly or indirectly tended to shape my character and life.

I am by nature an investigator and can take nothing but religious matters on faith, and to do this needed much thought and study. From a want of early logical training I must always lack the evidence of great depth of thought, but I have never held an opinion on any subject which was not original, and as much a part of my identity as one of the features of my face would be. These matters are, therefore, not mentioned for display or to force my views upon the attention of others; but I am so identified with the opinions I hold that it would be impossible to form any judgment unless the reader was made familiar with what was the subject of my thoughts. As regards matters of faith, at least, I am fully in accord with the views expressed by the celebrated Rev. Father Arthur O'Leary, who was a lifelong friend of Wesley. In O'Leary's memoirs is mentioned the incident where on one occasion the Methodist clergyman took exception to the existence of purgatory, and was disposed to keep his hand in by discussing the matter. Father O'Leary's answer was: "Now, John, I won't be after disputing the matter with you. You are welcome to have it all your own way and might go further, and fare worse!"

Reference is made to many historical subjects which may be judged to have no connection with my life, but these incidents have been the subject of my personal investigation.

I have often given a synopsis of what I have written on these subjects, and I have referred, I think, to but few incidents which will not interest the reader. There are given many incidents connected with my early life, which may be thought too trivial, to appear in the memoirs of a staid octogenarian. But I have a number of young grandchildren

Preface

who will enjoy my early experiences, and I must confess that I have had myself many a hearty laugh over the recollection of them. I am almost sure, as I am approaching the period for my *second* childhood, I would enjoy on the sly a ride on the back of one of the "razorbacks" at the present day, if I were able to hold on.

There may be many features found in the book which are by no means conventional, but as we take our bacon, so the streak of lean and fat must go together, as it would be impossible for me to get up anything according to rule.

There is a great deal of fun lying around loose and unclaimed in this world, if people would only look for it and take it as it comes. It may be I am a partial witness, and I may mislead myself, but I have had too keen a sense of humor all my life not to have picked up here and there, a good deal to laugh at. Some of this I have put into the book but I have had to be very guarded, although I like a good story. But at my age the reader might consider it undignified for me to attempt the part of either Mark Twain or Joe Miller, but a better reason is that I am neither Mark Twain nor Joe Miller, and can never be either. Where I have attempted to be less prosy, I only hope in time the point of each joke may come to the reader. I feel the more hopeful that such will be the case, as I am certain I have in no instance substituted the name of Mary Mooney for that of her sister.

T. A. E.

NEW YORK, October, 1910.

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—Persecuted by Hamilton who forced the duel on him—Francis L. Hoffman, a friend of many years—Meeting for the first time Theo. Bailey Myers—Our close intimacy—Our historical collections are to remain in close relation and to occupy adjoining alcoves in the Consolidated Library, New York—Some notice of an old friend, David McN. Stauffer—Our relations of years broken up by his marriage—My advice to his wife—His work on the early engravers of this country.	207
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Changed my opinion of the Russian soldier—Russia's management of her army—Supported at a less cost than any other country—Russian-Japanese war—Cause of Russia's failure—Condition of the Trans-Siberian Railroad—The Czar seemed a kindly man—Was misled by foreign criticism as to the supposed needs of his Empire—Russia had then the only government fitted for her people—We are conceited in believing our civilization should be accepted by the world as the standard—Home Rule has existed in Russia for over one hundred and fifty years—No poorhouses in Russia—Every family is supposed to have a farm, which is kept for centuries as the headquarters for those who fail in obtaining a living elsewhere—The opportunity is there given by their labor to make a fresh start—Trouble with the Jews did not seem to be on account of their religion, but they will not live in the country, or cultivate the land, but by usury get possession of the land of others, and thus give the police a great deal of trouble—My opinion of the Russian people from what I saw of their habits and interests—Their views as to education—My own views as to the benefit of the public schools as conducted in our own country—Some deductions bearing on the existence of unrest among our people at large—Professions all overcrowded by those who are unfitted for professional life and could only succeed at a trade—It is the amount of brains God has given a man and his progenitors which determines his success in life and education alone cannot gain it—Both mechanical and professional efficiency are inherited—Left Russia for Finland—Met an old Russian Admiral—Remarkable man—Did not accept my fish story—Correspondence with Admiral Tryon, of the <i>Camperdown</i> —His opinion of his grandfather, Gov. Tryon, of the American Revolution.	239
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Visit to the west coast of Ireland—I was under constant supervision of the police—Visited Dr. Madden in Dublin—Obtained from him much information in relation to the family and places of interest in connection—Employed Sir Bernard Burke to make a search among the records of Ireland and England in relation to the family—This material was utilized in writing *The Emmet Family*, which was published subsequently—Visited the different houses and places connected with the family history pointed out by Dr. Madden, and had them photographed—Dr. Madden presented to me the original death-mask taken by Petrie of Robert Emmet—Its subsequent history—While at work with Dr. Madden and the photographer, I was notified to leave Dublin—The first Land Act was presented by Mr. Fortescue and not by Gladstone, as generally thought—Mr. Gladstone, however, was able to make use of it—This was the most important measure ever passed by England in relation to Ireland—It accomplished but little of itself, but it was a justification of Ireland and rendered possible any steps in the future—To do justice to Ireland I made a great effort to advance the progress on my book *Ireland under English Rule* that it might serve the cause of Home Rule—Certain defects of character in the Irish people considered—What has been accomplished by means of the United Irish League and revival of the Irish language—The Fenian movement accomplished more than all the others for the advancement of the Irish cause—The opinion of John Boyle O'Reilly as to physical force—The use of dynamite considered—The execution of a Coercion Act in Ireland was a degradation for the Irish people—If an attempt is ever made to enforce another Coercion Act in Ireland, dynamite will be freely used in their defence—The evicted tenants—Visited the Continent, became ill—Broke my leg at Glengariff, Ireland—Obliged to return home—Delay resulted in shortening and permanent lameness—Police in Ireland—A constant cause of disorder—The treatment of my children by them—My youngest son meets Mr. Gladstone—An interesting incident in connection—Mr. Parnell and my impression of him—Joseph Biggar a remarkable man—The Irish people should never forget the services of these two men.

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—Organization soon weakened and finally destroyed by dissension abroad—Public letter to Lord Salisbury—Went abroad with the hope of promoting harmony among the leaders—Not successful—Letter to Mr. Justin McCarthy and to other members of the party—All subscriptions to the Federation stopped—Letter to the <i>New York Sun</i> in relation to the subscription sent to the Irish party by Mr. Gladstone and Lord Tweedmouth—Meeting held at the Lyceum, Madison Avenue, Oct. 17, 1894—Addressed by Mr. Edw. Blake, M.P.—Had to be protected by the police—An explosive mixture set off in one of the stage boxes, but without doing any damage—The meeting yielded a good contribution.	281
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Reference to the Dublin Phoenix Park murder, and to Tynan—Action taken by the <i>London Times</i> —The <i>New York Herald</i> printed three days before the general election in Great Britain an article the <i>London Times</i> had prepared to defeat the Irish National members of Parliament—History of the trick—Action of the Federation in exposing it—Death of Mr. Eugene Kelly, treasurer of the Federation—He was a great loss to the Irish cause—Mr. John D. Crimmins elected treasurer—Difficulties in raising funds from dissension abroad and mistrust at home—Total amount remitted by Mr. Kelly to the national treasurer in Ireland—I became broken down from overwork and worry—Sent to Bermuda—Became ill there—Prepared for death—Several hundred Irish Catholic servant girls spent the night in praying for my recovery—God granted their unselfish and charitable prayers—Moved to the steamer from the hotel by an army ambulance corps and escorted by a corporal's guard of the British Army—Kindness of the Governor of Bermuda—Several months before convalescence—Decided to close my private hospital—Some of the distinctive features of my library described—Sold my library and collection of autographs and engravings—Mr. Kennedy, the purchaser, presented the collection to the Lenox Library—Irish National Federation no longer in active operation—Mr. Ryan's sacrifice—Peter Macdonnell and John Crane—Their loyalty to the Irish cause—Delivered a lecture at Cooper Union, Feb. 1, 1897, to the New York Branch of the Federation, on "England's Destruction of Ireland's Manufactories, Commerce, and Population"—Lease expired and could not be renewed—Moved the office of the Federation—Trustees all in favor of closing—Reasons for not acquiescing—Mr. J. B. Fitzpatrick true to the last—Wrote <i>The Emmet Family</i> —Mr. Abram S. Hewitt—His recollection of the death and funeral of Thomas Addis Emmet, my grandfather.	298
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agers," the position of Emeritus Surgeon, and that my son, who had been my assistant for many years, should be appointed to fill my position—I stated as my reason that during so busy a life there was much I was never able to investigate, and that I wished to devote the remainder of my life to original work in the hospital—My requests were totally disregarded, after a continuous and gratuitous service to the Woman's Hospital of over 45 years. . . .

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transept of St. Peter's Church, where, on removing the floor, the headstone was found to mark the supposed grave of Christopher Temple Emmet— <i>Ireland under English Rule</i> , etc., was issued in New York, during September, 1903—Feb. 14, 1904, we celebrated our golden wedding, and received in church a special papal blessing—One of the first wedding presents to arrive was the likeness of the Holy Father, on which he had written an expression of his good wishes, and his special blessing for both of us, and signed "Pius X, Pope"—Account of the reception held to receive our friends—In the evening gave a dinner of sixty covers to all of the Emmet family able to attend—This was likely the last gathering of the clan, and it was a memorable occasion—I left the following day for Palm Beach, Florida—Views relating to the grip—Believe every case should be isolated and treated as any other contagious disease—An old negro's views in relation to ironclad vessels.	343
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an open letter for the public, showing the great change for the better which had taken place in England during the past generation towards the Irish people, and the needs of that country—The Methodist Bishop, who when asked, on entering the House of Commons, whom he served, answered, "The Lord Jehovah," was mistaken by the official at the door to be the valet of some Scotch Lord bearing that title—In June, 1908, published an important letter on the Irish situation of affairs—With some home truths for the Irish people themselves—An original plan for gaining Home Rule for Ireland.

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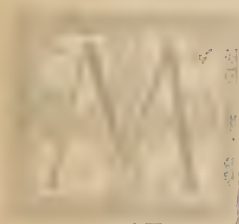
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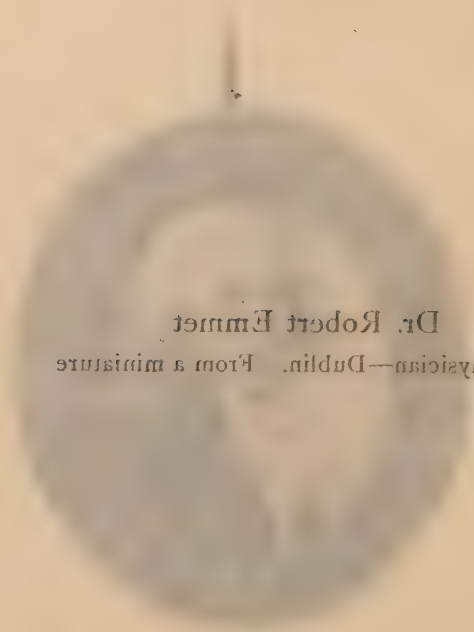
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My father's family was Saxon, according to Sir Bernard Burke, the Ulster King-at-Arms, and the name means an ant, the emblem of industry and perseverance, two characteristics for which a large proportion of the family have been noted. Our Arms, according to tradition and verified by Sir Bernard Burke, are in heraldic terms, per pale argent and fesse engrailed, betw. three bulls' heads cabossed or, and I during the time of Henry the Second, to Robert De Emory, as the Irish people were obliged to put up with so much from the Anglo-Normans of central and western Ireland, and we know nothing of the history, it is possible some member of the family may have originated the first "Irish Bull," and if there is anything in a name, it would have been more in keeping. The record of the history of the family demonstrates that for generations both in England and Ireland, the members have engaged in professional life as a rule, following

Dr. Robert Emmet
State Physician—Dublin. From a miniature



Incidents of my Life

Chapter I

Family history—The Tucker family—My birth and early childhood—Never required much sleep—The approximate number of patients treated during my professional life—Early grievances of the nursery—Always on the go—Noted as a kicker—General appearance described—A leader among boys—Learned to read at an unusually early age—Unable as a boy to study or acquire knowledge by rote—Experience at a Corn-Field school-house—Playing truant—My dog and dear friend—Taught by the negroes woodcraft, to ride, and to shoot—Description of my costume—Hog-back riding my delight on the way to school—Mrs. Grant's opinion of me and her prophecy as to my future end—Change of schools—Explanation as to the difficulty I had in acquiring knowledge at school from books—I could only learn from observation or explanation—Mistake in not teaching children to think—A child's idea of God "tagging" after her—I seemed never to forget what my father taught me—Fond of reading books in advance of the usual taste shown by boys—Account of my horse Jim and his pranks.



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Incidents of my Life

the medical or legal professions, while in Ireland, at least, during a period of some three hundred years, no one of the name seems to have been a clergyman.

My grandfather, Thomas Addis Emmet, became, at an unusually early period of his life, established as a prominent physician in Dublin, as his father had become before him. On the death of his elder brother, Christopher Temple Emmet, who at the time held the position of the head of the Dublin bar at an unprecedentedly early age, my grandfather studied law. He was admitted to the bar, and at the time of his arrest and imprisonment as a leader in the movement of 1798, he had attained in the law a position of great professional promise for his future. After an imprisonment of several years, with his wife, in Fort George, Scotland, he was released, and after a residence in Paris for some two years longer, as the secret agent of the Revolutionary party in Ireland, he settled in New York.

My father, Dr. John Patten Emmet, the second son, was born in Ireland and remained several years with the family abroad after his father had emigrated to this country. He retained in after-life, in consequence, a very clear recollection of the situation in Ireland after the movements of 1798 and 1803, of which knowledge I became, in my boyhood, the eager recipient.

My mother, Miss Mary Byrd Farley Tucker, was a native of Bermuda. The first settler of the name was the second by appointment, and the first to serve as a resident governor, and died there in 1624. My mother was named after her aunt, the wife of Prof. George Tucker, who was of the Byrd family, living at Westover on the James River, Virginia. The Tucker family, now to be found throughout the world, had its source in the County of Kent, England, where it made its appearance at a very early period. It is a matter of record that the head of the family at the time, who was a man of prominence, was allowed by King Stephen to keep his head always covered in his presence, that he should not suffer from exposure in consequence of a chronic catarrh. An unbroken record of this branch of the Tucker family has been preserved, from the distinguished sniffer to the present time.

The family in Virginia of this name is descended from St. George Tucker, an officer in the Revolution who emigrated from Bermuda with his brother Dr. Thos. Tudor Tucker. Both took part in the struggle with the Colonies against England.

I was born May 29, 1828, at the University of Virginia, then near Charlottesville, but now within the limits of that town, where my father was one of the original professors, appointed by Mr. Jefferson to fill the chair of Natural History. This subject having been found too extended

was afterward divided, and my father was designated to teach Chemistry and *Materia Medica*.

I have but a single record throwing any light upon my early life previous to reaching the period when I was able to recall my own surroundings.

I have in my possession a letter written by my father to his sister in New York, Mrs. Bache McEvers, and dated August 17, 1828. He wrote:

But no more of the dreams and shadows of the past! You will wish, no doubt, that I shall, at the conclusion of this very indefinite letter give some account of my little son. At all events I feel disposed to anticipate the desire and only hope that I may be able to fortify myself against a father's weakness and partiality. First then I have concluded upon christening him Thomas Addis Emmet, after our beloved Father,¹ but he is to be called simply Addis Emmet.

Altho' a delicate and small child when born, he has since rapidly improved and is now very large, plump and heavy. His looks, too, have agreeably disappointed his mother, for he is at present a very good looking boy,—indeed he may be said to be strikingly so, for everybody notices it. My opinion is, however, that his beauty will not continue to manhood at all events, for he possesses one of the widest and most expanded foreheads that I have ever seen upon an infant. Tom's Johnny has a noble front, but of so different a character that it is not possible to compare them. Were I at this premature period to apply the rules of Phrenology I would say that Tom's boy will excel in mathematics and sciences, founded upon close reasoning, while my chap will become eminent in music, wit and poetry. For God's sake, dear Jane, let nobody see this crude speculation, for no one thinks less of bumps and at this period of life, than I do. But as the youngsters do actually differ in these particulars from most children, there actually seems to be something of the kind to begin upon. Young Master Addis now knows his Mother and myself and did so before he was two months old. But while I thus give you the sweets of his character, I must also be so candid as to add the bitter. He is the most troublesome and restless dog living. For whole hours will he lie upon his back fidgeting about and moving his quick and restless eyes from one object in the room to another. Indeed he sleeps so very little that he compels

¹ There was a meeting of the students, and a committee called on my father with the request that I should be called Patrick, as I was born on Patrick Henry's birthday, which, for some reason was then being honored by one of the literary societies. Tradition holds that my mother, who was born an English subject, gave the casting vote as to the name, and the original decision was adhered to. Notwithstanding my profound veneration for the memory of my grandfather, and my full appreciation of the honor conferred on me in connection with the name, I have always wished that a compromise had been made. I have no record of my christening, but if it took place, the name I was to bear could have been as closely related with that of St. Patrick, so dear to those of Irish blood as being the most venerated of all the saints in the calendar.

his mother and father to keep him company during the greater part of every night. Sometimes it proceeds from colic, but more frequently depends upon an unknown cause, when asleep and awake, which convinces me that his wakefulness is not always attended with pain. When I consider how very sound a sleeper I once was, I am filled with astonishment that I am able to live upon the scanty allowance taken at present.

Beyond supplying a link in the chain, there may be nothing more of interest in this letter bearing on my after-life, except the reference to my sleeplessness.

I cannot speak for my babyhood, but as a boy I was as unwilling as others to go to bed at a regular time, but generally the annoyance was due to being interrupted in my reading, or in the desire to finish something I was at work on in the mechanical line.

In after-life when at the head of probably the largest public and private practice any man was ever held responsible for,¹ when I was never able to get through with my day's work, as it presented itself; and when the day's work often included one or more desperate surgical operations which others had sent me to get rid of, and of which they often dared not even divide the responsibility by being present at the operation, I needed but five consecutive hours of sleep at any time to keep me in good health. But I could do with no less, while more often deprived me of my alertness.

Frequently my literary labors would deprive me of getting even the necessary time for sleep, but I trained myself during my hospital service to take sleep whenever the opportunity presented itself and the circumstance allowed, so that I could close my eyes and go instantly to sleep for one moment, half an hour, or longer, as the time was afforded.

At an early period I became convinced that I was called upon to bear a grievous burden, in being subjected to frequent baths, and having my face often washed in the interval, and my hair curled, and the last proceeding always excited my ire to an uncontrollable degree. How my poor nurse, always in the best of humor, could hold me at her arm's length to avoid the kicks from my legs and the blows from my arms, both in full play, and at the same time apply the curling tongs, was something I gave no thought to at the time, but the *coup de main*, or *leger de main*, exercised on her part, has often since been a serious subject for contemplation. The whole series of procedure seemed then such a waste of time, and especially if the frequent repetition of washings was so necessary as claimed. Doubtless my judgment was biassed, and con-

¹ I have had occasion recently to go over my life's work, and I have approximated the number under my care, and for whose treatment I was directly or indirectly responsible in hospital and private practice, as being between ninety and one hundred thousand women. In this number is included the cases seen in consultation where I indicated the line of treatment to be followed.

sequently of less value, regarding the real advantage of soap and water to offset the accumulation of dirt which seems to gather so naturally on the body of a growing boy. But my nurse was to a great degree responsible for the blunting of my moral sensibilities, as she seemed unable to appreciate any nice distinction in response to my protests. With my eyes filled with soap and feeling as if all my pores had been opened by the vigorous manner in which she handled the flesh brush after each ablution, I naturally could only think of myself as being a subject of persecution.

As a boy I was always doing or wanting to do something, and rest was something foreign to my nature. Even in my sleep I was active, and I have always heard that I generally succeeded in kicking out of bed before morning any of the other children put with me.

My poor old grandmother, with whom I generally slept and who had charge of me for many years in consequence of the ill health of my mother, and who left, as an off-set, an indelible impression on my moral life by her training, often, within my hearing, complained of how her old bones ached in consequence of the tattoo I had played upon her with my heels during the preceding night.

I must have more Saxon blood in me than the course of my after-life and my devotion to Irish interests would indicate. As a child my hair was almost white with every hair in a tight curl, my skin was fair, and I had a brilliant complexion. But nothing excited my indignation more than to have the ladies I met pinch my cheeks and call me their "peach"—a designation I did not understand and I accepted their patronage as an indignity. In struggling to free myself on one occasion from being pinched and kissed, I happened to kick one of these ladies on her shins, which terminated the proceeding so suddenly that it at once gave me the clue to a most effective means of defence.

I was always the leader among the boys, not from any feeling of superiority, but because it came naturally as I generally seemed to know what to do. I had nothing of the bully about me, nor can I recall a single instance where I ever wilfully precipitated a fight on my own account but somehow I was always fighting the battles of others.

My grandmother taught me to read at an early age, much younger than usual, but until early manhood I never developed the faculty of acquiring knowledge by so-called study without the aid of another. Consequently, I never learned to any extent at school, and, in fact, the term "school teacher" is a misnomer, when the only function is to hear recitals. The so-called teacher was but an impediment to my progress as I could alone acquire nothing by rote.

The first school I attended was in the neighborhood of Charlottesville, and had for its presiding genius as big a fraud as the vocation of

keeping a Virginia corn-field schoolhouse could produce. On my third day of attendance at this school without having had any attention by the master directed to me, and with no special occupation beyond killing flies, I was called up to the dominie. Since the morning studies began and for half an hour, I had been most interested in watching the dexterity this worthy showed in picking his back teeth with a long dirk-shaped knife, which he seemed to carry for the purpose. When he had finished his morning exercise I was seized by him and mounted on the back of the largest boy in school, and having adjusted the seat of my trousers to his satisfaction, I was paddled with his flat ruler until he was short of breath from his exertion. His curiosity seemed to have been excited and his indignation roused as I made no outcry, and his first impulse on looking at me was to ply again the ruler, but, for want of breath, he ordered my mount to release me. While this was being done he told me the procedure had been offered as an incentive that I should devote some time at least to the spelling book, the existence and need of which he evidently thought I had ignored. As soon as I got a footing and could reach a large stoneware inkstand, I threw it at his head and ran for the door.

The next day and for an indefinite period after, whenever I appeared at school, the same procedure was gone through with, only varied on my part in the selection of a missile, the choice of which lay between a Latin dictionary and the spittoon. But I could seldom make a successful shot in my haste, and from long practice he generally caught my favors on the fly. Every week the most gratifying report was sent my father, and as the worthy generally walked over on Saturday to talk of my "gratifying progress," and to deliver in person the weekly report, he was asked to remain for dinner, when he was, much to my disgust, most affectionate and patronizing. As other boys soon followed my example, in playing truant, I naturally supposed our course was a frequent episode in the experience of every schoolboy. I had no desire to deceive, but I never mentioned my experience to my father, as he said nothing to me to call for it and I was satisfied that the *status quo* should remain.

On leaving the school I would never have to go any distance before I was met by my dearest of all friends, my dog, bounding toward me in ecstasy, knowing that for the whole day he was to have me all to himself. My dog seemed to know from instinct that the schoolmaster was a humbug who could not be trusted, so he always disappeared just before reaching school, but remained on the lookout for my reappearance. He was never reconciled to the man, who had probably given him a blow at some time, and always expressed his disapproval at every visit the schoolmaster made to the house, by constantly growling and showing to

the best advantage his front teeth. On leaving school we would be off for a neighboring mill-pond for a good swim, or I would hunt up some of my friends who were equally in quest of companionship or a game of ball, or we would be off to the mountains seeking signs as to the presence of wild turkeys or any other game in the neighborhood, which would be utilized on the following Saturday, when I could leave home with my gun, without attracting attention.

Incidentally, I should state that at an early age my father had me instructed in various sports by the young negro men about the house, so that I learned to ride and had a horse, and to shoot and had a gun long before any boy of my age would be trusted in the city out of the sight of a nursery governess.

My father feared I might inherit his physical condition of the lungs, so that as soon as I was strong enough to bear the fatigue, I was sent off with these men on long tramps. I thus learned from them everything in relation to woodcraft and the signs of the weather. At ten years of age I was quite a good shot with a gun made specially for me, and I could take care of myself. On these tramps I learned to follow the wild bees and became quite expert in finding their hives in the hollow trees, and became familiar to some extent with the habits of every bird and animal in the country.

I was always started from home after having been dressed with the greatest care, at least as to cleanliness. I wore a blue or buff nankeen cotton suit, made at home, with jacket and trousers in one and buttoned up behind the length of my spine. The main feature as to style was the addition of two short coat-tails behind, which gave the general effect of a stunted dress coat. The whole "get up" was crowned, as it were, by an immense linen collar extending from shoulder to shoulder and encircled with a frill about three inches deep, which was always fluted with the greatest care. For this decoration I felt an uncompromising disgust, as it always placed me, with my long curly hair, under a great disadvantage in case of a fight. My antipathy for shoes and stockings was equally great, unless in cold weather. In a stone fence near the house I formed a receptacle for storing this collar, my shoes and stockings, and my books until my return in the afternoon, at the regular time when I was supposed to have spent the day at school.

At no time was my progress along the public highway a silent tramp. I was always practising a very shrill whistle which I had acquired with my fingers, or I journeyed on, singing at the top of my voice. I was never silent unless my attention was attracted by some new insect, or I wished to study the movements of the ants as they were rushing in and out of their nest. These insects always interested me greatly

and possibly I had been told that at least we had the same name in common.

In my early childhood the streets in Charlottesville and the different roads leading into the town were occupied by a great number of hogs, of a breed then known in Virginia as Albemarle razorbacks. They were the only scavengers and in consequence seemed to consider themselves the monarchs of all they surveyed; at least, they would never move or turn out for any person or vehicle. At a later period they became a nuisance and were prohibited from being at large in the streets.

They were large, very strong, and great fighters among themselves for the possession of a favorite mud-hole, and no dog was ever known to attack them. They were my delight, and nothing silenced my "via-chant" sooner than the sight of one of these beasts, with the most contented expression enjoying a nap, stretched out at full length in a mud-hole. I would instantly become oblivious to all surroundings while I was stealthily creeping to reach a point near enough for a spring into the mud-hole on top of the hog. While he or she was jumping up to take in the situation, I would seize an ear in each hand and if I was ever able to get my toes crossed under the hog I was sure of my mount and of a good ride.

Down the road or street we would go, I shouting at the top of my voice like a Comanche Indian, and my mount going on the full run for some place where one or more lower boards were wanting in the fence on either side, and there I was ignominiously scraped off as the hog dashed under and into the gap. Then I had to pay the piper, first, by going back to find my lunch-box, hat, or anything I might have dropped. I had then to find grass and weeds enough to remove as much of the mud as possible, for after one of these rides, as Mantalini expressed it, I was always "dem'd moist." I got what aid I could from the sun, but it required in addition considerable labor on my part to get dry and remove the mud remaining, before I could make myself in any way presentable.

On going home in the afternoon my mother never failed to meet me at the door with a kiss, but always with—"Addis, my dear boy, you should be more careful and not get your clothes so covered with mud. I know the roads are very bad, but you must be careless, and why is it that your collar and shoes are not covered with mud as are your clothes? And you smell so of the pigs!" I was never asked to offer any explanation, nor do I know if my mother ever attempted to solve the problem. My old negro nurse would be called, who seized me with a chuckle in anticipation of the sousing and liberal allowance of turpentine soap I was to receive at her hands.

Mrs. John Latten Emmet
[Mary Byrd Farley Tucker]
Painted by Ford, 1833





When in the midst of one of these John-Gilpin-like courses, I often passed, in a lonely portion of the road, the house of a Mrs. Grant, who seemed to have no friends and lived alone. I was never on speaking terms with this good woman, but somehow instinct seemed to indicate to me that should we ever meet on neutral ground, we might be good friends. She had several fruit trees about her house and was constantly annoyed at the raids made on these by the boys of the neighborhood. In these expeditions I took no part, for my father had a number of fruit trees in which he took great pride and I was at an early age impressed with the existence of a right of ownership in them. She seemed to recognize my position and never swore at me or called me "poor Buckra," as she did the other boys. When I passed her way in the midst of a wild chant, rendered at the top of my voice, and of such forcible features that the old rooster could never resist the temptation of springing upon the fence to see what it was all about, she was evidently greatly tempted to be outspoken and thus give vent to something which was on her mind in regard to boys generally.

I never passed her house without having a few carefully selected stones in my pocket for my old friend, the rooster, who I knew would never learn anything from experience, as he would spring up on the fence as usual, bringing his body above the horizon and clearly standing out against the bright sky as a background, and I would see how near I could come to his head without striking him. I seldom missed "winding" him, so that he would fall off his perch fully dazed, and probably with a headache after, for which he would be unable to account on the score of any dissipation.

But whenever on a hog I passed in full song, she seemed to laugh and I rather think enjoyed the exhibition. But I was always saluted in the same strain: "You, Addis Emmet, you is the biggest villain I ever did see, and if you don't broke your neck sometime, you is bound to be hung, I'm sure." As I lived beyond the reach of the English government, my Irish blood was not disturbed by her prophecy, and that the danger of breaking my neck was never realized by me, might be attributed to the thoughtlessness of youth.

My father at length understood the position at school, and I was sent to one in Charlottesville where I at least respected the teacher, as he was a good man and made every effort to gain the good will and respect of the boys, but I learned little and was always at the foot of my classes.

I became, however, an expert quill-pen maker, one of the first things taught before learning to write, and the schoolmaster had always to be proficient, as many of the boys could never acquire the art, and

he was kept busy in pen mending and in ruling lines for the writing class, as I believe ruled paper had not yet come into use. My father made for his own use a gold pen about 1834, which he used for years, and also one of glass as a curiosity, but the steel pen did not come into general use until about 1840, and were all imported from England.

While I make this statement as to my capacity it is scarcely a just one in my seeming stupidity, for I was learning something every day of my life, and I believe few boys at my age knew as much which was of practical value. I was always an investigator, I saw everything about me, and was ever seeking a reason, and was associated with those at home who never failed patiently to give every explanation to my inquiries. In this respect I was particularly fortunate. In after-life I realized this all the more when I had the responsibility of bringing up a number of children of my own. I then learned the necessity, difficult as it often was, for giving a reason. Some explanation should always be given to every inquiry, and this must be done until children reach a degree of development where they are able with proper training, to make some use of their own reasoning faculties. The training of children in the past as well as the present seems to me particularly defective in laying the foundation for a proper development of the brain in later life. With the gradual development of the brain children should be taught to think, as the only sure foundation for all profitable education, and the stimulus must be given by encouraging them to ask questions and by answering them. The more we investigate this subject will we find what a lack of brains exists with so many in after-life from the want of training during the developing period, and the more are we able to appreciate the wise provision embodied in the natural instinct which Nature has granted every individual. With many this becomes the only means of protection for those who do not, or cannot, think. The faculty of thinking properly, or to the best advantage for the development of the brain, is progressive and must be cultivated with successive generations, as the development is slow. Several generations in a family may pass before the result of this training is shown by the advent of some individual with an intellectual development beyond the average.

Parents are frequently most culpable in not realizing the great responsibility resting upon them, through their neglect in giving a child the fullest explanation, and whether the child seeks it or not, it should be given the material for thought on its own part.

I once heard the following story given as a good joke, and without the slightest appreciation of the harm done. A little girl was told without explanation that God was everywhere and always with us, that He

saw everything one did, and even knew what one was thinking about, and with other statements to impress the omnipresence of the Almighty. It was noticed that the child became very grave, and shortly after got up and went out into the grounds. She was followed by a puppy which came frisking after her. On turning and seeing she was followed, the child was heard to say: "Do for gracious sake, go into the house; it is bad enough to have God tagging after me all the time, without you coming too!" This child's sense of justice was outraged by the manner in which the statement was made to her, and it is doubtful if the impression was ever removed in after-life, or replaced by any appreciation of love and veneration for the Supreme Being. I recall hearing, as a child, of a woman in the neighborhood who meeting with some reverses, undertook a school for children. She was found incompetent and in proof the story was told that whenever a child went to her asking the meaning of some unusual word or a very long one, she invariably answered: "Never mind, dear, you can skip that over; it is the name of some big city or town!" The instinct which prompted this woman to hide her ignorance did less harm than the failure to give the little girl some explanation, which unfortunately the mother was unable to furnish, or owing to a want of a sense of responsibility she failed to supply.

As a child I can recall when on a visit hearing mothers tell their children: "Little children should be seen but not heard!" No better means could be devised for bringing up a child to be a cipher in after-life. A child, trained under proper discipline should be heard and seen far more than is the usual custom by the parents, and we would then have fewer stupid men and women in the world, who, from the lack of such training in early life, pass their existence without serious thought on any subject, being both blind and deaf as to any benefit from what was going on about them. Those responsible for the bringing up of children are too frequently derelict to their trust. As the foundation for educating a child begins with teaching it to think as soon as it begins to speak, and by impressing the importance on the children of seeing and hearing everything not of a private nature, going on about them. This doubtless will prove a difficult and irksome task for most people, and especially for those who had themselves no training, but it is none the less obligatory. The following old story will illustrate my position.

A clergyman had been for some time instructing the members of a class in their catechism, possibly preparing them for their first communion. When he thought they were prepared he had a final hearing, but was astonished to find none of his questions could be answered. As he passed from one boy to another with the question: "Who made you?" he finally reached one a little brighter than the others and was answered:

"I don't know Sir, but the boy God made went out and said he would be back soon."

Evidently the teacher thought as little and was no better an observer than his pupils. The boys had naturally preserved the same order they had when each in turn and from the first time had received his special instruction, with his answer. The teacher had not noticed that they were always in the same order, and had given no instruction as to the importance that each boy should listen and think about what he had heard imparted to the others. Naturally the absence of the boy "God made" disarranged the programme, where each child had learned by rote only what had been crammed especially into him, and had not been taught the necessity that he should also know in addition all each boy had been supposed to know. It is exceedingly difficult to remove the first impression any child receives, and hence the value for preserving the faith of an individual in after-life if the instruction be truthfully taught at the mother's knee. If the impression be an erroneous one, or the child receives a false conception of it, the consequences are often serious. Many years ago, I recollect, a friend related to me an incident in connection with one of his children. He had attempted to convey to her mind what faith was, by lifting her up on to the top of a bureau and saying: "Now faith is for you to jump off the bureau into my arms, being sure that I will catch you, and that you will not be hurt." She had nearly reached womanhood when he told me the story, and she was yet unable to divest her mind entirely of the impression that, by some means she could not understand, jumping off a bureau was closely associated with the belief in anything!

While I could not study to any advantage, or at least find any one but my father who could impart knowledge to me by always explaining, I read a great deal, as my father had quite a large library, but one chiefly of a scientific character. While a boy I did not appreciate poetry and never could understand why such a roundabout method, as it seemed to me, should be employed for expressing what could be stated in prose by a more direct manner. I read what I found in prose in the form of travels, novels, history, and many scientific treatises, much of which I could not understand, but many of the subjects interested me. I can recall reading with the greatest interest a treatise on mining, in relation to the opening of some early anthracite coal mine in Pennsylvania, and the undertaking was considered only as an experiment by the writer. The subject was one new to me and I was particularly interested in the miner's lamp, which Davy had recently invented. In reading this paper I mastered some knowledge of many details which have been of service in after-life and to such subjects at that time I often applied myself with

closer interest than many a boy of the same age would have given to a book of fairy tales.

As the school was at a greater distance I now had to ride on horseback. Old Jim was one of my chums and we had been friends for years, but he was a grand scamp and was as devoid of all moral training as it was possible for any horse to be. I rode about three miles to this school and would take off the saddle and bridle for Jim to forage during the day on the town commons, or break in wherever he could find a better selection of food. He was always on hand when the time came for going home, and I generally started with one or two boys riding behind me. Jim was very fond of the boys and was a great favorite with them, and he was often made the recipient of an apple or something left over from lunch. A ride on him was highly prized by the boys and generally there was no trouble, but sometimes he would try to be facetious and with one big wrinkle in his back and by giving a kind of broncho skip he had acquired, we would all be suddenly deposited in the road. He would then walk on slowly without knowing, apparently, what had happened, browsing here and there waiting for me to come up to him. Then with a kind of chuckle, he would throw his heels up in the air, as if bent on knocking my head off. He would enjoy the sport of making me walk home, and if I did not come after him he would come back and lift his upper lip as if laughing at me, but I could never get near enough to lay my hand on him. He would go to the stable and stand at the door in a most penitent posture for me to remove the saddle and bridle. Then the old fraud would begin a pantomime exhibition to show me how sorry he was for treating me so badly, and for conduct, which he would try to tell me there was no excuse, and by rubbing his head against mine he would try to assure me that if a horse ever took an oath, he was ready to swear he would never do so again. The compact was generally accepted as he knew it would be, and he got his lump of sugar, but poor Jim had very little regard for his word.

Chapter II

Our farm—Making sewing silk—My father's inventions for twisting, and many dyes made by him were afterwards adapted by the trade—Difficulty about his boundary line—His adventure with a neighbor who shot a valuable dog while chained up in his kennel—His silk factory destroyed by an incendiary—Custom of carrying firearms—A relic of frontier life—Holding of the county court—Strange characters—Street fights—Morea the name of my father's place—Description of the house—Speculation in the *Morus multicaulis* plants—It was expected that this country would produce the silk fabrics of the world—Recollection of my father's companionship—Its effect—An early riser with my dog—How I spent the time every morning before going to school—Traps and snares—Shooting stars of 1835—Effect on the negroes—Longevity of some of the negroes—"Corn shucking" described—Comment on the singing of the negroes of that period—Now a lost art—The London concert-hall music and the so-called negro minstrels, a burlesque—The last of a family and a spinster who had seen better days—Struggle to keep up appearances—Description of her "get up" and of a state dinner without dessert—"The big gobbler done eat all the dessert up"—Peculiarities of some of the negroes—Idea of resisting temptation in not stealing all the opportunity afforded—Several negro stories—Robbing hen roosts.



WE lived on a small farm, near the University, of a little more than one hundred acres, where my father passed some ten years in great enjoyment. He had originally made the purchase while a resident within the University, and for the purpose of establishing a silk factory. The place was divided into fields, by forming hedges of the *Morus multicaulis*, which he had planted to feed the silkworms, hence the place was called Morea. He succeeded in gaining a full knowledge as to the care of the silkworm and, as a great labor-saving device, he invented a machine for twisting any number of filaments together as they were being drawn off from a number of cocoons floating in a receptacle of hot water, while previous to that time each thread had to be disposed of separately. He succeeded in making a number of skeins of silk of different grades which were judged to be of better quality than any other silk previously produced in this country. From his knowledge of chemistry he produced a number of beautifully tinted dyes for the silk, which did

not fade or wash out, and I have seen it stated that his teaching was adapted by the trade and remained in use until the discovery in late years of the coal-tar products.

My father had had trouble for some time about a portion of his boundary line which was finally settled by the courts in his favor. Shortly after, his neighbor came on the place and shot a fine watch-dog in his kennel which my father had imported, and he had never been unchained, unless some one was in charge of him. My father saw at a distance the man coming, and as he noticed that he was armed he expected personal violence and so hastened to the house to arm himself, but only reached the man as he had fired and killed the dog. My father with his gun cocked covered him before his approach was known, and then made the man walk in front of him off the place in the direction he had come, with the assurance that he would receive instantly a load of buckshot in him should he attempt to turn. On his way, he told my father that he had shot the dog as he had killed so many of his sheep, and that he had been forced to take the law into his own hands from having so many personal enemies that no jury would decide in his favor. Within a few nights after, the building my father had for his silk making was destroyed by fire which was evidently an incendiary one, but of which no proof for action could be obtained. Within a few months after, this man, who, though of good family and of remarkable literary attainments, supplemented by an education abroad, had become a common drunkard, was found frozen to death where he had fallen on his way home during the previous night.

In this connection, but several years after the destruction of my father's silk factory, a speculative craze overran the whole country and lasted a year or more, as a consequence of an overissue of paper money, by what was termed the "Wild-Cat" banks of the country. There were no banking laws for the whole country, and the issue of one State did not circulate in another except at a discount, and the gold and silver issue of the United States, not being sufficient for the needs of the country at large, disappeared from circulation. During a condition apparently of the greatest prosperity and with the most extended inflation, the country suddenly became bankrupt in 1837, and to this I have referred elsewhere.

As a speculative movement it was generally believed that the manufacturing of silk was to be the future industry of the country, and it was held that it would prove the most profitable one the country could engage in. This caused the *Morus multicaulis* craze, which seemed to have had much in common with the Dutch tulip speculation of the eighteenth century, as the wild speculative features of both seemed to have been most

attractive to the women, who at any sacrifice became expectant of the fabulous wealth which was to accrue.

In the autumn of probably 1836, but I have no means of establishing the date, a gentleman from Philadelphia and a relative of one of the professors at the University, through whom he had learned of these hedges on my father's place, spent several days, with several young men to aid him, in establishing the value of a number of bushes my father had agreed to sell, I think, at thirty cents for each fresh bud or new growth. These were all carefully counted and each bush was tagged accordingly. I was particularly interested in the tags, which I had never seen before. They seemed to be made of nearly transparent parchment, by saturating thick white paper with oil, and my interest was great on finding they could not be torn and that water had no effect on them. At length the buds were all counted, the market value thus established, and my father received three thousand dollars in bank bills. I had never seen so much money before, and it is a remarkable circumstance that, with no thought to the transaction since, I am able to recall that these notes were all issued by the Farmers' Bank of Richmond, Va., of which bank I have never had any other knowledge, even as to its existence by name. These bushes, with their roots tied up in bagging cloth, filled the body of a large two-horse wagon. They were carted to a boat on the Rivanna River below Charlottesville, and then down the river by boat to the James River and Kanawha canal to Richmond, and from there were shipped on a sailing vessel to Philadelphia. The gentleman on paying for what he had received offered my father seven thousand dollars for all the other plants he had remaining on the place, an offer my father unfortunately declined. The purchaser, on reaching Philadelphia, was offered twenty thousand on his purchase in Virginia. Unfortunately he also declined, as the future seemed so bright for a still greater rise, but the following spring the bubble burst and by which result nearly every adult in the country lost something, as the banks failed which held the supposed profits. My father, as one of the first to urge the introduction of the silk industry into the country, and who demonstrated the advantages from the culture, was so fortunate as to have lost nothing, for the three thousand dollars he received paid for and compensated him for the building which was burned down.

Since early in the third decade of the last century, great changes have taken place in this country, showing the advance of civilization. This is particularly true in reference to the South and in the use of firearms, where the usages of frontier life, in defence against the Indians, were maintained long after the necessity had ceased at the North. Every male inhabitant became self-reliant and familiar with the use of arms

at an early age and many continued the practice of being armed long after the need had ceased.

When I was a boy, a meeting of the county court was held at the court-house in Charlottesville on the first Monday of every month. Every one within a distance, which could be covered by several hours' ride on horseback, attended, either to settle their business for the month, from curiosity, or to kill time on the surrounding green where their quarrels were generally settled with their fists. If a quarrel was of a more serious nature and one in which others were engaged, the street became sometimes the scene of the contest. After the two o'clock dinner at the old Eagle Tavern, opposite and facing the same square, there was generally a good deal of drinking as well as quarrelling going on. Consequently, in the afternoon, at frequent intervals, every one would be compelled to seek shelter behind some projection in the street until the contestants had emptied their pistols or rifles. These street fights seemed to excite little interest except among those who participated in the scrimmage. Notwithstanding the fact that the killing of some one was a not infrequent occurrence, nothing was ever done unless the case, was brought before the grand jury by some one as a wilful murder, and the funeral of the victim would be conducted without comment as if the death had resulted from a natural cause.

At a somewhat later period, when my curiosity prompted me to suspend the effort of acquiring knowledge, I absented myself from school to see what was going on at the court-house. I can recall, on one occasion, seeing a Colonel Bankhand, one of the features on these court days, who, always seen abroad on horseback, made the inference possible that centaur-like he was an inseparable part of the animal he bestrode. On warm days, when the court-house windows were open, he would, in order the better to take in the proceedings, urge his horse close to one of the windows, and on such occasions the animal would often thrust its head through as if eager to see all that was going on within. This worthy colonel was not an advocate of total abstinence, and whenever he felt it his duty, as a good citizen, to contribute to the increase of his country's revenue, he presented himself, half horse and half man, at the bar. I have heard that he left the saddle during the day only when it was necessary to feed his horse and himself. Being a man with a good appetite, and doubtless good judgment when his interest was effected, it would appeal to his common sense, if not his instinct, that at a meal to sustain nature it was necessary all food should be within reach of his fork. The old Eagle Tavern on the Court-House Square, which disappeared many years ago, was then a feature and had been built during the Colonial days. The recollection of seeing this man ride up, as was

his custom, the broad stairway in this tavern, out onto the piazza of the second story, and around to the other side of the house to visit a friend, caused this digression from my subject.

Just after the birth of my sister, in the spring of 1832, we left our old home within the precinct of the University, where I was born, and moved to Morea.¹ I recollect laying the corner brick at the southwest corner, under the direction of and with my father's assistance, and of watching, with the greatest interest, the building of the house. Here I spent over nine years of my life, and it seems as if I can recall with the greatest interest and pleasure every hour I passed there. The most abiding impression that has come down to me from that period is the recollection of my father, who was a man of profound attainments, the only man I ever knew who seemed to possess a knowledge above the average of everything, and who could accomplish all he ever undertook in mechanics or the arts. As I have stated in my sketch of his life, for years previous to his death he had been my constant companion. It is my belief few fathers ever made a more lasting impression upon the moral development and after-life of their sons than he made upon mine. From my earliest age he seemed seldom to have spoken to me without attempting to teach me something, which I readily understood, and of which I seemed to have retained the recollection. I can recall one of our earliest talks; on being asked why a robin in front of us on the grass would jump along a few steps and then suddenly stop, I was about to give an answer when my father said: "Think before you speak, otherwise your opinion will be of no value." I thought a moment and said: "He seems to be looking to see if any one is coming after him." My father said: "He is listening for his breakfast, but not for the bell to ring as we have to do. All birds and animals, which are not tame, live on some other insect, animal, or bird, which they have to catch. The robin lives on the earthworm and has to get a great many of them before he has had enough. Now the earthworm is as busy as the robin in looking for his breakfast, and as he works his way through the earth the robin hears him and knows just where to stick his bill in and pull him out. To be able to do this the robin is probably able to hear better than any other creature, while the earthworm is likely deaf, or he would hear the robin hopping along over his

¹ This sketch of the house I drew with a pen after a lapse of thirty-four years since I had seen it. My negro nurse is represented after she had made an unprofitable investment of about three hundred pounds in flesh and had long become a non-producer. She has a broom at her side, not for use, but for general effect, and she would be likely to remain in this chosen position, free from care, until her next meal was ready. My chicken-house and yard are shown alongside of the kitchen, and the projecting building on the other side of the house was the common sitting-room of the family, into which the sun seemed always to shine. In front of each window in the dining-room stood all the winter a large stand of flowers, which my mother cared for with great devotion.

Residence of Prof. Emmet near the
University of Virginia
From a pen-drawing made from memory in 1898 by
Dr. T. A. Emmet

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**Residence of Prof. Emmet near the
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From a pen-drawing made from memory in 1898 by

Dr. T. A. Emmet

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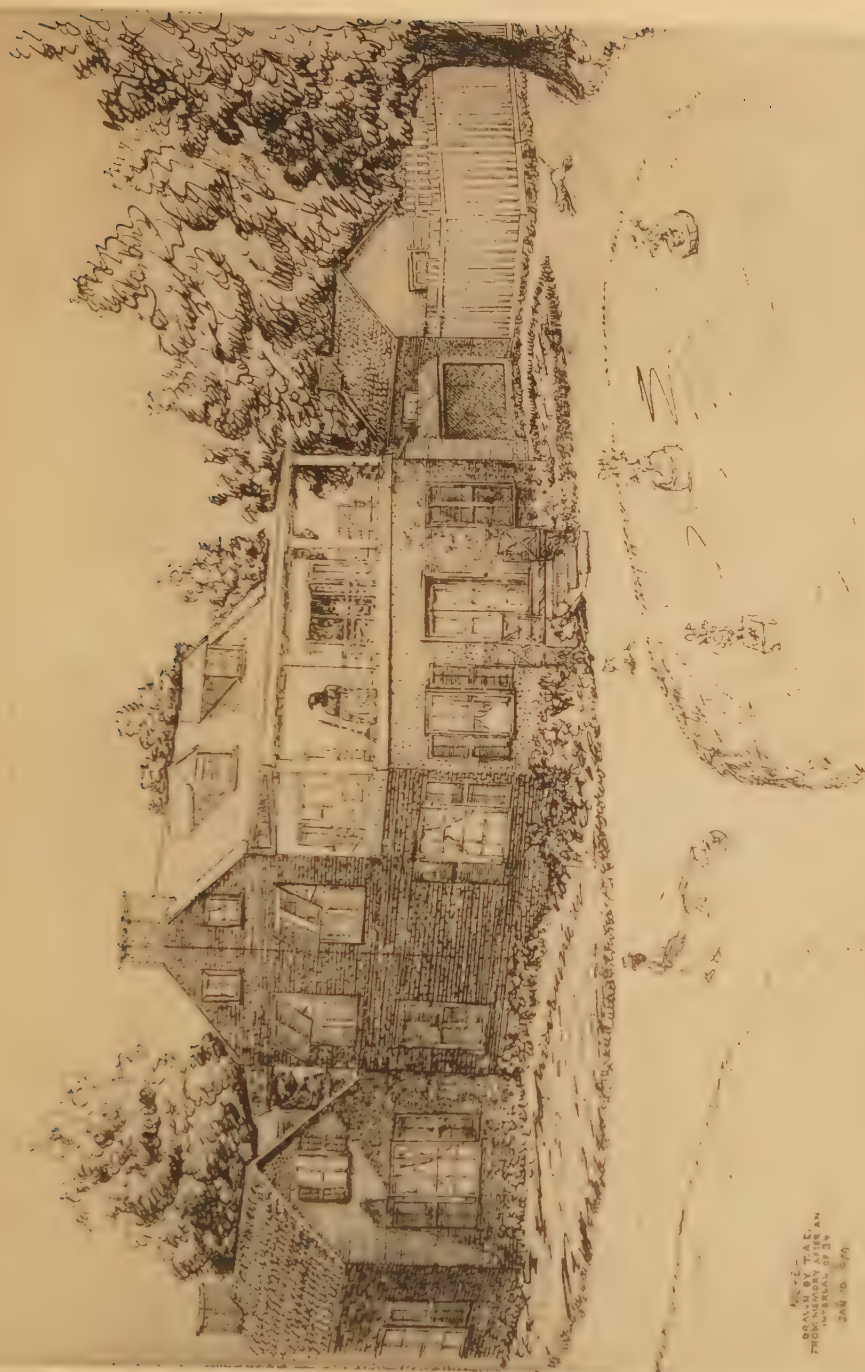
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View of
Booth School
from the
entrance of
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head, and would keep quiet until he was gone, but the robin would not then get his breakfast."¹ He repeated to me Swift's lines:

"Big fleas have little fleas to bite them,
And little fleas have lesser fleas,—so on *ad infinitum*."

These two Latin words were probably the first I ever heard the meaning of. My father then explained the work of the earthworms, which were countless in number and how by their tunnelling and bringing the earth to the surface gave it air and made it so that vegetation could exist, and that the earth would otherwise become a desert, but for this constant boring by the worms. We could get no reliable food without vegetation, nor could we live without good air, which we get from vegetation. Plants, on the other hand, could not continue to grow if they did not obtain a supply of air which had been used by animals, and after it had been purified by vegetation it then in turn became in a condition necessary for the life of animals. He thus in a few simple words explained the law of compensation existing throughout creation, and made it plain to a young child that there was a use and a purpose for everything. My father thus, without the slightest strain on my mind or body, began the development of my brain by its own action, in furnishing me something of interest to think about whenever I was alone, and the subject would present itself spontaneously.

This training of the mind will be again considered in connection with the influence exerted by the teaching of a good mother.

My father taught me to think, and to think of the rights of others; to be careful in money matters; to obey the laws of God and man from principle, and to realize to a full degree my duty to both. He taught me to be a close observer, and to seek the causes of everything. Thus was laid the foundation of my success in after-life. I have gone through life with an increasing ambition to be worthy of his good name, and my first thought has been of the gratification he would have experienced in the flesh, on every occasion when I have attained success or have been the recipient of some honor.

My dog was, as a rule, the first creature to stir about on the place at daylight, and I was always a good second. He was seldom allowed to come into the house, unless as a guest, but he took advantage of the fact that no one was up. As the back door was never closed at any hour or season, according to Southern custom, he would come up to my room,

¹ It is now believed that the long-eared bat has the most acute sense of hearing of all other creatures. When feeding it is able to open out its ears to make large ear trumpets of them, and to turn them in different directions so as to hear the motion of the wings of the smallest gnat. When not feeding, and to enable it to sleep, this bat can fold up its ears into a small space and pack them away.

Incidents of my Life

where he always found the door wide open, and would spring on the bed, dive under the covering, as I had taught him, and go rooting about in his efforts to get them off the bed. I would snore and pretend to be asleep until he had pulled everything from the bed on to the floor, and then if I did not get up, he would begin to nibble at my toes, pretending that he was about to make the effort to pull me out of bed. I would suddenly spring out of bed, and he would express his wish for a good-morning by jumping all over me and by licking my face. He would then curl up in the bedclothing and wait until I had made my toilet which was never an elaborate one, as some hours later I knew I was to be overhauled for school. We would be off first to the stables, and I would help to harness up and would be delighted, if I was in time to get a ride, by taking the horses to water before they started for the fields. I would be off with the men, asking questions about all details connected with the work going on. Soon I would be joined by the negro boys on the place and we would be off to see what luck we had had with our traps and snares in a swamp at the back of the house. Then I would look after my chickens, of which I had a large number, or dig for a while in my garden, well stocked with flowers and a few vegetables, and these I was always able to dispose of to my mother, although the garden of the place was fully stocked. I think she wished to encourage me in this kind of work as a means of fully developing my chest. With all these interests I was able to get through several hours of true fun and healthy enjoyment before the time came for my nurse to gather me up to herself for a bath, then breakfast, and an ostensible start for school.

Morea and the neighborhood was at this time a sportsman's paradise. We had a large number of quail, then designated in the South as partridges, a great many rabbits, which were probably hares, as they never burrowed, and on the mountains were to be found the ruffed grouse, or a species of partridge, which were called pheasants. Wild turkeys were becoming scarce in our immediate neighborhood, as well as deer. But during a long season of frost in the winter, both would sometimes be seen on the place, as well as the footprints of a small brown bear, who had spent a good portion of the previous night about the pig-sty in the hope of getting at a young pig in time for breakfast.

There was an abundance of gray squirrels, which a true sportsman would wind, or cause to fall unconscious to the ground from the close passage of the ball to their heads, and these squirrels being thus killed by the fall would have their skins intact. The winter season was one of continued enjoyment. Sleighing was seldom possible, but the time was fully occupied with skating and the toboggan slide, and with shooting and trapping. The garden contained between six and eight acres and

Prof John Patton Farmer, M.D.
Printed by Ford, 1884

Prof. John Patten Emmet, M.D.

Painted by Ford, 1834



was surrounded with a hedge of *Pyracantha*, a species of thorn which would turn aside man or animal in a first attempt to force a passage. The thorns were more abundant on the outer surface, and within, along the ground, a good shelter was afforded for many animals and birds, particularly rabbits and quail.

I recollect being called up one night, after I had gone to sleep, to see the shooting stars of 1835. This sight is claimed to have been the most magnificent spectacle ever witnessed by man. As a sleepy and tired boy I was taken out of bed when in a condition the least likely to be interested in anything but getting back as soon as possible, yet the sight left an indelible impression on my mind. I had a bed in my mother's room, which opened out on a roofed piazza facing the east. It must have been during the warm weather for I was not wrapped up, and about nine o'clock, as my mother had not yet retired for the night. The family were assembled on a continuation of the piazza facing the north showing that from this direction these bodies had been first noticed as the motion of the earth brought them into view, consequently, I suppose, they were first seen in the northeast. When I arrived, every part of the sky was filled with these luminous bodies passing in every direction, of various colors, and far brighter than any fireworks. I have never seen any explanation of the phenomena, but the term "shooting stars" must have been incorrect. They could not have been meteoric, due to explosion and heating of solid material on entering our atmosphere, as through the action of gravity this material would have reached the earth and the destruction of life would have been great. It was before a full knowledge of the spectrum had been gained, so that there was no means of obtaining any knowledge as to the composition of these bodies. It is now known that the tail of a comet is formed by means of incandescent vapors or gases, so that it is not improbable that at that time the earth passed through such a mass, and the component parts became ignited on entering our atmosphere and were consumed before reaching the earth's surface. It is now held that Halley's comet on this occasion passed in close proximity to the earth, as it was expected to do in 1910.

The negroes were terror-stricken and thought the end of the world had come, and in their fright would listen to no explanation. In every direction they could be heard shouting aloud to announce their conversion, others were praying aloud or singing hymns. I do not know how long the spectacle lasted as I soon got back to bed, but the negroes kept it up all night until sunrise, and they must have thought the whites were an impious set for having gone to bed before the outcome was certain.

I was a great favorite with all the negroes, and they were glad to have me with them, and in one way and another I managed to pick up a

great deal of information from them. The negroes we had, all of whom were obtained by purchase, claimed they had always "lived with the quality," and they retained a remarkable recollection of the people they had served or seen. We had two negroes who were both over one hundred years of age and few of their race, at seventy years, were as active. Our head gardener, who had a remarkable knowledge of his business, had, when a boy of about fifteen, accompanied as a body-servant, an officer in the Virginia troops with the Braddock Expedition against Fort DuQuesne, which was undertaken in 1749, during the French war with England, and over eighty years before. This man gave me the clearest account I ever had, and the minutest detail I received from him has since been verified by my studies. Many of these details were of such a nature that he must have come into possession of them through hearing them discussed. Moreover, he was unable to read and therefore had only his own experience to draw upon.

Our cook, who had been with my father before his marriage and who still held her position with others under her, had, when a young girl, been a house servant and nurse of the children of General Riedesel, who commanded the Hessian troops taken at the surrender of General Burgoyne in 1777. They were called the "Convention troops," and it had been agreed at the surrender that they were not to be used again in the war, and with other stipulations which were to be accepted by the English government before these troops could be exchanged. The English delayed action so long that these troops were sent to Virginia, near Charlottesville, where they were held in a cantonment for several years. The woman's detailed account of the family and of other particulars I have verified in after-life by means of the diary of Madame Riedesel, the existence of which at the time was probably not known outside the circle of her immediate descendants, and the translation of which into English has been of comparatively recent date. After the crops had all been gathered in, the cider made, and the buildings and fences all put in good repair, the next great event was the corn shucking. The Indian corn, or maize as it is called abroad, would be pulled off the stalk with the dried covering or shock on. This would be hauled up from the fields and made into a long pile, so that the men could sit on top in a long row, back to back, and shuck ear after ear, which was tossed into a long pile in front, to be carried barrel after barrel to the corn-house built especially to keep the rats out. At this season it was generally cool in the evenings and, to give light, a large wood fire at some distance was one of the features, which the young negro boys had to look after so long as they could keep awake. It was also their business to roast sweet potatoes for the supper. Around the fire would be standing or

seated on the ground those who had become tired or were waiting their turn. On the large plantations there were hands enough to shuck the corn in the daytime, as part of the regular routine. But for smaller places it was the custom for the negroes of the neighborhood to be notified when there would be a corn shucking. They would then assemble at their own convenience after dark, and for their voluntary service they were sure of getting several good drinks of whiskey to stimulate the fun and good fellowship which was a feature, and of getting something special to eat as a supper, if the time of shucking was extended toward midnight, as was usually the case.

Those standing at leisure around the fire would begin and in turn start up a song, often containing an impromptu verse with a humorous application to some one present, and the measure would be taken up by some other individual and passed to others from one end of the corn pile, along the whole line, down one side and up the other, with the wildest sounding cadence and harmony in the refrain. In the rendering of music, the bass, the tenor, and every part was clearly defined, and each kept his part as if trained to do so. But the peculiarity of the old negro music was that every one seemed to have a peculiar or individual note or sound, which, while its identity was preserved, was made to harmonize with all the others. This music fascinated me as a boy, as no other music ever did, and in after-life it seemed as if I had heard something incongruous with the time and surroundings. In later life, when I thought about the subject it seemed to me that this music might possibly have come down from some eastern civilization of ages ago, which had remained a heritage from the past, through countless generations of these people.

Very few persons are now living who can recall having heard this music, or who noticed critically its unique features, which long before the outbreak of the Civil War showed signs of waning in popularity and is now quite extinct. The negroes themselves seem to have become ashamed of it, as if it was typical of the "field hands" on the plantations, who were regarded by the others as being the "low down" of the race. What is now known as negro music, or negro melodies, is simply a burlesque and a reflection of the London concert halls. The English and their imitators in this country, from the days of the Jim Crow songs of sixty or seventy years ago, have tried to Anglicize this music of the negroes, which they could neither understand nor appreciate, and they have succeeded.

What I have attempted to describe is now a lost art and something which can never be revived. All the negroes of the South did not have this music, and it was chiefly heard in the States settled from Virginia, while in the English West India islands it seemed to be wanting. The

slaves, who represented many distinct negro tribes, had tastes and habits which were by no means uniform. It is now impossible to obtain any information regarding their original habits, beyond the fact that the usual place of shipment was from the mouth of the Congo River, which flows through a greater extent of country than any other river in the world. Many of these people on the plantations, generation after generation, preserved their tribal peculiarities unchanged while living in the country before the building of the railroads.

After singing a while, a number of the young men about the fire would spring up on to the corn pile, and with their feet would spread it out to keep a supply within reach of the shuckers. A barn door or some boards would be placed on top for the best shuffler to show what he could do with his heels, and while spreading the corn along the line the others would keep time with the banjo playing, by "beating Juba," which consisted in slapping in time their thighs with their open hands. On these occasions I used to think as a boy that I was subjected to a great grievance when my nurse, having brought to an end her flirtations, would suddenly seize and drag me off to bed, while I demonstrated with my fists and feet that the move was not a voluntary one on my part.

I can recall some very amusing persons living in our neighborhood, who were of great interest to me as a boy. It was the custom in Virginia that no one, but especially a woman, should ever lose one's former social standing in consequence of a reverse of fortune. Those who held on in the neighborhood were almost without exception the women, as the men soon disappeared to make a beginning elsewhere.

I remember, with special interest, one forlorn spinster, as she caused me to exercise more self-denial than any other individual I have ever met. She was very tall and thin, and always seemed to wear the same faded lilac-tinted calico dress, with apparently but a single garment under it. She was evidently the possessor of a copy of *The Virginia Almanac*, the one standby at that time as the weather indicator for the majority of the people in the State. I am led to hazard this conjecture from the fact that her coming visit to my mother was duly announced several days in advance, and was always made at the time of the new moon, but only during the warm weather. After the beginning of winter she was never seen, and she either hibernated or remained in bed to keep warm.

The occurrence of these visits in the course of the moon, and the advantage of always keeping the butter crock in the north corner of the largest stone chimney in the house, were the only themes of conversation I am able to recall in connection with her. When her dissertation on these two subjects was exhausted, she then lapsed into a condition of

profound meditation, until in response to some unknown prompting, she would suddenly terminate the visit as if she was certain she had forgotten to discharge some important duty at home, and which could no longer be deferred. Her "get up" consisted of a faded calico frock. Carpet slippers and white stockings in very warm weather were doubtful adjuncts. But the *pièce de résistance* was a black wig, which I always thought was made from the tail of a horse, and the whole was crowned by a high Spanish comb, which had no doubt rendered service in her family for a century at least. By some means she had lost an eye, and this feature and its loss were often a subject of conversation and debate with the negro boys. They held that it had been gouged out in a fight, the most natural explanation for them to hold. While I had my doubt as to the accuracy of the consensus, for she seemed to me to be rather a light weight for a "scrap," I could not help holding her in rather higher respect owing to the possibility of such a contingency. From the back somewhere and over the ear, a lock of this horse hair was brought forward and was carefully curled up to fill the eye socket. So perfectly was this mass of hair held in place, that for years during my boyhood I wondered how this feat was accomplished. By eliminating all explanations that did not seem plausible, I finally became satisfied that a lump of shoemaker's wax, placed at the bottom of the cavity, was utilized. On her arrival I was promptly at her side and maintained the position until her departure, with my eyes fixed on the supposed location of the shoemaker's wax. But I resisted to the last the temptation to pull that lock out to solve the mystery, which remained after our acquaintance had ceased.

From prehistoric times this good woman had been accustomed to give annually a state dinner, which every one invited attended out of respect to her traditional social position. With a garden and some poultry about the house, the material for a dinner was at hand, and, the question of serving wine was simplified by the fact that all the people in authority about the University were in favor of total abstinence. I never heard that the students ever protested against this laudatory tendency of the community at large, and in fact, if the truth could be known, it is more probable that it met with their entire approval, as it left the more for their own consumption.

As regards the state dinner the only difficulty was in providing the dessert, which would necessarily need some expenditure of ready money, and to overcome that, the good woman never failed to exercise successfully her ingenuity. It was known that this scion of better times still owned a woman of uncertain age, who was a maid-of-all-work, although, through tradition, she was credited with being also the possessor of a

cook, but her existence always remained as much of a mystery as the loss of the mistress's eye. This dinner was always an affair long drawn out, without any incentive for haste, or for the showing of any great degree of hilarity. At length the period arrived for serving the dessert, and this was always the turning point of the festive occasion. During a series of awkward pauses, when the charitable talked against time to lessen, if possible, the embarrassment of the situation, it was impossible to overlook the pantomime between the factotum and her mistress. At length, like the sudden passing of the sun from behind a cloud, all embarrassment was removed by a candid and audible recital on the part of the family retainer to the mistress, of the details as to how the *big* gobbler,—for it was necessary to establish his capacity for food—being tied to the leg of the kitchen table, “done reached up his neck and eat *all* of the dessert up!” Of course every one was at once ready and prompt to acknowledge that it would take some time to get up another dessert. Moreover, each, if from no other incentive than politeness, was demonstrative, with some hesitation, it is true, in stating that in enjoying the dinner they had consumed so much that they were satisfied. All seemed to consider the matter a subject for congratulation in not being called upon to test their gastronomic powers to greater length, and thus the utmost harmony soon prevailed. So that, as a whole, the repeated mishap proved but a pleasant episode, and especially with those who had acted their parts on some previous occasion. My mother returned with a smile and to my grandmother, who probably had not been invited on that occasion, would say, with some by play, that I might not “catch on,” as the boys express it, “It was the gobbler this time, Mother, instead of the cat or gander.”

At a very early age the peculiar idea of honesty held by some of the negroes became known to me. We had one woman in the house as a chambermaid, who pocketed everything she could carry off. My mother would suddenly miss her bunch of keys, which she generally carried in a small basket while attending to her household duties, and she would call out to some one: “Oh, do go to Jane and get my keys.” Jane took everything and if not called for within a week or ten days, she would have a clearance, and put everything back where she got it, and probably the next day carry them off again. Occasionally a negro would be found who was absolutely honest, and more so than many white servants in the same position, and nothing ever tempted such a one to be dishonest, but they were few in number.

We had a good man of unusual intelligence, who could turn his hand to almost anything, but he would suddenly clear out, leaving any work he was engaged on and be gone sometimes for a week or more, off to the

mountains. He was never punished, as my father valued his services so much, but when he returned he would seek out my father and silently report himself by touching his hat. He would then be off to his work, unless my father stopped him to give him a scolding for appearances, and this always mortified him more than if he had been punished. One day my father said: "Jacob, how do you live when you run away. I suppose you carry off my chickens and anything else you want?" His answer was: "Oh, no, sir, I wood n't tetch for de world any of ourn's, but I associated more den anywhar else on Col. Lewis's plantation, as it was more convenient like to the mountains whar I was abiden." He was perfectly truthful, for his idea of stealing was taking something from those at home by whom he would be trusted. It was impossible to make many negroes understand that it was as dishonest to take anything which did not belong to them, whether on our place or on the property of those with whom they had no connection. This doubtless was due to the existence of a surviving instinct connected with their uncivilized life, where title was settled by force. Sometimes their idea of honesty seemed based on a reward being due them for resisting temptation in not taking *all* that the opportunity afforded.

My old friend and kinsman, Dr. George Tucker Harrison, of New York, was inimical in telling negro stories. I use the term "was," as it has been many years since I last heard him, and I know from experience that advancing age does not improve one's *forte* in story telling. But the substance of one of his stories was that an elderly negro preacher met a half-grown boy in whom he had some interest and said: "Look here, William, you is grown up, and 't is time you was settlin' down and gittin' religion." The boy's answer was: "Uncle Ben, what 's de use gittin' religion, an't I gwine do just de same ting to-morro?" He was answered: "Yes, my boy, but you got to resis temptation." "Uncle Ben, you eber been tempted?" Uncle Ben's answer was: "Yes, mighty often, but I always resis temptation. Now las' week I was down dar at Mr. Brown's store lookin' for a par of high winter boots, dem dat comes up all over de leg. I was 'way back dar at the end of de store and dey was no one lookin', kase I looked all round an 'dey wont no one bout but Mr. Brown, an he was busy down dar by de dough tellin' a lady somethin'. I had my carpet bag wid me, an had a par of dem boots in my han, worf fifteen dollars, an I could have puts dem in dat bag an nobody wood of known it, but I resisted temptasion, and reached over an only took a cheap par of shoos,—dey wont worf two dollars an a haf. Yes, William, you got to resis temptasion!"

The following story will explain itself. At the hour when preparing for bed and one often selected by the female sex for confidential

communications, a negro maid said to her mistress: "Miss, I done got religion." The answer was: "Mary, you ought to be ashamed of yourself, as it has not been a week ago since I am sure you took five dollars I had in the top drawer of that bureau, and how can you get religion, as you term it, when you have never been sorry for taking it, nor have you returned the money to show you repented?" The maid answered: "Yes, Miss, I know you done excused me for stealin' dat money, and I bin studin' bout it mighty hard. But do you tink I is guine let dat little, jus' five dollars, even money, stan' 'tween me an' my God?"

The students often caused the negroes to be dishonest, as they were fond of fried chicken suppers, and sometimes the students themselves could not resist temptation. Just before we moved to the farm, my father, who was always an early riser, on going out into his yard to look after his flowers, found a well known student, who visited the family, asleep in the chicken house with his pillow-case filled with chickens. The young man had doubtless been drinking the night before and had fallen asleep. My father quietly turned the key and posted the cook. He was left locked up for twenty-four hours, with no other food or water but what was for the chickens, when the cook intentionally left the door unlocked. The whole community had been in the greatest state of excitement at his sudden disappearance, and when he returned to his room, in answer to the interrogations, he became so indignant that he could not resist the temptation of giving full vent to his feelings, but he never suspected my father had caught him. I know nothing of his after-history, and, being laughed at, it is not likely he ever robbed another hen roost.

Chapter III

Visit to my Uncle Henry Tucker's plantation in lower Virginia—Description of a private travelling coach—The form of wagon first used by the early Irish emigrants, who settled up in the mountainous country between Pennsylvania and South Carolina, and afterwards used to cross the plains to California in 1849 and later—Condition of the public roads in Virginia—No accommodation for travellers—Corduroy roads, how built—Description of camping out at night in the forest—Coach upset on entering the ferry-boat—My life saved by a negro nurse—Saving the horses and getting the coach out of the river—Long delay in consequence of accident—Description of the Tucker plantation, and management—The tobacco crop only taken to market—Mode of transportation—The character of the planter was generally elevated by the responsibility of his position, and seldom abused—Abolition of slavery considered—How Ephraim broke the pitcher—My uncle's neighbors—Col. Paul and Edward Carrington—Chief-Justice John Marshall—Aaron Burr's trial for treason—Mention of Blennerhassett—Both lived in advance of their views—Their action caused the Louisiana Territory purchase—Recollection of John Randolph—His want of respect to my grandmother—Judge St. George Tucker—Dr. Thomas Tudor Tucker—Randolph emancipated his negroes and divided his property among them—Not allowed to settle in Ohio—Their after-condition a sad one—Negroes in the South formerly taught to read and write—The first public school was in South Carolina for the negroes and not in New England for the whites, as claimed—"Nat" Turner's insurrection in Virginia.—The New England writers have falsified history by claiming too much for that section of the country.



THE most eventful period of my early boyhood was a visit of six months, with my grandmother, to my Uncle Henry Tucker's plantation in lower Virginia. It was thought necessary that I should have a change of scene in consequence of the death of my brother, Tucker, whose loss I had felt greatly. This was before the days of railroads and there were

but few stage coaches on any route in the South. Every man of means had a travelling coach for his family, and unless well advanced in life, and especially if he were alone, the journey was made on horseback, or by means of a single-seated sulky, as now used for trotting matches.

My uncle had purchased from a friend in Lynchburg a travelling coach which had been made in England, and was drawn by four horses. The body of this conveyance was swung over five feet above the ground on

four iron uprights from the axles, and by means of thick leather springs, made of the thickest leather straps riveted together. To enter, it was necessary to let down six or seven iron steps, which were turned over onto the bottom under the middle seat when the door was closed. It had three seats. The front and back seat each accommodated two persons and a child, and the middle seat was large enough for three grown persons. Under each seat was fitted a large box which could be removed and packed as a trunk, while there were a number of deep pockets on the sides, and receptacles above and in every possible corner, into which an incredible amount of food and other material could be packed. There were large lamps on each side of the coachman's seat, and in each corner inside. The coachman's seat was high up above the top of the coach, and on the top a quantity of luggage could be stored protected under a leather cover. Beneath the coachman's seat was a large box for carrying food for the horses, a bucket for watering them, with an axe or two, an axle jack, and many other tools needed in case of a breakdown. Two men in addition to the coachman always accompanied, leading an extra horse. One was generally the butler, who cooked in case of having to camp out and who looked to the commissariat. The other helped in the care of the horses, and had to ride as a postilion on the lead, when the condition of the roads made it necessary. My uncle would then either drive or ride the extra horse. Virginia had at that time a turnpike running from the north to the south through the State, and another to the west, over which, for many years, passed from the State a steady stream of emigrants of Virginia birth.*

From the two main thoroughfares branched off the so-called roads, which were during a large portion of the year but a passageway for one on horseback. The stumps of the trees were left until they gradually rotted away or it became necessary to clear a new passage, when, with the remaining stumps to the right or left, the same difficulty was presented in the necessity for getting around a deep mud-hole. In the ordinary course of travel it was often necessary to delay for hours, while

* The road through Rock Fish Gap over the mountains and by Staunton passed our place, and for years there was scarcely a night without one party or more stopping at a favorite camping ground within our bounds, where there were a stream and a good spring for watering. The great Conestoga wagon, as has been stated, was first used by the Irish emigrants from Pennsylvania and called afterwards a "land schooner," when used for crossing to California after the discovery of gold. It was the only mode of conveyance during many years in this country for women and children and for moving the household effects. Before the days of canals, railroads, and steamboats, this conveyance was the only freight carrier. Nearly a century and a half ago this large covered wagon, having divergent sides, with the bottom often twenty-five feet in length and drawn by four or six horses, was first used to transport the emigrants from Ireland who settled up all the country between the mountains from Pennsylvania to the French Broad River in North Carolina.

young sapling pine trees were being cut up into logs about eight feet in length, which were laid down side by side to form what was termed a corduroy road; a very dangerous form of road, as the logs were not of equal diameter. Unless the vehicle was heavily loaded or without springs, those within were liable to be thrown against the top, and I have heard of several instances where, in a stage coach, death was thus caused by breaking the neck.

At this time there were no accommodations even in name for travellers off the turnpikes, except at the houses of those who had made clearings along the route and were thus gradually cutting off the forests to obtain land enough for cultivation. According to the custom of the country a stranger was always welcome and free to stay as long as he wished. There were no newspapers published outside of the large towns, and these were weekly issues, with very small circulation.

The interest of these people for obtaining news was very limited and the reported doings abroad of the Grand Mogul or some other worthy fully a year before, or a page or two reprinted from the encyclopædia on some immaterial subject, were accepted without question and as evidence of the progressive tendency of the age. What was being done in Congress and in the State Legislature interested the majority of the people, and the sojourner was generally able to supply the demand, and thus was assured of a cordial welcome.

By turning down the back of the middle seat of the coach, and with cushions and a supply of blankets, which were always carried, three or four females could be made quite comfortable for a night's rest, when it was necessary to camp out.

Under ordinary circumstances it would be a superfluous act to describe a camping out of the present day, where so many are familiar with passing the night in the open air, but with almost every appliance and comfort of indoor life. At the time I am describing the surroundings were very different. After journeying all day without possibly having met a single person on the road, and when the stopping place for the night had been determined upon, the wilderness was so great that the nearest house might not be nearer than ten or fifteen miles. In many sections of the country the Indians were frequently troublesome, and there were many runaway negroes who lived in the woods by robbing travellers. We trusted to well-trained dogs to give warning, but often it was necessary to have some one awake and on guard all night. The food was of the simplest character and cooked in the most primitive manner. There were no rubber blankets nor tents in those days, and nothing but the bare ground to lie on, without shelter from the rain. Camping in those days was most primitive and with fewer comforts

than would be in service for the bivouac of a body of soldiers on a forced march at the present day. And yet the health of all improved. As with the soldier in active service, no one took cold from lying out in the rain all night and leaving the clothing to gradually dry unchanged. When I was revising this part of my work my first impulse was to strike out this description of a night in the wilds. But the impressions are so vividly pictured after an interval of over seventy-three years, that I decided not to do so, as they may be of interest to many.

Every few miles along the road were places with a spring of good water and under some large overhanging oak of the primitive forest, a level space which frequent use had kept clear for camping. To form a camp, a fire was first started, and this was easily done as there was at hand a supply of pine knots and lightwood from the old pine trees. A bucket of fresh water would be dipped up from the spring for drinking and making coffee, and the meal would be cooked, the horses fed, watered, groomed, tethered out, and bedded. After a little conversation, the women would be off to the coach, the men would light their pipes and gradually doze off for the night, wrapped up, head and heels, in a large home-made blanket and making use of a saddle as the best thing answering the purpose of a pillow. All who were accustomed to camping out would be asleep in a few moments, but those who had no previous experience found it well-nigh impossible to get to sleep readily. The variety of sounds heard was incredible when one is quiet and the sense of hearing intensified by the surroundings. In the South the monotonous call of the whippoorwill, the demon-like laugh of the large swamp owl, and the cry of the wild-cat always obtrude themselves on those who have not become accustomed to hearing them. In addition, almost every denizen of the forest was in quest of food during the greater portion of the night, or love-making, or settling some private grievances with other members of the animal kingdom, and each interest was accompanied with its own special sound. There would be suddenly a lull, and the bark of some watch-dog or of one astray would be heard apparently at an incredible distance, and before there had been time to form any idea as to the distance, one was startled by the sudden fall of some dead limb, or of the tree itself, and the sense of hearing at length became so intensified that it seemed as if even the falling of a single leaf could be heard. With the burning out of the camp-fire the darkness seemed so impenetrable, that every sound became the more intensified and incongruous, as under the conditions a profound silence would be more in keeping. While camping out at the present time, the stillness of the night, unless it be in the far West, is often as marked as the former pandemonium before the country was settled up.

Coach Upset on Entering Ferry-Boat 33

Every one in a party camping out has generally some special duty assigned, which has to be perfectly performed for the common good. At length each in turn was wrapped up and seeking recuperation from the fatigues of the previous day, and the safe keeping of the camp and its protection for the night was then left to the dogs. The stable dog at home was generally a bulldog and he always accompanied the coachman as if to supervise whatever he might be doing, and from the assiduity with which he seemed to inspect everything done for the horses, he apparently rated his services as being most important. At the time when we made this journey, and for years before, the whole country had been infested with horse thieves, notwithstanding they were certain to suffer the penalty of being hung sooner or later. It was therefore necessary to have about the stables several reliable dogs who had been taught to give but little trust to strangers. The other dog was the pointer and a personal friend of the master, who generally carried his double-barrelled shotgun and frequently his rifle along with him, for which there was always a place along the sides or top of the coach. And in addition frequently a humble specimen of the dog species accompanied the others, but followed at a distance as if he realized his inferior rank, as the "coon" or "possum" dog of the stable boy. He was seldom seen about the camp until all was quiet, when he would seek the food his master always left for him somewhere.

The crossing of a river on a flatboat was often a most dangerous undertaking, and particularly when getting a four-wheeled conveyance on board. On one of these occasions I came very near being drowned. I was left alone in the coach as the road was very muddy, and the others walked. My uncle was on the box, fearing trouble with the off leader, a new horse he had had to pick up to replace one which had become lame after shoeing, and had to be left behind with his shoe off until he could be sent for. The bank was high and the road precipitous for about one hundred feet from the flatboat, which was moored stern on. Without any apparent reason the new horse on the lead shied just as he was entering the boat and with the impetus it was impossible to stop the coach in its progress down the slope. The leader went overboard, dragging with him the wheel-horse, and the coach turned over and partly sank. My nurse fortunately had followed close behind the coach, and I, standing on the back seat, was talking to her from the open coach-window at the back. For a negro, and especially of her sex, she was unusually quick-witted, and as soon as the leader fell in the water, she jumped up behind and dragged me out through the open window and jumped for the flatboat as the coach was going over. The two wheel-horses were left on the flatboat but were thrown down with their legs toward the middle

of the boat. The coachman had gone on before so as to catch the heads of the leaders after they had entered the boat. He immediately got out his knife and cut the traces and the reins of the horses which were in the boat, these being in danger of being dragged overboard, as the carriage had not reached the bottom and was being carried away from the boat by the rapid current. The horses in the water were struggling and in great danger of being drowned, as they were dragged down by the carriage, so that only part of their heads were above water. My uncle, who was a good swimmer, got out his pocket-knife and by diving under the horses, at the risk of having his brains kicked out, managed to cut the traces of each horse on the side nearest the boat. This allowed the carriage to sink and the horses to get their heads above water; then it became easy to cut the harness off and let the horses swim ashore. We stayed at a planter's house in the neighborhood for about ten days before the coach was dried out and we could get new harness from Lynchburg, which was within a few miles. After reaching Lynchburg we were detained there for a week longer, in making other repairs. We stayed at the house of a Mr. Brown, a relative of the first wife of Professor George Tucker, my grandmother's brother. Mrs. Tucker was a Miss Carter, and a near relative of General and Mrs. Washington.

In this "cut across lots" I doubt, with the delay in repairing the roads, if we had averaged fifteen miles a day, but at length we reached our destination with sincere regret on my part, for I had enjoyed to the utmost every moment, including even my sleeping hours.

My uncle, Mr. Henry Tucker, had about one thousand acres and several hundred negroes, and yet, as there was no means of transportation to market, he was unable to profit by the sale of anything raised on his place, except his tobacco. It was packed in the usual size hogshead, but with a section of what seemed an old pump log running through the top and bottom and projecting on each side. Through this ran an iron axle to which in front a yoke of oxen could be attached. The edges and middle of each hogshead were surrounded with an iron tire, and on that the hogshead was rolled over and over in the same manner as a garden-roller is drawn over the surface of the ground. After the passage of fifty or more of these hogsheads along the road its condition must have been greatly improved. His crop of tobacco would thus be sent to Richmond to a commission merchant for sale, and in charge of a number of men who generally walked back as they accompanied the return of the wagons loaded with the supplies needed on the place for the year. Many of the oxen would be sold if possible, as well as some of the wagons which had been used to carry the feed for the men and oxen on the way to Richmond. A supply of salt, white and brown sugar, spirits, wines, spices, and sewing

materials, with some finery, would be brought back, and the journey required nearly a month, although Richmond was less than one hundred miles distant.

Everything needed on the plantation was produced in the greatest abundance. There seemed to have been more than one hundred individuals who were specially employed as manufacturers, or mechanics. There were a water-mill for grinding flour, a saw-mill for cutting up the timber into boards, beams, scantlings, and any other form of lumber, so that any house could be built as needed. Consequently, there were carpenters, and blacksmiths who made the nails and everything needed in iron work; masons and brickmakers, painters, wagon makers, weavers and spinners, shoemakers, tanners, and hatmakers of coarse straw or worsted, in fact, some one could be found to turn his other hand to any job, and each had some one as an assistant who was being instructed. There were sheep enough to furnish all the wool needed, and all the cloth was made on the place to clothe every one, for my uncle wore homespun and his clothing was fitted as was the custom by a woman. Some flax and cotton were cultivated, and a coarse cloth from each was made, for sheeting, for shirts and other undergarments. Under any aunt's direction everything was cut out and made for the men and women. The place was self-sustaining in the production of everything, except what might be termed the luxuries of life, and it is astonishing how few these became when the process of elimination was limited by the necessity. There were quarters for the sick, and a physician living about ten miles away visited the place nearly every day, while my uncle from necessity had acquired a sufficient knowledge to meet the needs of almost any ordinary case of emergency. At different points the children were left and cared for, while their mothers were at work, and within easy reach of those with young babies. My uncle was a magistrate, and with his surroundings he was from necessity more of an autocrat in his intercourse with those about him than any sovereign abroad could be, and this power was exercised at that time by almost every planter. With the weakness of human nature it was to the credit of the Southern planter that this power was rarely abused, as I know from personal observation. The sense of responsibility was fully developed, and the effect was more to elevate the character than to lower the standard. Yet it is contrary to nature that so few men, comparatively, should ever have the power of domination over so many. As a people, we have cause to rejoice for all time that slavery has been blotted out, and that we are free in consequence, notwithstanding that no political move was ever effected in any country at so great a sacrifice.

I have impressed on my mind the recollection of a negro boy named

Ephraim, who was my playmate and who could always beat me playing marbles. He was a little older than I, and was employed for odd services about the house. Ephraim was not an expert in the handling of china or glassware. I can recall his appearance after having been sent to the spring for a pitcher of fresh water before dinner. He returned with the handle of the pitcher in his hand. His mistress asked: "How did you manage to break another pitcher?" He answered: "You see, Miss, I wa'n't doin' nothin', I was jus' gwine to de spring for dat water, and de groun' done riz up and knocked de pitcher out my han'!" Poor Ephraim was not a quick thinker and he was "jus' gwine long an' wa'n't thinkin' 'bout nothin'," which was with him a natural condition, when he "stumped" his toe so that Ephraim went to the ground instead of it having "riz up." This I take to be the natural explanation, and suggest it in place of the one given by him.

Every day of my stay on my uncle's place was one of enjoyment and profit. There was nothing going on that I did not investigate to the fullest extent within my power, and I gained a practical knowledge of more things than many obtain in a lifetime. What I learned then as a young boy, in the mechanical line alone, and was able afterward to enlarge by practice, has proved of practical value to me through life.

My uncle, Mr. Tucker, had many distinguished neighbors, all of whom had been more or less in public life. I can recall sons of Colonel Paul Carrington, who had served in the Revolution as a distinguished cavalry officer and a brother of Colonel Edward Carrington. I recall seeing John Marshall, then the Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court at Washington, and who presided at the trial of Aaron Burr for treason. Events have shown that both Burr and Blennerhassett lived before their time, in claiming the necessity for acquiring the Mississippi River and adjacent territory for the United States. Although acquitted, Burr lived for the remainder of his life under a cloud and was denounced as a traitor to the best interests of his country. But this trial forced the purchase of Louisiana Territory from France during Jefferson's Administration, and in opposition to the greater portion of those who formed the population of the United States, and believed that the western boundary of the country, excepting for Kentucky, would be the Alleghany Mountains.

I once saw John Randolph, who was a near neighbor, but not on visiting terms with any one. He was the stepson of Judge St. George Tucker, a native of Bermuda, and a brother of my great grandfather. He came, as I have stated, to this country with his brother Thomas Tudor Tucker, at the beginning of the Revolution, and both served during the war. Washington in his first Administration, appointed

Thomas Tudor Tucker treasurer of the United States, which office he held until his death in 1829.

John Randolph had been sent as a boy to Bermuda to school and was prepared for Columbia, then King's College in New York. He was a constant companion of my grandfather while in Bermuda, and I possess several of his letters to his friend after his return and while in college. In later life Randolph became queer, if not insane, and would have nothing to do with any of his relatives or connections.

I recall one afternoon I was out driving with my grandmother Tucker in the open barouche, my uncle holding the reins. As we approached the entrance to Randolph's place, my uncle turned to his mother and said: "Now you will have the opportunity of seeing if Randolph has changed since he was a boy." Randolph had a carriage which seemed to be a carryall with glass sides and was drawn by four horses, with a postilion on the wheel-horse and leader. He came out to the highway on a run and was approaching us. My uncle had turned out to one side to give him the road, when Randolph stuck his face into his hat and, after passing us, looked back and wagged his protruding tongue. This want of respect to my grandmother, whom every one treated with the greatest deference, roused my indignation, but it was doubtless the means of impressing the circumstance on my memory. I believe he was then on his way to Washington to accept the position of Minister to Russia, but died in Philadelphia. This man had many eccentricities which the people bore with, on account of his long service to the State, and which they would have tolerated in no other man. It was said he always had a case of pistols open on the front seat before him; and as an inducement to turn out, he never hesitated to shoot at the driver or horses in any vehicle in front of him, which he thought was likely to obstruct his passage in any way. The physician he employed lived near Fredericksburg, and Randolph was constantly in the habit of sending for him so that the messenger should deliver the summons at an hour which necessitated the doctor being in the saddle all night. On his arrival about daylight, Randolph would send word he did not wish to see him and only sent to make sure that he would come in case of need. My uncle knew the physician and he would come to rest at our house after his journey.

Randolph was literally the boss of the country for many years and held his position with a strong hand. My uncle gave his mother, in my presence, an account of a political conference called by Mr. Randolph to meet at his house, and as the hour designated was the usual one for dinner, each gentleman attending took it for granted that dinner would be provided. About a dozen persons assembled and on arriving each was met at the door and stopped by Randolph's body-servant, who insisted,

in accordance with his instructions, that each one should remove his shoes or boots before entering the house. They were then ushered into the dining-room and each assigned a chair around a long dining-table. Soon they were joined by Randolph, who was unusually affable. He took his seat at the head of the table and soon a tray containing a bowl of soup was placed before him, of which Randolph partook, and when finished called to have it removed. All the time, as my uncle expressed it, "with the devil in his eye" he doubtless was enjoying the occasion and making himself most agreeable. At length all were dismissed with "You can go now," as Randolph proceeded to his library and closed the door.

This man left a will freeing all his slaves, and directing that the proceeds from the sale of his land and house and other property be used for settling all his negroes in some county in Ohio which was then a hot-bed of abolitionists, who devoted freely both their time and money to the transit of fugitive slaves from the South to Canada. In accordance with the custom of the day, to provide for the comfort of "the traveller on his way" Randolph's will directed that a dinner should be provided and the table set for four persons every day at a certain hour—this to be continued until the settlement of his estate. During some twelve years, from the delay in being unable to settle the estate, this dinner was regularly provided, as if Randolph was still in the flesh.

The executors purchased a large tract of land in Ohio and proceeded to build houses and settle each negro family; but the doughty friends of the negro race already there protested, and drove the Virginians out. They were brought back to Randolph's plantation where they continued to live for years. Some went to Liberia, but the greater portion died off from want and proper care, and eventually the whole estate frittered away. Randolph's body-servant was said to have been a classical scholar and as accomplished as his master, having been educated by him and always accompanying him in his travels abroad. I have heard that this man by special legislation was allowed to become a "ward" of the State of Virginia; and for years his only occupation was to sun himself about the Capitol at Richmond and to keep up his extensive acquaintance among all the prominent men of the State.

The condition of society throughout the South, but particularly in Virginia, was a remarkable one during the early portion of the last century. Society may be said to have been divided between the majority, who were in dense ignorance, and the educated minority, among whom the degree of cultivation was above the average. This ignorance was not in accord with the wish of the Southern people, however, who had formerly educated the negroes to a degree sufficient to meet the re-

quirements of their station in life. It was the general custom to teach them to read and write until the extended influence and interference on the part of the abolitionists of the North, by urging the negroes to insurrection, compelled the Southern people, for their own protection, to prohibit their education, as the only means of cutting off their communication with the abolitionists.

Shortly after my birth, Nat Turner, a negro living, I think, about Smithfield, in lower Virginia, was induced to organize an outbreak which was to be extended throughout the South. The authorities fortunately obtained some information as to the move and began an investigation, but forced a premature outbreak. Turner caused a sudden uprising one night, in an unexpected quarter, and a number of persons, chiefly women and children, were murdered. Turner was in hiding for months before he was taken prisoner and hanged, during which period a reign of terror existed, as it was impossible to obtain any accurate information as to the extent of the dissatisfaction. Unfortunatley, those of New England who have written the early history of our country were in sympathy and make no reference to the insurrection. In my library, chiefly one for reference, I have been unable to find any historical reference to one of the most alarming episodes in the history of the country, and one which may be claimed to have been the first step in the course which culminated in the Civil War. Turner was educated, and in his correspondence were found letters implicating many prominent people in the New England States, who were abolitionists.

Many years ago I wrote an article termed "Some Popular Myths in American History" which was declined for publication by several of the monthly periodicals, on the ground that if true there was no use at this late period in upsetting what had been so long accepted as true. This paper was finally published in *The Magazine of History*, etc., N. Y., Feb., 1905. I was prompted to write this article to show how the New England writers, who have as a rule written our histories, have claimed more than was due their section and have neglected to a great extent doing justice to other portions of the country.

As a student for many years of American history, I am free to express my opinion that the truthful history of this country has yet to be written. This conviction is based on the study of more original material, probably, than any other private individual, much of which constituted a portion of the "Emmet Collection" now in the Lenox Library, New York. With the exception of the perversion of Irish history by English writers, no other country has suffered to a greater extent than we have from wilful misrepresentation of the truth in not giving credit to other sections, and particularly in exaggerating the importance of all

events occurring in New England, and the deeds of the New England people.

In the article, "Some Popular Myths of American History" was reproduced a page from a file of the *Charleston Gazette* for 1743, at one time a part of the "Emmet Collection," and now in the Lenox Library. This reproduction was to show in facsimile the vouched-for account, closed Dec. 12, 1743, for building the second negro public-school house in Charleston, South Carolina, where the negro children were compelled to go to school until the age of twelve years.

I have never been able to ascertain at what time the *first* public school for negroes was built.

It has always been claimed that the public-school system originated in New England. I state: "The famous Latin School of Boston, which is so often held up to our admiration as the beginning of the public-school system of the country, was chiefly noted for its Latin course, and each scholar paid about five dollars a term." The fact is, for white children there were *no* free schools in the present acceptation of the term, in New England or elsewhere, until about the close of the eighteenth century. Such is history!

Chapter IV

Many distinguished persons lived in the vicinity of the University of Virginia—Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Mrs. Madison, Wm. C. Rives, the Minister to Paris, Andrew Stevenson, Minister to London, Edward Coles, Governor of the Northwest Territory, Meriwether Lewis, Comm. Matthew F. Maury, U. S. N.—Secretary of the Navy, Gilmer, and Secretary of State, Upshur were both killed by the bursting of the “peacemaker” on the U. S. war vessel *Princeton*—Wm. Wirt, the Walkers, Pages, Riveses, Carters, Moons, Randolphs, Lewises, and many other noted families lived in the neighborhood—Edgar Allan Poe, a student at the University—John R. Thompson, the founder and editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*—The *Blackwood's Magazine* of the South—Anecdote of the late Duke of Westminster—The professors of the University were all noted men—Burning of the Richmond theatre—Great loss of life due to the doors opening inward—Mr. George Tucker's description of the fire and his escape—A remarkable entertainment given by the new professor of German—Visit to New York—Journey made chiefly by stage-coach: and requiring nearly a week—Description of the first railroad in Virginia—Steamboat from Aquia Creek to Washington—Description of the accommodation at that time for making the toilet after travelling all night, and before the use of sleeping cars—Chained tooth-brushes for the use of the public—Neglect of the teeth, generally, seventy years ago—The need produced the best dentists in the world—The tin basins from the wash-room used for serving soup in the dining-room—Visit to Washington City—Description of the town and hotel—The proprietor and his official dress described—The etiquette observed at the hotel—Hotel court-yard described with its many attractions—The want of proper sanitary measures caused an epidemic of typhoid fever many years after from the drinking water at the National Hotel, which occupied the site of the old building—Sightseeing in Washington—The prominent members of Congress and of the Senate at that time pointed out—Heard most of them speak on the question of slavery—John Quincy Adams then a member of Congress.



HAVE devoted much time to the study of the men and affairs of this country, and have often been surprised to find how large a number I have known of those living within my own time, and with how many of the past I have become familiar by study, or from the recital of others.

The number of distinguished persons living within a radius of a day's journey of the University of Virginia, together with those who visited it, from time to time, was remarkable. Many of these were constantly at my father's house, or I have had them pointed

out to me while passing. Mr. Jefferson I never saw, for he died a short time before my birth, but during my early life his influence was as much felt as if he still lived. Ex-President Monroe lived in a house which is now within the limits of the University, but I do not recollect him, although I may have seen him, as he was often at my father's house, and he did not die until late in 1831. Mr. Madison lived in an adjoining county and was frequently at the University. All three of these gentlemen were personal friends of my father and took an active part in the affairs of the University. Mrs. Madison died some time after her husband, and she was a warm friend of my mother. Shortly before her death, she gave my mother a small cream pitcher of Irish cut-glass, which was a wedding present from Mr. Madison about 1783. It was presented to my mother with the statement that it had been in use daily since Mrs. Madison received it, and that she valued it more than anything else she possessed; that she was consoled in the parting by the satisfaction that it would go into the keeping of one very dear to her. I have cared for it with great interest on account of its association, and its identity as a specimen of Irish cut-glass.¹

Mrs. Madison was one of the most remarkable women this country has ever produced, and no one ever held so brilliant a position in social life as she did during her husband's long public service.

William C. Rives, who lived in the neighborhood, was in public service during the greater portion of a long life, and for years was the U. S. Minister to Paris. In the same neighborhood, near Monticello, lived Mr. Andrew Stevenson, who was also long in public life and a noted Minister to the English Court. Beyond his plantation resided Edward Coles, an early Governor of the Northwest Territory. He afterward resided in Philadelphia, but I saw him on his visits to Virginia. Near, to the east of Monticello, and near the foot of the mountain, stood the house in which Meriwether Lewis was born and lived, who commanded with George Rogers Clark the expedition sent out by Mr. Jefferson during his Administration across the continent, a journey which had never been performed except by some of the early Jesuit missionaries from Canada. The Carters were neighbors, and well to the north were the Walkers, Pages, the Moons, and Randolphs. To the south, among the other families, lived the Maurys. The most distinguished of the name was Commander Matthew F. Maury, U. S. N., a man for whose talents and attainments I had the greatest admiration. He was at one period

¹ Before the Revolution and for some time after, Ireland supplied all the glassware used in this country, and it was considered of the best quality made anywhere! In time, English legislation destroyed this and every other Irish industry, with the object of encouraging *home* manufacture.

probably better known to the scientific world than any one else in the country. He had charge for many years of the hydrographic office in Washington, and wrote that wonderful work, *Physical Geography of the Sea*, an evidence of his profound research, and by means of which the voyage to China, for a sailing vessel, was shortened six weeks.

To the west lived the Gilmers, one of whom, Thomas W. Gilmer, as Secretary of the Navy in 1844, with Secretary of State, Abel P. Upshur of Virginia, and many others, were killed on the Government war vessel *Princeton* near Washington from the bursting of a newly invented cannon by Commander Stockton, and called the "peacemaker." The Lewis and Woods families were neighbors, as well as the distinguished writer and statesman William Wirt; there were also many other families I cannot now recall.

Every one of these families had supplied one member or more for the public service, and each in turn played his part, but now forgotten and unknown to fame.

In afterlife I have recalled the names and personal appearance of many of the students who were at the University. I can recollect Edgar Allan Poe's dormitory, but I have no recollection of his appearance. I knew by sight as a boy, and in after-life as an intimate friend, John R. Thompson, who was a few years my senior. He was a friend of Poe and both were at the University, but they could not have been fellow students on account of the difference in their ages. Thompson was a remarkable man of letters, who in 1847, became the editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, at Richmond. During his connection and until it ceased to be published at the beginning of the Civil War, he gave this journal a literary reputation equalled to that held by *Blackwood's Magazine* in its best days. During the Civil War he was stationed in London as a diplomatic agent of the Confederate Government. At the end of the war he reached New York in reduced circumstances, and I was glad to be able to introduce him to some friends who procured for him the position of literary editor for the New York *Evening Post*. His great literary talent established so high a standard in this department of the paper that his influence has remained to the present day. I had the privilege of knowing him as a warm personal friend for years and until his death. The last time he dined with me is recalled by his mentioning an anecdote of the Duke of Westminster, which placed me some time after in a disagreeable position by repeating it. Mr. Thompson formed the acquaintance of a clergyman in London who had charge of the parish where the Duke and his family attended, and which was one within his gift. Westminster was then considered the wealthiest man in London, as he owned the greater portion of the land now covered by modern London. This clergyman

had held his position for over twenty-five years, and during that time had christened, married, and buried all the family needing his services. Finally, he had a call somewhere else at a much larger salary; he consulted the noble lord as to the advisability of accepting it. He was advised to do so, and as he was going out, Westminster told him to call just before leaving, as he would like to give him something he would find useful. The clergyman called and in a most impressive manner became the recipient of quite a large package, which he thought might contain bank-notes or some securities. When the package was opened, it contained the visiting cards the clergyman had left at the house during all the years when calling on his patron and family.

I repeated this story at a large private dinner in New York, where it was not considered "the thing" to introduce people, and the answer of my neighbor was "Yes, quite so, my grandfather was always considered nigh!"

The number of students known to me, who were in public service or who served in the Confederate or United States Army during the Civil War, is beyond my recollection, unless their existence was revived by some individual circumstance connected with them.

The professors of the University were a remarkable body of men, as each individual attained during his service a personal reputation beyond the average usually gained by those who form a class too hard-worked to be known, as a rule, beyond their local influence.

Doctor Dunglison, from his reputation already established as a writer, before leaving the University had a more extended reputation than any other member of the medical profession in the country. Bonnycastle as a mathematician, had a world-wide reputation. Professors Long and Keyes were well known in their especial branches, and returned to England to fill chairs in the University of Oxford, to which they had been appointed in consequence of their reputation established at the University of Virginia.

Mr. George Tucker, the Professor of Moral Philosophy and Political Economy, was a prolific writer and the author of books on a diversity of subjects, as well as several novels, which were well appreciated in their day. He wrote the best life of Jefferson, who was a personal friend for many years. His *History of the United States* is well known to the student as the most reliable authority for the period from the beginning of the Revolution to 1840. He came to this country from Bermuda at an early age, and was personally acquainted with many who took part in the Revolution, and was himself in public life for many years during the early part of the nineteenth century. He married a Miss Carter of Fredericksburg, Virginia, a near relative of Washington. As a boy I was particularly interested as to the cause of a scar on his forehead, which

sometimes, when he was excited, became more conspicuous. In answer to a question my investigating spirit had prompted, he told me the circumstances attending its occurrence. While a member of the Virginia Legislature, and on some special occasion in the Richmond Theatre, on which it was unusually crowded, he was present when it was burned in December, 1811. The Governor of the State, with many prominent people, and nearly all the women in the audience, were burned to death. It was the first and most disastrous calamity of the kind which had ever occurred. The outer doors, which all opened inward, were unfortunately closed as it was during the cold weather; and before they could be opened, on the breaking out of the fire, the pressure of the people in their effort to escape closed them. In consequence of the loss of life in this fire, immediate action throughout the civilized world was taken to ensure the opening outward of every door of exit in all buildings used for assemblage. Mr. Tucker was in the second balcony or tier and the fire spread with such rapidity that a portion of a burning beam from the roof fell and struck him at an angle on the forehead, knocking him out of an open window. He was fortunate in sustaining no other injury. While Mr. Tucker was a member of Congress, he became an authority on all questions of finance, and his work on *Money and Banks* was the authority at one time, but is now unknown.

Professor Blattermann, a German, was a noted teacher of modern languages and one of the last of the original professors to retire. Unfortunately with advancing age his temper did not improve, and he was finally obliged to resign for beating his poor old wife. He was succeeded by a countryman unknown to the public at large, but undoubtedly a learned man, or he would never have offered the position.

It was said that the professor had recently married, from gratitude, a servant and countrywoman somewhere in the interior of Pennsylvania, who had been kind to him during an illness in some country hotel. The couple seemed very simple-minded, and after their arrival, having been called upon by everybody connected with the University, they were prompted to show their gratitude by giving an entertainment. As neither had a fluent knowledge of the English language, they decided upon a novel plan for amusing their guests. Alongside of a large packing case, one placed on each side of the entrance, the host and hostess took their position, and as a guest presented himself or herself, the choice was given of a toy. It was evident they wished due consideration should be given by each one to so important a feature, on which was to rest the entertainment of the evening. Before each individual entered the reception room there was held up for their mature consideration the choice between the pushing up of a monkey on a stick until his tail assumed the

position of a lightning rod, or the holding by a string of a clown in one hand, and with the other making intermitting traction on another string, until it broke from the lower portion of the body, which jerking effort was expected to cause the arms to suddenly go out and the legs to dance. Whenever a guest exhibited any surprise it was attributed to ignorance, and with the utmost good nature he or she was fully instructed in the mechanism, while the others were kept waiting in line at the risk of buttons, hooks, and eyes. To the mutual satisfaction of all parties, the entertainment, contrary to the usual custom, soon came to an end, and it is said, for there are always ill-natured people, that the affair was a ridiculous one!

The poor woman was without education and she must have had a dull life of it. Married life, at least, proved a failure with her as well as trying to hold a social position, so that finally she vented her energies by whipping her husband, who was a little man. Frequently, in the middle of the night, she would put him outside of the house and lock him out until morning.

Old Blattermann was greatly pleased with the situation and he would say to his friends: "I beat my wife and now de wife beat the leetle man. Vut de difference?" In a short time this ill-mated couple disappeared for parts unknown.

The chief occasion of the year, after the closing of the session, was the visit of my father and mother to the family in New York. I generally accompanied them, while my sister, who was much younger, remained behind to pass the summer with her grandmother, who enjoyed more the quiet at home. A trip to New York was then a serious undertaking, requiring five or six days by stage-coach and often a portion of each night, if the roads were heavy. The baggage was sometimes lost from the boot behind the stage-coach, as happened once to us. There was always danger of this whenever there was a long hill. As the coach was slowly moving up the ascent, the robber would slip out from among the bushes on the roadside and cut the straps holding down the leather covering. Then one trunk after another would drop off. A dark night was the favorite time, especially if it should be raining, as the coach would be shut up and the passengers dozing. In the Wilderness, near Fredericksburg, Va., was the most frequent place for this robbery; a region made afterward a great battlefield during the Civil War. I recollect some young ladies from Fredericksburg paid us a visit and they lost their whole outfit in the Wilderness, so that it was necessary on their arrival to borrow from all the ladies in the neighborhood, until they could again supply themselves.

Shortly after my first trip North, the distance was shortened a day

or two by the aid of a steamboat from Aquia Creek, near Fredericksburg to Washington, then by a tram-way, which was afterward the railroad from Washington to Baltimore, then by a stage-coach, and from Wilmington, Delaware, to Philadelphia by steamboat. I recollect, at first, the stage route from Philadelphia through New Jersey was to Hoboken, but afterwards the trip was shortened by rail from Camden to Perth Amboy, and from there by steamboat to New York. I do not remember which route between Philadelphia and New York was built first: the one from Camden to Amboy, or by steamboat up the Delaware to near Burlington, New Jersey, and then by rail to Jersey City. In recent years, when one of my sons as a student would be returning to the University of Virginia, the trip could be accomplished in as many hours as days were necessary when I first made the trip.

The railroad from Richmond to Aquia Creek was the first one I ever travelled on. At first it only extended to Fredericksburg, and stage-coaches were used to the steamboat at the creek, or over the bridge to Washington. I think the train seldom made more than twelve or fourteen miles an hour. The engines, with no protection for the engineer, seemed to me at that time to be too small and light, and to-day one of those engines, which were then considered a marvel, could be stored inside of one of the large mountain-climbers of the present.

When an early start was made, or at night, the train would often come to a standstill if the track was covered by a heavy dew, unless a negro walked on each side of the cowcatcher and sprinkled sand on the rail. This feature was conducive to a better acquaintance among the passengers, as they frequently got out and walked alongside of the train until the sun had dried the track. At this period of our development no one was in a hurry, and no time was ever wasted in speculation as to when one's destination would be reached. One train a day each way carried all the passengers and freight on a single track, and it was considered no hardship to wait at the turnout all day until the other train came along, and there were fewer cases then of heart disease and sudden death.

The present T rail is comparatively a modern invention. The first rail was a long, narrow strip of iron about half an inch thick, which was fastened down on a wooden strip and this was spiked to the cross-ties. Until the present T rail came into use, it was impossible to make any allowance for the expansion of the thin rail from the heat of the sun. Frequently, when the projecting end was struck by the wheel and with the spikes lifted by the expansion, the end of the rail would pass over the wheel and through the floor of the car, ripping it up and killing every one in its course, until the train could be stopped. This was not an

infrequent accident, called a "snake head," and it was impossible to tell in what direction it would go after entering the car.

The boat at Aquia Creek was generally reached just before breakfast, and then, after sitting up all night in the cars, every one made an effort to get "washed off" for the day. This important performance was accomplished by the men in a narrow room running across the boat at the stern, and open at each end. There were several piles of tinned basins from which the contents when last used had been emptied overboard, without any further attention, and consequently they were always soapy and not as lustrous as when purchased. There was a barrel open at the top filled with water, and a dipper fastened to the wall by a short rope. There was also a roller-towel, at the door, which had to answer for all, and several cakes of soap which were handed from one person to another. As an evidence of advancing civilization, there appeared in time a chained tooth-brush, handy to the barrel and the dipper, and after the teeth had been cleaned, the choice was given of emptying the contents of the dipper into the barrel, or on to the floor. Fortunately, the steamboat tooth-brush was not often used, as the greater portion of the people of the country never used one at home.

Seventy years ago and previous to that time, we were the most careless of all civilized people in caring for the teeth and most negligent with children. When I was at boarding-school, I can recall very few other boys who had a tooth-brush, and while I was indifferent as a youngster about washing my face, I never neglected my teeth, the importance of which had been impressed on me as soon as I could care for myself. The condition of the teeth among the white people of this country finally produced the best dentists in the world. As a boy I would not have noticed that I was probably the only male on the train with a tooth-brush, for I always carried it with me when travelling. To this care, at over eighty-two years of age, I am better equipped by nature than most persons are at the age of fifty, and I believe my life has been prolonged many years in consequence.

A chained brush and comb fastened to the door-frame on each side, with a looking-glass about six inches square nailed to the wall, completed the outfit for the travelling public by boat, stage route, or rail, until the introduction of the Pullman cars. I never saw but in one other instance a chained tooth-brush for public use, and that was in a private house, years after, in the city of New York, to which I will again refer.

It would seem as if the basins were sometimes otherwise utilized for the travelling public. One of my aunts became a convert to the hydropathic system, as she had been greatly benefited, and wished that I

should look into the practice. As I had begun the study of medicine, I spent several weeks in a large water cure establishment at Brattleboro, Vermont, during the summer of 1846. One day I made a trip to Bellows Falls on the railroad between New Haven and Montreal. As I had stayed at the hotel over the day, I was not in the rush caused by the crowd which had arrived a short time before, and which was to be served with dinner. There was a delay and I walked to the end of the piazza near the kitchen, to find out when dinner would be ready. As I passed the open window I heard the proprietor come in to learn the cause of the delay, and he was answered: "You see, there were so many to be 'washed off' that we could n't get the basins sooner to serve the soup!" When I entered the dining-room and saw a number of not over-bright tinned basins filled with soup, I did not take any.

My father always stopped overnight in Washington to rest and often for a day, in addition, as he seemed to have many friends living there, who must have been in public life. The place is associated in my memory as a boy with many pleasant recollections, for there seemed to be so much to be seen there, and what I could overhear as the subject of conversation was generally of interest to me.

The town did not seem a large one, and only consisted of one long, unpaved street, dusty to an unusual degree.

At that time most of the people living there were office-holders, and in the middle of the day when they must have been at work, there was rarely any one in the street. When we arrived it would have seemed deserted but for the hogs and a number of contemplative cows. The heat was excessive, as we found, day and night, and the flies and mosquitoes were countless. But the hotel was a feature to me, as well as I can recall it, and I enjoyed greatly what I could see and hear there.

If the hotel made an impression on me, however, the proprietor made a deeper one. As I watched the arrival and departure of the stage-coaches, he seemed always at hand to welcome the new arrivals and to wish good speed to the parting guest. If the guest was leaving alone on horseback, a servant would often bring what the Irish called *deoc an dorais*, a door drink or stirrup-cup, as an evidence, on the part of the proprietor, of his great consideration. His official "get up" was a blue dress-coat with brass buttons and a very high collar, a buff-colored vest, black trousers, and a high white cravat goitre-like in thickness, as was introduced by George IV., and showing on each side of the chin the protruding points of a swallow-tail standing collar. Most men wore a home made suit, but what I have described was the dress suit of the day. It was adopted as a dress suit by all men in public life, but clergymen. The lawyer, while pleading, unless on circuit was always arrayed in addi-

tion in low quarter shoes or pumps and silk stockings, for such special occasions. A large ruffled shirt-front and with ruffles around the wrists was also in common use. But Mr. Deportment, the hotel keeper, was punctilious and was never seen without his functional embellishments, unless in the bosom of his family his official check-rein, as it is supposed, was only loosened after his retirement for the night. Meals at all hours were served for the convenience of the travelling public. But for those remaining, the regular dinner was served about two o'clock in the large dining-room, and it was the occasion of the day. All were expected to be punctual and to assemble in the parlor, and when dinner was announced, as in a private house, the host presented his arm to the lady who could claim the highest social position. She was placed at his right, with the fullest Chesterfield exhibit of manner, while the other guests, who had followed in procession, were seeking their places. He always had his decanter of wine in front of him, and after soup had been served, he would fill his glass and send the decanter with his compliments to toast each honored guest in turn. After coffee or some special cordial had been served, all would rise, and while the ladies left the room, the host and those gentlemen who wished to pass the remainder of the day with a clear head would also withdraw.

I, being always at my mother's side, was able to see and take in all that was going on. The day's work began at that time much earlier in the day than at present, and no one did any work after dinner if it could be avoided. Therefore, there would always be a number in the hotel who would begin after dinner to sip their wine from one bottle or more in turn to the profit of the house, until they would be taken off to bed. As their night began about sunset, they were all early risers and ready for business with a cool head next morning.

The custom of the present day of cocktail drinking at any time after daylight and keeping it up all day did not then exist, for, unless a business man was a pronounced drunkard, he drank nothing in the way of a stimulant until dinner. A man formerly seemed able thus to take his wine freely after dinner with less injurious effects than many of to-day who undertake a self-imposed task of thus increasing the revenue of their country by frequently repeated drinks.

The hotel we always stopped at in Washington was, I think, called the Indian Queen, but I am doubtful on this point. As I recollect, it formed four sides of a square, with a large space open on the main street to drive into the courtyard. There was on the inside of the open courtyard a gallery or piazza running around each story, onto which the sleeping-rooms opened, and the stairway of the hotel passed from one story to the other of this piazza. This courtyard was a most attractive

place for me to look out upon, as there was something going on all the time.

The arrival and departure of several stage-coaches each day were an object of special interest, as all in the hotel seemed at that time to crowd out on the piazza to see them. The empty coaches, when not in use, remained outside in front of the stable, and all day they were being washed by the stable-boys, or the horses were being groomed. The kitchen at the back of the dining-room on the first story also opened onto the court, and almost all the food was prepared outside of the back door in full sight—from the peeling of the potatoes to the killing and picking the feathers off the chickens. There seemed something going on all the time, with loud laughter and repartee between the chambermaids and the stable boys, or with those connected with the kitchen or laundry and their friends, who, on passing along outside, would drop in to pay their respects. As it was warm, at all hours of the day, the children and nurses, with many of the guests, would be outside on the shady side of the piazza. Altogether, with the crying of the children, in addition to the noise of the dog fights, which seemed always going on, as the dogs of the town were apparently fed on the refuse thrown out from the kitchen, it was always a lively place, and I was kept on the go all the time for fear that I should lose seeing or hearing something of interest. The accomplishment of being able to recognize bad smells can only be the result of over-civilization, for at that time there must have been continuously in this courtyard a sufficient variety of odors to have satisfied any connoisseur, and yet no one seemed to appreciate the fact. There was a manure-heap by the stable door, but an effort was evidently made every day to cart at least a portion away, as it remained about the same. There was also a pigsty somewhere in the neighborhood of the stable, which I could not locate, as I was not allowed to go prospecting, but having lived on a farm I was able to know by the sound of the pigs squealing when they were being fed. As there were no sewers all the refuse slops from the stables, laundry, and kitchen below were thrown out in front, and the only show of any responsibility was in the apparent effort to throw these slops as far away from the house as their strength would admit. Above, from the verandahs, all the slops from the bed-rooms were pitched into space over the railing without hesitation. It seemed rather a good joke for the sportive nymph of the slop-jar to abide her time in the passage of some darkey Apollo below, to startle if not spatter, and at the same time thus announcing her readiness for a flirtation.

Naturally, there were mud-holes in abundance, and these contributed greatly to the easement and comfort of the roving swine of the city. These animals seemed countless, and this courtyard was evidently a

favorite place of resort, as they dropped in singly and together. Their purpose may have been to hear the latest news amid the fashionable devotees of porkdom, but be that as it may, it always proved a resting place and one for a siesta. The well, which furnished all the drinking water, was placed midway between the stable and kitchen and around it were a number of mud-holes, as every time a bucket of water was to be drawn, it would be emptied of what was left in it by the last user. I recollect there was always a plank or two laid on the ground about it so that it could be reached without getting the feet wet.

This was before the discovery of bacteria, the development of the germ theory, and when the existence of typhoid fever had not yet been recognized in this country. Yet, the drainage into that well was the only means by which the surface of the ground in the neighborhood was kept in a condition which allowed of passage.

In time, and in response to the demand of the public for greater facilities and comfort for the traveller, this old caravansary was torn down years after and on the site a modern hotel was built. No special sickness was ever known to have occurred in connection with the old house nor with the new hotel until after the inauguration of some President, whose name I cannot recall, but I am certain it was shortly before the ante-bellum period. There was then a sudden outbreak of typhoid fever in different parts of the country, and it was found confined to those who had been in Washington at that time, during the presidential inauguration, and who had stopped at the National Hotel. The Government had an investigation made, and finally the cause was traced to the water obtained from a pump in the hotel and in which the water was supposed to have been particularly good. The pump evidently had been placed in the old well which stood in the open courtyard as I have described, and which had been in use for so many years.

My father took me to the Capitol, placed at one end of the main street, and the President's house or the White House, at the other. He told me of the vandalism of the English during the War of 1812, in burning the first Capitol and other public buildings, with as much of the town as they had time to fire. In after-life, through my reading, I have found this was their usual practice of warfare to burn public buildings, with the churches and public records. This they did in Ireland with every outbreak of the people from the time of their first landing as Normans, until the beginning of the last century, when they seemed to have had nothing more left to destroy.

I had all the distinguished men in the House of Representatives and Senate pointed out to me, and was told how they were chosen and what section different members in each House represented, as well as the

most important features in the history of each individual, most of which I have remembered to this day. I saw John Quincy Adams, who was then serving in Congress after he had retired from the Presidency, and he died several years after in the Capitol, while still a member of Congress. I saw Henry Clay who was elected President by the popular vote several times after, but failed to receive the majority vote in the electoral college. Calhoun was a remarkable-looking man and, as I remember his appearance, he was the most intellectual looking man I saw. Daniel Webster seemed to me stupid and indifferent until he had been speaking for a while. Benton seemed very much the same. Van Buren's face interested me as he seemed to be quick and wideawake, and I recollect acknowledging to myself that he would be too much for me in a trade or barter.¹ Polk, who was afterwards President, looked to me like a clergyman and a good man. There were many others and I formed from recollection some opinion of them all, and I have been at times surprised with what accuracy the instinct of a child enabled me to pass judgment on them. Almost all of the prominent men I saw were dressed in the same style as the hotel keeper, in the blue dress-coat and brass buttons. There was some exciting question relating to slavery under debate in both Houses, and I heard each person speak whom I have mentioned. But I can recall nothing said in relation to the subject under discussion, as only the men themselves seemed to interest me, and as a child those from the South impressed me as being the best speakers.

¹ Van Buren was a personal friend of my uncle, Judge Robert Emmet, and Webster married the sister of William H. Le Roy, my uncle by marriage. These gentlemen I met socially later in life.

Chapter V

Taken to see the original Declaration of Independence—History of its conception, after Virginia passed Mason's Bill of Rights—Virginia delegates in Congress, through Richard Henry Lee, were instructed to urge Congress to a passage of a Declaration of Independence—Referred to a committee—Jefferson became chairman and drafted the instrument—Franklin and John Adams only members of the committee who took part in its preparation—Governor of Pennsylvania appointed a new delegation in favor of its passage—Bill reported and passed only by the vote of Delaware, secured by the vote of Rodney, who was serving in the army and was sent for to give the casting vote—A new Congress met in August, 1776, and the Declaration was ordered to be engrossed and signed, for fear there might be spies among the members—As Congress met with closed doors it was not known to the public who were members of Congress—No one signed the Declaration before August 20th, and a number who did sign it were not members of Congress when it was passed—Rodney did not sign the Declaration until over two years after he had voted for its passage—During the Administration of John Quincy Adams the original was dampened to obtain an offset from the signatures, to prepare a facsimile for presentation to Charles Carroll of Carrollton, the only survivor of the signers—This caused in time the signatures to fade out—Discovered during the Civil War, and the circumstance was accepted by some as a bad omen for the Northern States—Railroad from Washington to Baltimore was the first built in the United States and used as a tram-way, for want of engines which were made in England and were not finished in time—Interesting episode in connection with this road where I was spanked by my father for being too self-assertive—Visit to Philadelphia—Interesting recollections—As a child greatly attracted by the Quaker women—Visit to the old Arcade in Chestnut Street—The purchase there of a Continental note was the nucleus of the "Emmet Collection" of Americana—Recollections of my first visit to New York—St. John's Church and St. John's Park—My uncle's residence there—Visit to Bond Street, when it had but one house—Return through a corn-field above Canal Street—Rev. John Murray Forbes—History of St. Ann's Catholic Church in 8th Street, facing Lafayette Place—Birth of my eldest son, his christening and caudle party—Mrs. August Belmont—My grandfather's city residence corner Nassau and Pine streets—My first residence in New York in a boarding-house on 20th Street during the winter of 1852 and 1853, and on Fourth Avenue, above 12th Street, after May, 1853—My first visit as a child to Scudder's Museum described, what I saw there with my negro nurse—History of Barnum's dog-headed boy—St. Paul's Church—Its monuments—Sir John Temple, his connection with the family and his history—Elysian fields at Hoboken.



WAS taken to the State Department, then as I recollect, in some building which had been a dwelling house, to see the Declaration of Independence, which was framed and hanging on the wall. I was held up to see it until a chair was gotten, where I remained spelling out the names with the greatest interest, while the others of the party were elsewhere and I would not leave until I had read every portion. I had no

thought at that time I should become an authority in after-life on every circumstance connected with the history of this document. There are but few persons now living who can recall its condition as I saw it, when it was as fresh looking as if it had just been executed.

As so little is known of the history of the Declaration of Independence, except by those who have given the subject special study, a brief sketch may be of interest to the reader, and it is not inappropriate that I should write it, as no one else ever gathered together more material than I was able to do in illustrating its history.

After the acceptance by the Virginia Legislature, of the Bill of Rights, which George Mason had drawn, and on the principles of which the constitution of every State in the Union was afterward formulated, it passed early in May, 1776, as well as a resolution directing the delegates in Congress from the State of Virginia to urge the immediate passage of a Declaration of Independence. The matter was discussed in Congress day after day in Committee of the Whole, until at length the delegates of every Colony had received special instructions to direct their action. A committee was formed of which Richard Henry Lee of Virginia became chairman, as he had presented the instructions from the Virginia Legislature urging immediate action. This committee was instructed to prepare a Declaration and to report without delay. That night, Lee received a despatch necessitating his immediate return home, in consequence of the illness of his wife. Jefferson, as the remaining delegate from Virginia, thus became chairman and proceeded to draft the instrument; a fortunate circumstance, as he was probably among all of this picked body of men, the only one whose particular training fitted him to gain by his masterly presentation of the subject, the largest number of votes. On its completion, to the composition of which Jefferson devoted the entire night, it was submitted to the committee. John Adams and Franklin each suggested the change of a few words only which were accepted, while the other two members took no part in the work. Robert R. Livingston of New York, on the day after he was placed on this committee, returned home ostensibly to draft the Constitution of the State, and there is no evidence that Roger Sherman of Connecticut rendered any service. Late in June Jefferson presented the bill to Congress in Committee of the Whole, which at once reported, and it was resolved to take action on the fourth of July. The issue was a doubtful one, but simply one as to the expediency of immediate action; and while there were a majority of delegates in favor of passing a Declaration of Independence, the result had to be determined by a vote of Colonies. A majority of the delegation from the Colony of Pennsylvania was known to be in the opposition and as the Governor favored its passage, like a

prudent man he acted promptly by removing the old delegation and appointing a new representation, who were all in favor of the measure.

As the negative vote of one Colony would defeat the passage of the bill, the result was considered very doubtful. Delaware was represented by three members, but Rodney was absent in the army, and of those on duty one was in favor and the other opposed. McKean, favoring the measure, sent off in the night a messenger to Rodney, whom he knew was in sympathy and he arrived just in time, covered with mud and with whip in hand, to cast his vote making Delaware a unit, and the measure was thus only passed by a majority of one State.

It is said there is a letter in existence written by John Adams to his wife on the night of the fourth, telling her about the passage of the Declaration. He also stated that every one was anxious to get away on account of the heat and the countless number of flies which had come in from a neighboring stable, and bit the delegates, who were all in knee breeches, through their silk stockings in a merciless manner. There was evidently some unexplained incentive, as the business of the day was disposed of with unexpected promptness and unanimity.

Congress then adjourned, and it seems evident that but few of the members at the time fully realized the far-reaching effect or importance of their action. In the latter part of the following August, the British having taken possession of Philadelphia, the Continental Congress was driven out and met in Baltimore. Simply as a matter of precaution, to guard against the presence of spies among them, it was decided that the Declaration passed by the previous Congress should be engrossed and signed by all the members of that Congress. Therefore, no one could have signed the Declaration of Independence before the 20th of August, and a number of those who signed it, on taking their seats between August and the following December, were not even members of Congress at the time of its passage. Rodney, being in the army as has been stated, did not sign it until two years and a half after he had voted for its passage. Many, like Governor George Clinton and Robert R. Livingston, of New York, who were present and voted for the Declaration, are not known in connection with its history. George Clinton, the son of an Irishman, did not return to the next Congress as he had been in the interval chosen a member of the Convention which formed the first Constitution of the State under which he was elected the first Governor of the State of New York, and he served in that position for the term of over seventeen consecutive years.

This is the history of the passage and signing of the Declaration of Independence. It was first printed as a broadside signed only by John Hancock, as President, and Charles Thomson, Secretary, and ordered

to be read in all the churches and to the army. The text was first given to the public by a German newspaper published on the following day, and it appeared in the other papers all of which were issued on Saturday. As the sessions of Congress were held with closed doors, it was not known who were the members until later, when the instrument was again ordered by Congress to be printed with the names of the delegates from each State attached, and the name of Rodney is omitted from the Delaware members, showing, as claimed, that he did not sign until a later period.

A short time before I saw the Declaration for the first time at the State Department, and while John Q. Adams was President, by a vote of permission given by Congress, the Declaration was dampened sufficiently to take an offset from the ink of the signatures. This was before the days of any other known means of obtaining a facsimile, except by tracing, which would have been the proper mode of procedure had there been any appreciation of the responsibility. The object was to present Charles Carroll of Carrollton, the only survivor of the fifty-six signers, with a replica.

In an imaginary parenthesis I would state in this connection, and as part of the history of the Declaration, that the story of the addition to Carroll's name of "Carrollton" is as truthful as that of the pleasing degree of veracity attributed to young Washington in connection with the hacked cherry tree. There were four Charles Carrolls, relatives and contemporaries: Charles, Senior, the father of the Signer; Charles Carroll, the Signer; Charles Carroll, the Barrister, and Charles Carroll of Duddington. Moreover, I have had in my possession a letter of the Signer signed "of Carrollton," twenty years before he attached his name to the Declaration.

After the location of the State Department was changed from where I saw it, the Declaration was taken out of the frame, put away somewhere, and forgotten. Years passed, until during the Civil War there was a question as to the punctuation and the consequent force given to some word. The document was hunted up, and to the horror of those who made the discovery, it was found that nearly all the signatures had faded out. Some of those who learned of the condition were disposed to put a superstitious interpretation on the circumstance, as an evil omen for the success of the Government in the Civil War.

The result was but a natural one, and due to the gradual chemical action of the air upon the ink after it had been exposed to the dilution of the water.

The railroad from Washington to Baltimore was the first one built in the United States, but the one from Albany to Schenectady was the first in running order. There was a delay of over a year after the Wash-

ington and Baltimore road had been built, before the engines arrived from England, where they were made, and during the interval horses were used. I remember the cars in use on this road at the time were what are now termed double-deckers, and on seeing them I was delighted with the prospect of a ride on top. My father had in a hurried manner told me to be quick and get inside, and my nurse was proceeding to put me inside when, by pressing a fist against one of her eyes, she was forced to put me down and I, escaping from her, proceeded quickly to climb the stairway to the top. My father, seeing me, ordered me in a peremptory tone to come down at once, but thinking I could carry my point in consequence of the bustle and crowd, I became rather self-assertive, and was proceeding to the top when my father arrested my progress. On reaching the ground, he gathered up the texture forming the seat of my trousers, and administered there and then a spanking, before quite an amused and appreciative audience. He then lifted me into the lower section of the car, and I felt forthwith quite willing to relax all effort on my part to relieve the strained relation existing between my father and myself, and exhibited my assent by quietly accepting a place on my nurse's knee. Almost immediately after I had gotten inside the rain came down in a torrent, the coming of which my father had doubtless seen and realized the necessity for getting under cover, or he would have gratified my wish. I had no hesitation during my subsequent meditation in acknowledging to myself that my father was right, as he always was, and that I deserved all that I had received.

Every summer on our going or returning we always stopped over to see three old ladies, whom I had always heard my aunt, the wife of Prof. George Tucker, designate as "Ann" O'Donnell, "Ann" Gilmore, and "Ann" Parker, while every one else spoke of them as Mrs. O'Donnell, etc. My aunt was a Miss Bowdoin from the "Eas sho," or eastern shore of Maryland, and had worn the widow's cap three times before she became Mrs. Tucker. She and her aunts spoke the dialect of that section of the country with great fluency and could ejaculate within a given time a greater number and variety of sounds from their vocal cords, than I ever heard others do. I never knew why we kept up the acquaintance with these good people, as I could not understand a word spoken by either, and finally came to the conclusion that my father persevered in the hope of coming to some understanding, or it was one of the many things in life people have to do without any reason. As soon as these ladies had an audience they would stand back to back in the centre of the room, and all three would gush forth in their eloquence at the same time and to no one in particular. Their earnestness was so impressive that I was always convinced a row was impending, and for

self-protection I would find myself standing between two of them, with eyes open, and ears as well.

Suddenly I would be jumped at, while one would seize my hand and drop it as suddenly, another would rub my hair up the wrong way, as the third would give me an encouraging slap on the back, and all done in the most perfunctory manner, without looking at me and without the slightest let up in the flow of words. I naturally would retreat, and being always tired out, I would curl myself up in some armchair and have a nap before my father and mother were ready to go to the hotel. I do not know if these ladies were widowed sisters and lived together, but we always met them in the same building. I recollect we once paid them a visit in the afternoon, and I remember the direction of the sun shining in on the carpet, and this is impressed on my mind by some figure in the carpet which I thought, if elevated, would have made a handsome sundial. The house was on a corner and on the left side of the street going towards Barnum's Hotel. I have never ascertained the family connection, if any, with regard to ourselves, but have supposed that "Ann" O'Donnell was the mother of the late General O'Donnell. "Ann" Gilmore the wife of Robert Gilmore the old merchant and collector of autographs, but I have never been able to place "Ann" Parker. My mother had a friend living in Battle Monument Square, on the far side to the left from the hotel, whom she always visited, and I accompanied her, in the place of my father. She was a kindly little body and I recollect on being presented, I was not punched or handled as usual, as if the good woman was about to negotiate the purchase of a mellow apple by the thumb test.

I always enjoyed my visits to Philadelphia, where we would sometimes stop over a day instead of resting in Washington or Baltimore. The earliest hotel I can recollect was called Head's in Third or Fourth Street, between Walnut and Pine. This house had been the private residence of Mr. William Bingham. His father was a noted merchant and banker and a member of the Continental Congress, and his son, who built this house, was in public life during Washington's Administration. With the history of both the father and son I became well acquainted in connection with my historical studies in after-life. The son was generally designated as the husband of a celebrated beauty, who was Miss Anne Willing. By common consent, she held the reputation of being the handsomest woman ever known in this country. If this be true, she should be entitled to the credit of having been without a rival at home or abroad, where she was as well known in social life.

Philadelphia, at least at night, was as warm as Washington, but the whole city seemed so restful and clean, and without any hogs or cows in

the street, as was the case in Washington and New York. I recollect how much better the bread, milk, and butter seemed to taste than elsewhere, and the impression then made on my gustatory nerves has never been lost.

The Quaker dress interested me greatly and that of the women more than the men. The instinct of child or dog is unerring as to those friendly to them, and as a child I felt like going up and kissing many of the women I met in the street. From curiosity I probably exceeded the bounds of politeness by staring, and deserved many of the severe looks I got from the men. But with the younger women, instead of my rudeness being resented, as I caught their eye I was met with that indescribable degree of benevolence in a smile, which a child would associate with the recollection of a good mother. It seemed to me at that time that nearly every person but the strangers wore the Quaker dress, while at the present day the proportion has been reversed.

I remember Independence Hall and how much I was told about the Signers of the Declaration. This was my introduction to all with whom I was in after-life to become almost as well acquainted as if I had been contemporary. I saw the house in which William Penn lived, and at our first acquaintance I became familiar with his history. I recollect the Arcade in Chestnut Street below Ninth, with its four rows of small shops on a level with the street and with some museum above. I think it was Peale's Museum, and if so, it was noted for containing a portrait gallery of men connected with the Revolution and which was destroyed by fire in New York many years after, on the burning of Barnum's Museum. I, in common with every student of American history, afterwards realized the incalculable loss which had been sustained in the destruction of so many unique portraits which were all painted from life by Peale.

These shops in the Arcade, in which it seemed as if all the odds and ends of the country had been collected, had a very quaint and foreign appearance, and they would have rivalled our present bric-à-brac collections. Had I possessed the means, I was inclined to purchase everything in sight, but my resources were limited to ten cents. This I invested in the purchase of a piece of Continental currency, having engraved on it one of the quaint designs furnished by Franklin for the purpose, a sun-dial with a sun above, and the words "Mind your business." This purchase was made over seventy-five years ago and was destined to become an historic piece, as it was the nucleus of the "Emmet Collection" of paper money and Americana, now in the Lenox Library, New York.

My earliest recollection in connection with New York is associated with a visit to my uncle, Robert Emmet, and his family. He then lived

in a house still standing, No. 30 Beach Street, facing St. John's Park and near the southeast corner and in which Thomas Addis Emmet, my grandfather, had died some years before. This park was then beautifully kept and was for the exclusive use of the children and members of the different families living on the square, and the occupants of each house had a key. I once, with my Grandmother Tucker, attended the morning service in St. John's Church, facing on the park, and which is now to be abandoned to make room for the demands of business, as the park has been utilized for years by the site of a freight depot. From an æsthetic standpoint, this is a piece of vandalism quite in keeping with destroying the park for a freight depot.

I recollect after the service in the old church we went to take dinner with a cousin of my grandmother, Mr. Richard Jennings Tucker, an old Indian merchant, and who, I believe, built the first house in Bond Street. I now can recall nothing of a street and only a house in the country. We walked along what must have been Canal Street and crossed a bridge, probably at Broadway. I remember seeing water in the middle of the street, but I do not think it was all open as this canal was afterwards covered and used as a sewer.

After dinner we did not return home for some reason and we remained for tea. I did not return with my grandmother and she was probably taken back in some conveyance. I walked with my nurse and some other woman, a servant most likely, sent to show us the way. We crossed a very dusty country road, but called Broadway, and by means of a stile got over a stone fence into a corn-field. It was after dark, but a bright moon was shining, and a heavy dew was falling. Having the hand of my nurse I was dragged along across the furrows and at times between the rows of corn, while I was tired and sleepy. I could see but little of our course and was irritated by the wet corn leaves passing across my face, as I pleaded in vain for my nurse to carry me. Through this corn-field we took a diagonal or short cut toward St. John's Park, and the steeple of the church I suppose was the guide, as after leaving the corn-field we reached the house by a very short walk.

The clergyman of St. John's at that time was the Rev. John Murray Forbes, a young man who must have been but recently stationed there from Trinity Church, and he called upon my father and mother. Twenty-five or thirty years after, my personal acquaintance with him began. He had become a Catholic priest and was stationed at St. Ann's Church on Eighth Street, facing Lafayette Place, and on the site now covered by Wanamaker's new store. I had been but recently married and lived near the corner of Twelfth Street and Fourth Avenue, on the east side, and had a pew in this church. Dr. Forbes was very zealous in his work

and we saw a good deal of him socially. He baptised at the house my oldest son and only child at that time, and on getting up, my wife commemorated the occasion by giving a large caudle party, as was then often done and all our acquaintances were invited. One feature I recall in the presence of Mrs. August Belmont, whom I had not seen since a child. She had been recently married and had developed, it struck me, into one of the prettiest and most graceful women I had ever seen, and one who exhibited an exquisite taste in dressing.

Shortly after this occasion, Dr. Forbes got into some trouble with Archbishop Hughes, resigned his charge, and returned to the Episcopal Church.

The building used as the church had even a more checkered experience than the clergyman. The Presbyterians built at an early date a church on the northwest corner of Nassau and Wall streets. In time this was taken down and put up again in Jersey City, and a larger church built on the same site and plan. For years this church, its graveyard, and the city residence of my grandfather, Thomas Addis Emmet, on the southwest corner of Pine, and with a house between for his law office, filled the front on Nassau Street between Wall and Pine. This church was finally sold and rebuilt uptown on East Eighth Street, for the Catholics, who sold it to the Episcopalians after building the present St. Ann's Church in East Twelfth Street. It was a curious circumstance that Father Preston, then in charge, left the Episcopal Church at the same time as Dr. Forbes, and had been his assistant at St. John's, and succeeded him in charge of St. Ann's Church, but remained steadfast afterward and died in the Catholic faith. The Episcopalians finally sold this building to the Jews, and for years it was used as a synagogue. The Jews sold it in turn and the building was altered into a German theatre. Finally A. T. Stewart purchased the property and used it for his carpet department, until with the sale of Stewart's establishment it went to Wanamaker.

My negro nurse was very much annoyed by the Abolitionists, who constantly called upon her and stopped her in the street, urging her to become a fugitive and go to Canada. She was very indignant, and having an active tongue she did not give much thought to the selection of terms by which she expressed her indignation, the burden of which was to state that she had lived all her life "with the quality and for what should she leave them to live with buckra and poor white trash as they was?" She could not be influenced and made several visits afterwards to New York. The following year, I think, she made the trip in charge of my brother and myself, and as she had become more familiar with the city we were able to do a great deal of sightseeing.

I recollect we visited the Scudder Museum, on the corner of Ann Street and Broadway, which was purchased by Barnum in 1840. Just on entering, I stopped the party to spell out a very conspicuous poster announcing the regret of the proprietor at the delay in being able to exhibit one of Pharaoh's chariot wheels, which had been acquired from the bottom of the Red Sea, at a great expense. But having been so long under water all the iron work had rusted away and made it very difficult to have the repairs made without destroying its identity! My Grandmother Tucker had made me very familiar with the Bible, and it was consequently a source of great regret that we were to return home before the time announced, when the public was to be gratified. I really felt as if it were a loss of opportunity in thus turning my back, when I would be able to see something so closely connected with one who had become associated in my mind as an old friend.

Among the many wonderful things we saw was a large cage of monkeys, which occupied our attention for a long time. No one of the party was more enthusiastic than our nurse, in this, her first acquaintance with the monkey species. They were each dressed in a short red flannel shirt and it struck me they resembled a lot of young negroes. At the time of our visit they were being fed, with their food in tin cups. They would force their paws into the cup to withdraw as much as could be grasped, and what could not be crowded into their mouths was smeared over their faces. The nurse in her admiration for the exhibit exclaimed, at the top of her voice: "Well, if they ain't just like folks!" She confided to me, "I spect dees *is* niggers, and dey par and mar don't talk none, 'kaze dey got sense and know if dey does talk, some white folks gwine put dem to work!"

A few years after I thought Barnum was a very remarkable and useful member of society, and in connection with Pharaoh's chariot I have suspected he was the moving spirit before he became the proprietor. I always maintained a great admiration for Barnum before I knew him, as he was certainly a genius. But in after-life, when I did see him and know him, I could never help recalling the interrogation of an old negro: "You ever seen dis nigger Barnum done nicknamed Kino somethin'? He ain't no Kino nothin', but my sister Jane Williams' Bill, who done hire himself to Barnum for a dollar a week and all the chicken he can eat." This is the history of the "Dog Headed Boy" whom Barnum had on exhibition for so long a time.

In later years, a member of Barnum's family came under my care, and I got to know him very well. His frequent salutation was: "Doc, with the beautiful business you have got, you do not advertise enough. You can't continue to prosper if you don't advertise and do enough of

it!" The code of professional ethics was too much for him, and while he always had a great respect for me personally, he finally came to the conclusion that I lacked common sense "in letting a lot of fellows, who could n't do as well, tie you up so!"

On leaving the Museum, we crossed the street to see the monument which had been recently erected by the Irishmen of the country to the memory of my grandfather, Thomas Addis Emmet, and we were delayed for some time before we could get inside of St. Paul's Churchyard, which then had a high brick wall around it. I was told the great monolith, some thirty feet in height, was brought from Vermont and must have been hauled by oxen or horses for the greater part of the way. The railroad up the valley of the Connecticut to the north had not then been built, but the shaft might have been brought by boat from Hartford or down the North River, from the neighborhood of Albany.

It is thought by many that this monument marks my grandfather's grave. This is not so, as his remains are in a vault, under St. Mark's Church, which belonged to his friend, Chancellor Jones, a very distinguished lawyer. They were deposited there temporarily, and through some oversight they were never removed to my uncle's family vault in the Marble Cemetery, Second Street. But I hope some time they will be deposited in a more appropriate place, under his monument in St. Paul's Churchyard. Moreover, that the remains of his beloved wife, who shared his imprisonment in Fort George, Scotland, for several years, and who throughout her married life sympathized so zealously with him in all his aspirations for the betterment of Ireland, may finally rest with his in the same place. Her remains are not with his at the present time, but in the vault of her son-in-law, Edward Boonen Graves, in the now-disused and forgotten cemetery in Second Avenue, on the west side above Second Street. This burial place is frequently confused with the Marble Cemetery in Second Street, where the vault of Thomas Addis Emmet the Master in Chancery, was located.

After leaving the Museum and seeing the Emmet monument, I recall being told about General Richard Montgomery, also an Irishman, who fell in the attack on Quebec during the Revolution, and whose remains, fifty years after, were buried under the front porch of St. Paul's Church, but I do not recollect that his monument was then in position.

In after-years I was interested with Mr. John McKean, the district attorney at that time for the city, and who did all the work in placing the Macnevin monument, erected on the other side to the north, and corresponding with the position of the Emmet one to the south. This testimonial was also erected by the Irishmen of the United States to Doctor William J. Macnevin in grateful

Mrs. Thomas A. Emmet

[Jane Patton Emmet]

Painted in 1844 by her daughter, Miss William H.
LeRoy

Incidents of my Life

professional ethics was too new to him, and while
great respect for me personally, he finally came to the
conclusion that I lacked common sense "in being so full of fellows, who
are well as you up so!"

Leaving the Museum, we crossed the street to see the monument
of the cemetery erected by the Irish people of the country to the
memory of their countryman, Thomas Adams. Here we were delayed
for some time, as we could get in side of the high wall, which
surrounds the cemetery. A great mass of stone, brought from
Ireland, was brought to the place, and much time was
spent in the work. The monument was brought by boat from Hartford
and was brought by boat from Hartford to the neighborhood of Albany.

The monument marks my grandfather's
grave, and is the only one in the cemetery under St. Mark's

Mrs. Thomas A. Emmet

[Jane Patten Emmet]

Painted in 1844 by her daughter, Mrs. William H.

LeRoy

Portrait of her son-in-law, Edward Boonen Graves, and
forgetting to mention in Second Avenue, on the west
side. The name of the place is frequently confused with the



acknowledgment of his services to his native land, and the devotion of his after-life to the interests of his adopted country. Of the countless number of Irishmen who have emigrated to this country from its first settlement, and who devoted their after-life to its development, I believe none were more zealous than were these three sons of Erin.¹

While walking through the churchyard I was told that when St. Paul's Church was built its front was, as the steeple shows, toward the river, and it faced on Greenwich Street, which was then the main road to the country along the water edge, while Broadway at this point was only a cow-path. The sexton or some one with us pointed out the grave of the great English actor, George Frederick Cooke, who, I learned after, had died in this country, and the celebrated actor Edmund Kean had his remains placed here, and erected a monument, but the grave at that time had nothing to distinguish it.

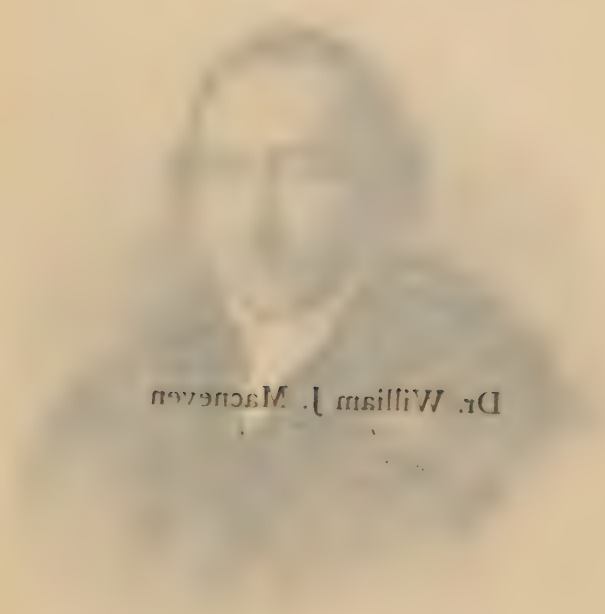
Inside of the church I took a seat in Washington's pew and recollect seeing a mural tablet designating the burial place of a relative, as I was told, Sir John Temple.

In after-life I became fully acquainted with the history of Sir John Temple, who played an important part in the destiny of our family. Sir John Temple, a young Irishman, with his brother Robert, came to the American Colonies early in life. They were nephews of my great-grandfather, Dr. Robert Emmet of Dublin. One married, later in life,

¹ Dr. Macnevin did not die until July, 1841, and while I cannot recall having ever exchanged a word directly with him, I feel to have met and known him as a very important circumstance of my life, and I shall always feel that he was one of the most distinguished men I have ever seen. Children were very fond of being in his company, as he was very gentle, but he was a man of very few words, yet sometimes he would talk for a length of time and always on some subject of interest. He never made any reference to Ireland, or to his own past history, or to any other subject, so far as I can remember,—but to Napoleon and his battles, and at the same time he was no friend of Napoleon. After the Doctor was liberated, with my grandfather, from their imprisonment in Fort George, Scotland, he held for some time a captain's commission in the Irish Brigade, which was a part of Napoleon's army under his direct command, and Dr. Macnevin was for some time in active service. He was a remarkably handsome man with beautiful black eyes, rather undersize and when his features were in repose he had the saddest expression I ever saw any one have. He lived in recollection of the past, and he carried to his grave this sorrow for the apparently hopeless condition of his native country. As a boy, his presence filled me with reverential fear, as an exalted being to be venerated on account of his service to Ireland, and I was never tired of looking at him. My father had been a pupil and a great favorite, and they would talk together by the hour on scientific subjects. Dr. Macnevin was a man of remarkable attainments. He spoke fluently Irish, his native tongue, Latin, German, French, Italian, as he was educated abroad, and English. He was well read in English literature, and familiar almost with every subject. He gave his professional services free to all his countrymen who needed them, and otherwise devoted both his time and means without limit to improving their condition. Dr. Macnevin in 1816 established a free labor bureau at his own expense, and maintained it for many years, to aid the Irish emigrants in getting employment, and this was the first agency of the kind in New York.

the daughter of Governor Bowdoin, and Robert, the elder, had married, soon after his arrival, the daughter of Governor Shirley of Boston, Mass., and both became fully identified with the people and interests of this country. When the Revolution began, they fully sympathized with the grievances of the people, and were personally acquainted with all the movers, but they were opposed to separation and were Loyalists, in contradistinction to the Tories. When the Declaration of Independence was passed they returned to Ireland and stayed at the house of their uncle, my great-grandfather, for some time, until the English Government gave them a pension, as they had lost their property in Boston from confiscation. The eldest son of Dr. Robert Emmet, Christopher Temple Emmet, married the eldest daughter of Robert Temple, and Sir J. G. Blackwood married the other, and became afterwards, for his vote in favor of the so-called union between England and Ireland, the first Lord Dufferin. The two nephews were Republicans in principle, and had a great admiration personally for the leaders of the Revolution in this country, but they had been opposed to the final separation as a matter apparently of expediency, a position difficult to understand at this period. They, however, succeeded in doctrinating their uncle with such a degree of admiration in sympathy with the movement in America, that he became an ardent Republican. Previous to that time, the Emmet family in Ireland had been for over two hundred years but part of the English garrison in Ireland, and with no sympathy or interest with the Irish people.

Dr. Robert Emmett or Emmet, as a young man began the practice of his profession in Cork, but was induced by his relative, Earl Temple, when for the first time Lord Lieutenant, to come to Dublin to practise, where he was appointed State Physician and received a number of other official positions connected with the practice of his profession. Among these, he became the physician in charge of St. Patrick's Hospital and served it about thirty-eight years. This institution, containing one hundred beds, was founded in 1744 by Dean Swift, who evidently had some premonition of his own end. At the time, the necessity for an insane asylum was ridiculed, as the disease was almost unknown in the country; while to-day no other country has so large a proportion of the insane and imbecile, in proportion to its population, as Ireland. This is the natural result or a direct consequence of the misgovernment of the past with the uncertainty of the future, to which this unhappy country was subjected for centuries. Dr. Robert Emmet, in 1783, gave up all the official positions he had held for years. I have in my possession a large silver salver which was given him by the Governors of St. Patrick's Hospital, Dublin, when he resigned his position. It is thirty-one



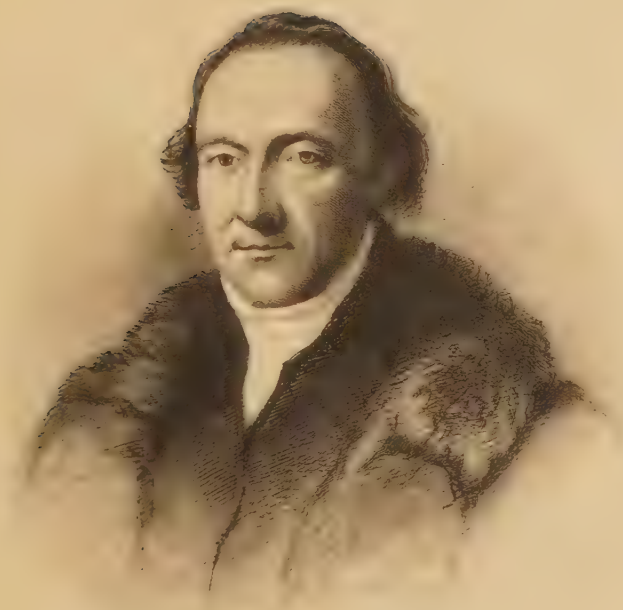
Dr. William J. Macneven

John Macneven

the grandfather of John Bowdoin, an abolitionist, the elder and married, and was his only son, the daughter of Governor Shirley of Boston, Mass., and so, because fully identified with the rights and interests of this country. When the Revolution began, they both sympathized with the principles of the people, and were personally associated with all the patriots, but they were opposed to separation and to the Loyalists, in connection with the Tories. When the Declaration of Independence was issued they returned to Ireland and stayed in the house of their great-grandfather, for some time, until the British Government offered them a pension, as they had lost their property in Boston from the burning of the city. The eldest son of Dr. Robert Emmet, Christopher Temple Emmet, married the eldest daughter of Robert Temple, and Sir J. G. Macneven, who was their uncle afterwards, for his vote in favor of the separation from the British Empire, and proposed the first Lord Dufferin. The Macnevens were a family of great wealth and had a great admiration personally for the Irish patriots, but they were in the country, but they had been opposed to the separation from the British Empire, a position difficult to understand at first sight. They, however, succeeded in doctrinating their uncle with such a degree of success that he became a supporter of the cause.

Dr. William J. Macneven

Dr. William J. Macneven was born about a hundred years ago in the parish of St. John's, Dublin, and was a descendant of a family of the Irish name of Macneven. He was educated at the University of Dublin, and was a member of the Faculty of Medicine. He was appointed State Physician and received a number of other official positions connected with the practice of his profession. Among these, he became the physician in charge of the St. John's Hospital and served it about thirty-eight years. This hospital, containing one hundred beds, was founded in 1721 by Despard, who evidently had a premonition of his own end. At that time there was a necessity for an insane hospital, as the disease was almost unknown in the country; and no other country has so large a proportion of the insane population, in proportion to its population, as Ireland. This is no doubt a direct or indirect consequence of the misgovernment of the country, and the uncertainty of the future, to which this unhappy country is subjected. Dr. Macneven resigned his position in 1861, and died in 1862.



W. B. MacKenzie

inches in diameter, and on it is engraved the following inscription: "Presented by unanimous consent of the governors of St. Patrick's Hospital, Dublin, to Robert Emmet, Esq., State Physician, as a Memorial not compensation, of the many services rendered by him to that institution, as Governor, Physician, and Treasurer thereof.—Feb. 3, 1783."

The governors of this hospital were *ex officio* as a body composed of the chief officials of the city of Dublin. At that time great importance was attached to the use of heraldic arms, and so much so that no one was allowed to bear them in Great Britain or Ireland unless entitled to do so. Therefore, under the circumstances the presence of the arms engraved in the centre of this salver, which are the same as had been used by the family for several centuries, and the fact that they were placed there by direction of this Board of Governors, proves beyond question that Dr. Emmet was entitled to the use of them. Dr. Emmet became a Republican and brought up his sons in the way they should go. The eldest son died in early life; Thomas Addis was a leader in 1798, and after several years imprisonment was exiled, and Robert was executed for participation in the movement of 1803. So the whole family was wiped out, with the exception of my grandfather and his immediate family. After his release, he settled in this country and appreciated the blessing to such a degree that he considered the sacrifices of no value in comparison to becoming a citizen of the United States.

Robert Temple died before the end of the Revolution, and his brother John returned to this country as soon as peace was declared, and settled in New York. He never gave up his connection with the English Government and it is said that the first recognition of the supremacy of the United States made by George the Third after signing the articles of peace was by signing the commission of Sir John Temple, as Consul General from Great Britain to the United States. Sir John held the position in this country for many years and finally died in New York and was buried underneath the floor of St. Paul's Church, and there is a mural tablet above to his memory.

On leaving St. Paul's Church the Astor House, which, I think, was not then completed, was pointed out as one of the finest buildings in the world. We were taken over the North River to see the Elysian Fields at Hoboken, or Hobuck, as it was called formerly. This was a kind of park for warm days and evenings, where ice cream, pink "ice-cold lemonade," and ginger cakes cut in the shape of a horse or a spread eagle were sold. I think we crossed the river in a boat with a horse on each side as a treadmill to turn the wheels. There was a small cave with a fortune-teller seated at the entrance. The cave was pretty, but very small and not to be compared to several I had seen in Virginia.

Chapter VI

Visit to Rockaway, Long Island—Can only recollect Madame Bonaparte, ex-Mayor Philip Hone, and a little girl, afterwards Madame Fowler, a nun in the Order of the Sisters of the Sacred Heart—Madame Bonaparte's appearance and dress—Fond of giving young children sweetmeats—How I managed to get a double portion—Mr. Hone a friend of my father and uncles—He seemed to take a fancy to me and was fond of resting his hand on my head much to my annoyance—His home in Broadway—Entertained all strangers—Little Miss Fowler was a great-granddaughter of Count Adml. de Grasse, of the French Navy who took part at the surrender of Cornwallis—The neighborhood of Prince Street and Broadway described—First stage line—History of the Lombardy poplar sent to this country by General Lafayette—The Ravel pantomime troop at Niblo's Garden—Park Theatre—Tyrone Power, the Irish actor—Lost in the *President*—Old Bowery Theatre—The pit described—The elder Booth—Booth's Theatre, 23d Street and Sixth Avenue—The improvements made in the city during Tweed's administration—Visits to my uncle and family on Third Avenue—Difficulties of the Mt. Vernon "Gang" with the boys working in a neighboring ropewalk—Return to the University—My tutor and his end—Visited New York the following summer and it was spent with a number of the family at Babylon, Long Island—Entertainment on Fire Island—My father imported the first indiarubber-cloth boots from Paris, and a daguerreotype apparatus—Description of the first "gum" shoes made in this country—Seeking a school for me at the North—Visit to Hartford, Conn., a noted school—I detected it was a "humbug" and my father agreed with me—Finally sent to St. Thomas's Hall, Flushing, Long Island, under the Rev. Dr. Francis Hawks—Became ill and dissatisfied with the school—Correspondence with my father on the subject, which left an indelible impression on me—Some account of my father's life—He was cadet at West Point and detailed assistant Professor of Mathematics—Resigned on account of bad health—Two years in Europe—On his return studied medicine—Began practice in Charleston, S. C.—Appointed Professor in the University of Virginia by Jefferson—Obliged to spend the winter of 1841 in Florida—An interesting anecdote relating to the Rev. Dr. Anthon and Rev. Dr. Hawks—Dear old Tom Bayard of Delaware, the only one of my schoolmates at Hawks's school for whom I retained an affectionate regard unbroken through life.



E spent part of the summer at Rockaway, Long Island, where a large hotel had been recently built and it was then a fashionable resort for most of the prominent people in New York City. We crossed in a small open steam ferry-boat to Brooklyn, and at the landing took regular stage-coaches, or Concord coaches as they were called, from the town in New Hampshire where they were all made. The ferry landed under the Brooklyn Heights and there seemed to be very few houses at that time in Brooklyn, as I recollect it. The road ran along the bank of the East River to the westward for some distance before it began to ascend the steep bank, much of which must have been dug away afterward. A great

part of the road was sandy and flat, with nothing special on the way but the large mosquitoes, and we had a hot ride lasting three or four hours. The hotel seemed to me of enormous size, with three or four stories, and large pillars supporting the roof, which projected over the long and broad piazza. The hotel built on the sand was facing the ocean about half a mile away, and without any trees about it. My father and the other members of the family seemed to know every one, but I recollect only three persons, Madame Bonaparte, Philip Hone of New York, and a little girl. Madame Elizabeth Patterson Bonaparte of Baltimore was the wife of Jerome Bonaparte. But Napoleon forced his brother to abandon his wife and take one of his choice. Madame Bonaparte was one of the most beautiful women of her day and Gilbert Stuart painted her portrait as three individuals together: with full face, three-quarter, and in profile. As I recollect her, she was rather stout and undersize. She wore a kind of cap or turban, with a wig, or black hair which seemed to have turned gray and was dyed, but I remember her eyes were very pretty. She always wore tight sleeves to her dress with a small puff at the top around the shoulder, while the fashion then was the leg-of-mutton shaped sleeve, as it was called.

Her bedroom was on the second story, just over the front door and facing the stairway. All the children knew her, and on passing she would call or beckon them in, after her breakfast, about noon. She would be seated in front of the open door of her room, which I recollect was like a street or front door, with small panes of glass on each side from the floor to the top. On a small table by her side she always had a jar of jam or jelly, which she dispensed to the children, a teaspoonful at a time. Then she would say, "Be off, be off; quick, quick." And if we did not "step lively," she would playfully give us a rap on the forehead with the spoon. Fortunately, the spoon was clean, at least apparently, for this by-play, as she generally turned the spoon and had the concavity licked out, to be clean for the next recipient.

I very soon "caught on" to the possibility of a second teaspoonful, and would quickly go down the stair and come up the other side, and saunter by her door as if I had never heard of Madame Bonaparte. When she called, I would turn, and as if a stranger, would exhibit some degree of reluctance at going into the bedroom of a stranger, but would always yield, and with a perfectly straight face I would open my mouth like a young robin and take the second helping. She never seemed to recognize me, or if my face became familiar she must have thought there was a strong family resemblance among the boys. She sometimes varied the form of refreshment by giving a small kind of sweet biscuit with pointed edges, or three colored peppermint drops to each. She never

petted nor kissed the children, and it seemed to be her pleasure or fancy only to get the better of the nurses, when she could give the children these things without their knowledge. The old lady was treated by every one with the greatest deference, but she did not seem to have any intimate friends who would laugh and joke with her, and she seemed to be almost always alone, at least while she was in her private parlor.

I do not know how I became acquainted with or should recollect, Mr. Hone, although my father knew him very well. His remarkable and interesting diary, which was published some years ago, shows that he entertained all strangers of consequence coming to the city, who always called on him as soon as they arrived, and to the people of the city he was probably better known, at least by sight, than any one else. He had been the Mayor of the city some years before and was very popular. I recollect his house on the west side of Broadway opposite the City Hall. The transom light above his front door projected as a half-circle and it seemed as if the wooden strips between the panes of glass, as they radiated from the centre, were to represent the rays of a rising sun. Mr. Hone never exchanged a word with me so far as I recollect, but in some way I had attracted his notice, and on passing me he would always, with a smile, place his hand on the top of my head. It was evidently not intended for a blessing, but I always felt like resenting an apparent familiarity when our acquaintance had been so limited a one.

For some reason unknown to me, we had an Irish woman as nurse, instead of the negro woman who came with us and who returned with us to Virginia. She was either sick or remained at the house of one of the family in consequence of the Abolitionists, who annoyed her greatly and wanted to make her run away, or she feared they intended to carry her off. The Irish nurse had told me that Mr. Hone was Governor of New York, or she may have said he had been Mayor. I, however, recollect often wondering to myself how he could govern any one without soldiers or policemen about him. I suppose the instinct of my Irish blood asserted itself, as in that unhappy country for centuries the government, under all circumstances, had been associated alone with coercion or force.

The little girl was a sister of the late DeGrasse Fowler and her grandmother was a Miss DePau, a descendant of Admiral DeGrasse, and her family history I will give at some length in relation to the Livingstones. Our nurses were either related or old friends and from this circumstance we were frequently thrown together. Since that time our families have become connected by marriage. Madame Fowler has been a nun in the Order of the Sacred Heart since she was a young woman, and is still living as a member of the Community located at the Fenwood Convent near Albany. Her chief occupation, outside of her religious duties, has been

in the management of the money affairs of the Order and she was a remarkably bright and intelligent woman.

On our return from Rockaway, we spent several weeks with Uncle LeRoy and his wife, who lived in Prince Street, on the upper side of the way and about one hundred feet from Broadway. It might be said that he lived almost in the country, for there were very few houses in Broadway above Canal Street, and with the exception of the house next door, where Mr. Astor had his office for managing the affairs of his estate, there was not a house on that side nearer than Mercer Street. Out of the back windows of the house there was an unobstructed view over to what is now Washington Square, then surrounded by a high board fence. It had been used as a burial place during an epidemic of cholera and yellow fever a few years before. Directly opposite was a large circular brick building in which was shown a panorama of the city of Jerusalem, and one, I believe, of the Mississippi River. From above Bleecker Street to the Battery was run every half hour a stage owned by Kipp and Brown, and the fare was twenty-five cents. I made an early acquaintance with the guard, who occupied a perch at the back of the stages to collect fares, and would often walk some distance down Broadway to meet one and ride back, standing on the steps.

I do not recollect if Broadway was paved, but I do remember that it was like a country road down to Canal Street, with the dust ankle deep. In this neighborhood there were a number of Lombardy poplar trees along the sides of Broadway. It was then a common tree all over the country, but now seldom seen. In France for centuries, this tree was as it is at present, a prominent object against the sky, marking the course of the roads as the steeple of a church. After Lafayette's visit to this country in 1824, and his return to France, he sent to his friends a large number of cuttings, and the tree became in demand for planting along the roadsides at the South, and throughout the country. It grew rapidly and was one of the tallest trees to be seen, when I was a boy, but it gave little shade. In France it has propagated itself by its pollen, blown about, but, unfortunately, only one kind was sent to this country, as if all the slips had been cut from the same tree, and as it was not long-lived the Lombardy poplar has now died out.

At a later visit, probably the following summer, I recollect seeing the famous Ravel pantomime troop from France, which gave exhibitions at Niblo's Garden, then covering the block on Broadway to Crosby and between Prince and Bleecker streets. This plot was filled with large forest trees and was lit up by colored lamps hanging in every direction. At night the spectacle was an enchanting one, and especially if it happened that the moon was full.

Incidents of my Life

Between the acts in the theatre every one would go out onto the grounds and have ice cream, or any other refreshment served, while the orchestra played, and one of the troop danced on a tight rope stretched above the level of the housetop. The use of illuminating gas had but recently been introduced and I imagine the fixtures were yet of a primitive form, for the smell of gas was dominant, but the odor, like the smell of the not always savory tan-bark at the circus, was so closely associated with my enjoyment that I got to like the smell of both.

I was taken to the Park Theatre to see, I think, Fanny Ellsler or some other great dancer.

I recollect also seeing that night Tyrone Power, the great Irish actor. I do not recall the name of the play or anything in connection except a scene where three old Irishwomen were drinking tea together. One of them turned to her neighbor with a beaming face, and said, "And don't tha ta take an illegant grip of the third warther?" Mr. Power was a friend of Judge Robert Emmet, and he often stayed at his house. Shortly after seeing Mr. Power, he was lost in the *President*, the third steamer to run between New York and England; she never was heard of after sailing. Mr. Power had retired from the stage and was on his way to Ireland for the purpose of bringing his family back to this country where he had decided to make his future home.

I suppose my father wished me to have the satisfaction in after-life of being able to recall having seen these notable persons. But being on the go all day, these nights out were not an unalloyed pleasure, as I was often overpowered with sleep and it was necessary at times to let me have at least forty winks. I also went to the old Bowery Theatre where some great actor, probably the elder Booth, was acting; of little interest to me, but I was charmed with the pit, now in all theatres transformed into the parquet. The pit was not unlike showing the cellar of the building, with part of the first floor removed. It was paved with large cobblestones as the streets were, and with rows of movable wooden benches for the audience to test their pocket-knives on by constant whittling; and these benches were convenient to break up in case of a fight. All were in their shirt-sleeves, and when their mouths were not filled with tobacco and peanuts, they were shouting to each other at the top of their voices, or calling out some criticism to any one in the audience above who had attracted their attention, or were saying something likely to create a laugh. Their chief pastime between the acts, when not fighting, was to catch up a stranger or countryman, and toss him from hand to hand over their heads until they were forced from fatigue to desist. The recipient of their attention was fortunate, when this sportive by-play was brought to an end, that enough clothing remained on him after his escape

to pass along the street in quest of shelter and rest. The entrance fee was what was termed a York shilling, or twelve and a half cents, and it was then the privilege of the great unwashed and shifting population of the city to enjoy the best position in the theatre for both seeing and hearing.

I recall the bust of Shakespeare which occupied a niche in the front of the Park Theatre and afterward did service for years on the younger Booth's Theatre, which stood at the corner of Twenty-third Street and Sixth Avenue. I remember also, as curiosities of this neighborhood, two large stone cannon-balls, which had been presented to the City of New York, I think, by Decatur or Bainbridge, after the Algerine War, and during Jefferson's administration. They were placed on the top of each post of the southern gate of the City Hall Park, and on the site now covered by the Post-Office. These balls were unusually large, and greater in diameter than any cannon in this country and must have been intended to be fired from a mortar. They were removed, and for some years after were on the gateway of Union Square Park, facing Broadway. When the high fences around all the parks of the city were removed, during Tweed's administration, these balls disappeared. We are indebted to the good taste of Tweed and his associates for this great improvement in removing the fences, as well as for many others, including the Central Park, as an offset to the high estimate they were charged with placing on the value of their services.

During a visit of several weeks made by my father and mother to Saratoga and Niagara Falls, I spent the time with my uncle, Mr. T. A. Emmet, and family, at his country place on Third Avenue. My cousins regarded my visit with great satisfaction as they were short-handed. There had been a feud of long standing between them and the boys of a neighboring ropewalk. These young ropemakers were at that time almost too much for my cousins and my arrival was an important event to them. From my constant association in early life on a farm with the negro boys, I soon became an expert at butting. Why my skull was not fractured I can offer no explanation, as in later life I have known of the injury occurring from apparently much less force than my head could bear at that time, and without causing me the slightest inconvenience.

As soon as my father and mother returned we had to hasten back, as the course at the University was about to begin. I continued my studies, as I had done for several years, under a private tutor my father had engaged after the death of my brother, and my sister had been sent to a boarding school. My teacher was a Dr. Conway, a son of one of the hotel-keepers for the students at the University, whom my father regarded

as a man of great promise. He had gone through the literary course and graduated in the medical department of the University, and while teaching me was a private student of my father for the study of Organic Chemistry. He was patient and painstaking, but somehow I made but little progress. At length Dr. Conway entered the navy as surgeon and was ordered to Norfolk for service on the U. S. schooner *Grampus*, which sailed shortly on a cruise and was never heard of after.

The following year we again visited New York and part of the summer of 1839 was spent at Babylon, on the south side of Long Island, with a number of the family making so large a party as to nearly fill the little hotel. Among them was my uncle, Mr. William C. Emmet, with his wife and several children. My aunt, Mary Ann, the wife of Mr. Edward B. Graves, and her sister, Miss Margaret Emmet, who was then staying with her, formed the party. As usual the family took possession of the place to the great enjoyment of the other guests and natives, as each day was made an uninterrupted round of fun. I recollect that we were all invited to attend the marriage of the daughter of the lighthouse keeper on Fire Island, then a most desolate looking place. We were entertained in a most unconventional manner, but with a hearty welcome and every one enjoyed the day to the utmost. I recollect the bride wore no stockings, and danced every reel with her husband to the music of an old Irish fiddler, who had been especially secured for the occasion. She took good care to hold her petticoat well up and out of the way, so that it should in no manner impair her action in doing full justice to every step, and I think she must have had a nice foot, ankle, and more, for it seemed to me as a boy she did not hesitate to show what she was made of.

Before leaving New York my father was made happier than most children with a new toy by the arrival from abroad of a pair of india-rubber-cloth boots and a daguerreotype instrument, just invented in Paris. At the time he thought that no one had preceded him in the importation of either. The late Professor Draper, the scientist, of New York, has the credit of being the first to use the instrument in this country, but I do not know to whom the credit is due. This process was the taking of a likeness by the action of light on a silvered plate, instead of on paper as to-day. With his profound knowledge of Physics and his wonderful mechanical skill he set about perfecting the instrument, which he claimed was defective, but I do not know what he accomplished. He took a number of likenesses to the marvel of all who were not familiar with the process, and on his return to Virginia he terrified the negroes outside of our own family to such a degree that they became convinced he must have had some relation with the *Old Boy*,

and fled from him on sight, for fear he would "hoodoo" them in some way.

My father took the greatest enjoyment in his rubber boots, and spent most of his time standing like a heron in the water to test them. Their shape was not such as would have fascinated Packelan, the famous boot-maker. They were made like a long stocking of coarse canvas, with a leather sole, and over all was smeared a paste of rubber which might have answered in cold weather, but was rather tenacious to all handling under a moderately hot sun. In very few articles has there been more improvement than in the perfection of india-rubber goods during the past seventy years or more, since they first came into use. My father took back with him a "rain-coat" as a present to our old negro coachman, but he could never be induced to wear it in the rain, and when expostulated with, his answer was "Does you tink I is gwine ware dis new coat in de rain?" He never wore it but in the bright sunshine and on a warm day, so that when he got off the box at the stable it was necessary to take with him the cushion and remove his trousers before he could get his coat off.

I recollect as a child the first "gum shoes" in use, which were hideous to look at and most uncomfortable over a shoe, but to the bare feet of the old negroes who suffered from various excrescences, they were a joy and a comfort. The first rubber shoe was shaped like a large sausage, and from one end along the side a piece was removed for the introduction of the foot, and after its insertion the elasticity shaped itself accordingly.

They were always called "gum shoes," and I recall, when a medical student and present at the opening of the noted Girard House in Philadelphia, there were placed printed notices at each entrance with the request, "Please wipe your gums on the mat."

The question of my education became a serious one with my father at this period. As there were no advantages of education in Virginia for a boy of my age, he decided to seek a good school at the North, and our first trip was to Hartford, Conn., by steamboat.

The mode of conveyance was impressed on me as but a short time before one of these boats had been destroyed by fire and nearly every one on board perished. It was before the railroad had been built beyond Harlem, and the boat was decided upon, as so much longer time would have been occupied by stage-coach. There was at that time a noted school for boys at Hartford, and my father was fully impressed beforehand that it would not be necessary to go further. An immediate interview was effected on our arrival. I saw that my father was particularly impressed with the dominie's views as to the necessity for looking to the physical development of the boys. On sight I took no stock in him, as he

was too oily and affectionate on a short acquaintance. While he was playing my father, with the satisfaction of a successful angler, I slipped out and got on speaking terms with the first boys I met. I then learned for the physical development of the boys they were obliged to do all the gardening, dig the potatoes, keep the grounds in order, and to cut or saw all the wood, and do all the other menial work, as he kept no servants, and Madam did the cooking. So long as there was any work outside to be done the boys were "excused" from school. I heard also complaints as to the food, both as to quality and quantity. I returned to my father and requested a private interview, on which the "Master" was obliged to leave the room and to apply, as I knew he would, both ear and eye to the keyhole. I told my father what I had heard, that I was satisfied the whole establishment was a humbug, and if he left me there I should leave as soon as I could get off.

He looked at me steadily for a moment, and then putting his hand on my head, he said, "My son, you are probably correct." The keyhole explorer had evidently got out of the way on hearing my report, so that when we went out into the entry he was not about and we left the house without bidding him farewell.

After returning to New York, my father decided to place me at St. Thomas's Hall, near Flushing, Long Island, kept by the Rev. Dr. Francis L. Hawks, a man of great literary attainments and reputation. At the time he was also in charge of St. Thomas's Episcopal Church, then on the corner of Broadway and Houston Street. My father and mother visited the school and were very much pleased. When I arrived and reported to Dr. Hawks, I found him a gentleman and civil enough, and after a very dignified interview, he gave me directions where to find the dining-room. Just as I was leaving, he called me back and asked me if I had any money. With some foreboding I answered that I had a five-dollar gold piece which my father had given me on leaving, and I might have added it was prized all the more as it was the first five dollars I had ever owned. He took it from me and dropped into it his vest pocket, stating he would have it placed to my credit at the office, as he wished to use it for the purpose of teaching me business methods, so that I could in the future draw it out by check from time to time as I needed it! The only lesson I learned from the transaction was to exercise more care for the future in my "business transactions." On my first application at the office for a blank check, I had my ears boxed and was ordered out. The old fossil bookkeeper had evidently never heard of his expected duties in the banking line, and thought I was up to some impertinence; and to this day I have never received a cent from my five-dollar gold piece!

The worthy Doctor was so much respected by many friends that charity would dictate he fully intended to keep his promise and to institute an additional branch for instruction, but evidently he gave the matter no further thought after we parted and he was consequently five dollars to the better, at my loss.

After I had gotten my dinner, I followed the boys to the playground. As soon as I entered the gate I saw that there was to be trouble and waited for the signal. There were a number of fires in different parts, where many of the boys were engaged in roasting potatoes and chestnuts. Soon I was tripped up and my arms and legs were seized by four boys who proceeded to swing me against a neighboring tree, until I thought my spine might be driven into my skull. At length from exhaustion I was dropped, but before I could get on my feet I was seized by another party and had nearly all my hair singed off my head, but before the entire removal could be accomplished, those at my head had to retreat for their clothing suffered from the fire. As soon as I gained my footing, I became self-assertive in establishing a *modus vivendi*, and after a busy afternoon, I succeeded in gaining the goodwill of a number of boys who became afterward my fast friends.

Shortly after I entered the school I became ill from fever and ague, from which at that time almost every one throughout the country suffered during some part of the year. One of the professors, a Mr. Neilson, who had a cottage, took me from the infirmary and put up a bed for me in his parlor, where his wife nursed and cared for me during several weeks. I have since learned he was the son or grandson of Samuel Neilson, who settled at Poughkeepsie and died there. Madden states positively that Mr. Neilson had only a daughter with him, and that no other member of his family came to this country, yet his grandson must have done so in later years. Mr. Neilson was one of the leaders in the so-called Irish Rebellion of 1798, and was confined as a political prisoner by the British Government, with my grandfather, in Fort George, Scotland. I was thankful to them for their kindness and became very much attached to Mrs. Neilson, but did not at that time know anything of their history. Although he did tell me something of the family relations, I was not, as a boy, impressed enough with the importance to mention the circumstance to my father. I have never known what became of them after the Squeers'-like breakup of the school, some months after. The only return I was ever able to make for the kindness of this estimable couple was within a few years, when I became the means of having the forgotten grave of Mr. Samuel Neilson identified. I also succeeded in having the attention of one of the Irish societies of Poughkeepsie directed to the situation, so that recently over his place of burial a substantial

monument has been erected by the members of the local branch of the Ancient Order of Hibernians.

I was still very weak and feeling good for nothing when I was directed to return to my studies, if the term be applicable. The class had gone ahead and I found myself unable to keep up and therefore became thoroughly discouraged. This caused me to write home and request of my father permission to return as soon as the term was finished.

I recall this portion of my life with an interest not free from feelings of sadness, as I did not then know what a rapid change had taken place in my father's health since I had last seen him. The first letter of complaint to my father led to a series of letters which brought us to a closer relation than would otherwise have existed. His admonitions, coming as they did almost from the brink of the grave, were productive of better results than he himself could have anticipated. The recollection of my father's love and entire confidence was a constant incentive in after-life to accomplish what would have met with his approval. The last letter written by him to me, on December 13, 1841, was certainly well calculated to bring about good results in any boy, as soon as he could think and appreciate what his father expected of him.

In reference to my illness my father wrote, September 21, 1841:

I trust that you have by this time fully recovered and that you feel stout and resolute about your studies. Believe me that I shall look to your future letter-writing with the greatest interest and shall remark with a father's pleasure every new token of improvement. We have a great deal to learn and were we to comprehend, at the commencement, the full extent of the task we should no doubt weary often and become frightened or dispirited, but then we also have a great deal of time for studying. You need not over-tax yourself when at school, or strain to do a great deal in a very short time; this is not the way to acquire patience or resolution. Go along steadily, never be absolutely idle, and when you begin to study, turn all your attention to the task. I will say this for you, my dear son, that I have always felt good reason to rely upon you and I am very sure that you will not disappoint me when you understand my wishes.

You request me to enquire how your pets are getting on. Judging from the cat's placid exterior, while reposing upon the kitchen roof in the strong sunshine, I should say that she was well to do in this world and not liable to any heartrending emotions. Your dog has quit the premises, either as a defaulter or vagrant, and I can give no further account of him than that he fancies Joe Woodley before any other since you have withdrawn your protection.

October 22, 1841, he wrote:

I have been disposed to attribute your pressing request to go home after

a year, to this melancholic feeling which has beset you, and with the view of placing your proposition on its right footing, I will ask you whether you have not often noticed a piece of beef that had been roasted in a hurry and before too strong a fire? It may be done tolerably well on the outside, but it is absolutely *raw within*.

Could you relish such meat and praise the cook? Certainly not. One year's schooling will make you like this roast beef, and were you then to return to me, I should be extremely mortified at not being able to find anything to praise, and still more so if I find that you were satisfied with your condition. As your father I educate you not so much because your attainments may be a source of pride and gratification to myself, but because I know the value of such knowledge to *yourself*.

You are now too young to know that a highly cultivated mind is more valuable than anything in the nature of wealth. But you have a good understanding, good habits, good disposition, and moreover, the *full confidence* of your father and mother. So that I feel satisfied when you have completed one year at your school, you will never rest contented with so humble and low-minded a termination of your studies as you now contemplate.

The following letter was the last one ever received from my father, who when writing it could have little realized that the seed he was then planting would bear good fruit and that his admonitions would exercise such a salutary influence on his son's after-life. During my boyhood, in youth, and even in manhood I have many times re-read and studied the contents of this letter to appreciate its full bearing, and deep have been the regrets on my part that I should ever have caused my father an anxious moment:

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, December 13, 1841.

DEAR ADDIS:

Last Friday evening we received your last letter, written to myself, and were very sorry to learn that you had another attack of fever and ague. I presume that you exposed yourself too much when you went skating. By remaining too long in the cold, or by getting your feet wet, you will always incur the risk of an immediate attack. I trust that the disease has been removed by this time, and you may prevent its recurrence by continuing to take the quinine for a week or two. Your letter has caused me uneasiness from another cause. We had begun to think that your good sense had made you become reconciled to your school. The letter from you which produced this impression on us, pleasant and gratifying I can assure you, was written cheerfully, and in it you declare your wish to remain at Mr. Hawks's school for two years. But in your last letter, to which this is an answer, you wish to take back your words by telling me that when you wrote the former letter you were under the influence of sickness and did not know what you did.

Now Addis, I am much older than you are and will tell you candidly my

opinion. I do not think that you wish to deceive *me*, but most certainly you have allowed your good sense and judgment to be changed by the opinion of some of your school-fellows who are either somewhat idle or do not like to submit to the rules and discipline of the school.

It is not usual for people to write so cheerfully and contented a letter as your first one while under the influence of sickness, and without being conscious of what was done.

Your last letter shows much more of the feeling you allude to; for you show the depression of feeling brought on by your sickness, but you also show the *discontent* which is always so distinguishable when one's judgment and good sense have been tampered with. Now, my dear Addis, go back to your original feeling and learn again to become *contented* with your situation. Whenever any person tells you that the school is a humbug tell him that your father considers it quite good enough for you, and that you would stay there five years if this were necessary to please him. Never be rude, dogged, or self-sufficient, but do, my dear boy, at once endeavor to acquire independence of character and firmness of purpose in all matters recommended by those who are not only older than yourself, but who value your welfare more than they do their own.

I do not send you to school to kill time and waste my slender income. Idlers and loungers dislike to be confined and restrained, but good boys soon learn to know that the habit of study, which leads to knowledge and distinction, can only become well established by discipline. If I were to take you away, which could only be done at a great sacrifice, you could not return home because there is no school here of which I approve. Make up your mind, therefore, to be separated from us for some time yet, and endeavor to shorten that time, as much as possible, by attention to your studies.

Think yourself fortunate, moreover, that your father is alive, willing and able to confer upon you all the blessings of education.

If all this does not give you resolution and a feeling of noble ambition, think of the fact that hereafter your *mother* and sister may have to look to you alone as their only support upon earth! My health is slowing giving way and, even while now writing to you, I am afflicted with a disease which is killing thousands in this country! And what would be your situation if now, or some few years hence, I were to be removed? Are you prepared to support your mother and sister? Or will you ever be able to do so if you waste the present time in idle complaints or vain regrets? Turn, my dear boy, *at once* a deaf ear to all those whose counsel or opinion tends to make you discontented, and determine to judge for *yourselves* at the end of the season. . . . I must confess, my dear Addis, I have been so impressed by the belief that some one of your young friends has caused this change in your feelings that I have devoted the largest portion of my letter to the expression of my regret and disappointment. There is, however, but little news to add. We are well at present, with the exception of myself, and my health has greatly improved within the past week.

Your sister Jane is doing very well and what is perhaps necessary for success at school, she is contented. I hope that your next letter will inform us of your entire recovery from sickness and that you will feel again disposed to declare your manly resolution in relation to your duties.

Your devoted father and best adviser,

J. P. EMMET.

MASTER THOMAS ADDIS EMMET,

Care Rev. F. Hawks,

Flushing, L. I.

While a young lad my father suffered in Ireland from an attack of small-pox and several other eruptive diseases in close sequence, with the result that his lungs were never after in good condition, nor was he ever a strong man physically. But on his arrival in this country, and as he developed into manhood, he improved greatly and sufficiently to be able to pass an examination for admission as a cadet to West Point. In consequence of his advanced knowledge of mathematics, after he had entered West Point he was detailed as a teacher or assistant professor of that branch. There was a salary attached of sufficient amount to induce him to neglect the advance of his own military studies, so that he never graduated. At the end of three years his health began to fail and he was obliged to resign his position and seek a restoration by residing for several years in Italy. There he studied art, and became proficient in music and painting; he was also successful as a sculptor and acquired a knowledge of Italian. He also regained a knowledge of French, which he had spoken as a child while living with his grandfather, Dr. Robert Emmet. Dr. Emmet and his three sons and a daughter spoke Latin and French quite as well as English, and the two languages were used indiscriminately in their family intercourse.

On the return home of my father, he began the study of medicine, but on graduating his health was again so much impaired that he settled in Charleston, South Carolina, to practise. He there gave to the public so popular a course of lectures on physics that Mr. Jefferson, then organizing the University of Virginia, offered him the Chair of Natural History. He accepted, but afterwards the subject was divided up and he was given Chemistry, which he taught for nineteen years.

During the winter of 1841, and while I was at Dr. Hawks's school, my father's health failed entirely and his lungs were again involved, and with such rapidity that within a few days after writing to me the last letter which I have quoted, he, with my mother, went to Florida. He received a vote of sympathy from the Faculty, signed by the chairman, Henry St. George Tucker, the Professor of Law, and also resolutions, hoping for his restoration, signed by all the members of his class.

Incidents of my Life

During the winter at school I continued to drag through a weary course and to me, on account of the confinement, my surroundings were most uncongenial. The Christmas holidays I spent with the family in New York and they were marked by the remembrance of an interesting circumstance. Three of my uncles then lived in Broome Street, between Centre and Elm, a fashionable neighborhood at that time. One of them sent me to deliver a letter on some business matter to the clergyman then in charge of St. Mark's Church on Second Avenue. I think the Rev. Dr. Anthon held the position, and did so for many years after. I was shown into his study and found there my schoolmaster, Dr. Hawks, who was visiting his friend. Before either saw me as I stood to be recognized, I heard the clergyman say to Dr. Hawks, who had a book in his hand and evidently wished to borrow it: "Hawks, you know that there is nothing I possess I would not give you if I could spare it, but I will lend you neither a book nor umbrella, for a man who never returns either is totally unreliable and this book I cannot spare." My presence was then recognized, when I stepped forward, delivered the letter, and having answered a question or two as to my uncle's health, made a bow to both and departed.

This episode, founded upon some experience of human nature, impressed me as a boy to such an extent as to make a profound impression, and has never been forgotten. The loss of a book did not then appear to me as of so great importance as it would have done in after years, but I at once learned a practical lesson as to the necessity, as well as fair play, in relation to the return of an umbrella. I thought a man having an umbrella, and one presumably paid for by him, certainly was placed in an unjust position if obliged to go out and get wet through the neglect of one who had not returned the borrowed umbrella, after being placed under an obligation.

Naturally I did not see any other evidence of cause and effect from the neglect to return the umbrella. I would have expressed my opinion at the time, if asked, that any man who would leave his friend in the lurch and not return the umbrella in time was of "no account." From that day to the present time, having either a borrowed book or umbrella in my possession, I have never been satisfied until I have returned it to the owner.

There were between four and five hundred boys in the school while I was there, and a number of them became prominent in after-life, but there was only one boy of the whole in whom I afterwards took the slightest interest, and that was Tom Bayard, of Delaware. The desks in the schoolrooms were arranged two together, with a passageway on each side. Bayard was at my elbow during the whole term, and this

caused a constant companionship. Although our lines in life were widely separated after leaving school, and we often did not meet in an interval of ten years, yet the one or the other would be moved from time to time to write in the spirit of old schoolmates, into which the interest of the world did not enter. The friendship of our school days was never lessened, but became the stronger with each advancing year. To those who knew him as I did, Bayard was as lovable a character as a true woman, and I could add nothing more in his praise. While he was Minister to England, toward the close of his life, he became a little too Anglicized for my taste, but I only remembered him to the last as dear old Tom Bayard, the intimate friend of my boyhood, who carried my love with him to his death, and has had my prayers since.

Chapter VII

My father and mother return from Florida—Much benefited—Stopped in Charleston, S. C., to see old friends—Decided to return to New York by sea—Obliged to take a sailing vessel, as one passenger steamer had recently been burned and the other had foundered at sea, with great loss of life—Detained and too late for the regular sailing packet, which was never heard of after—Sailed on the brig *Catherine*—Dismantled and wrecked off Cape Hatteras—Passengers suffered from privation and exposure—Over five weeks at sea before rescued—My father remained with his brother on Third Avenue—Harlem Railroad—Some description of "the lay of the land" in the neighborhood and to 50th Street—Sudden breaking up of Dr. Hawks's school—My uncle's family of boys—The Mount Vernon "Gang" not bad boys, but always ready for a fight—An account of one of their engagements—The Rev. Mr. Gage did not appreciate the civilities extended to him—Description of the land now covered by the Central Park—My aunt's charities and her work as Lady Bountiful among the poor—Go duck-shooting and the consequences—Sir Henry Clinton's headquarters at the Beekman House, in the neighborhood—Old Cato's house on the Boston Turnpike, the headquarters of Clinton's body-guard—Capt. Nathan Hale's capture and execution—History of the transportation of cannon and powder from Ticonderoga to Boston—Gen. Knox could only have given the order—Battle of Bunker Hill—Visited the McEvers family at Mont Alto—The Bloomingdale Episcopal Church and St. James's, then on Hamilton Square—Sale of this square by the city—Nearly all purchased by the Jews, who for the first time began to hold real estate in this country—took the place of the fourteenth guest at a dinner given by my uncle—Reference to Mr. August Belmont as a young man and to Mr. Adrian Iselin, Sr., who were present—My uncle's method of impressing me with the importance of using a dictionary to improve my spelling.



MY father, on his return from Florida, remained in Charleston for several weeks among his old friends, and having lost his cough and gained flesh he had apparently regained his health, but he decided to make the voyage to New York and thus obtain the additional advantage from a sea trip. A short time before the two steamers which had plied between New York and Charleston had been lost, one by fire and the other by foundering at sea with a great loss of life, and at this time the only means of communication was the tedious route by stage line, or by sailing vessels. His passage was engaged in the regular packet, but my mother delayed their departure for a few moments in her desire to bring

with her some plants. On reaching the dock, the vessel had cast off but was within a few feet, yet the captain refused to delay long enough for them to be put aboard by means of a small boat. This vessel was never seen or heard of after crossing the bar. There happened to be sailing at the time an opposition vessel, the brig *Catherine*, which they reached in time, but were able to obtain only inferior accommodations. Captain Nye was the name of the young man in command, who grew old in the employ of the Charleston Steamship Company, and, as the oldest officer in command, died probably within the past twenty years.

A hurricane was encountered off Cape Hatteras, which took both masts out of the vessel and with the sea washing over her deck the whole supply of fresh water was lost with quite a large quantity of provisions. The captain was washed overboard, and he had on boots with his trousers strapped down over them, as was the fashion of the day. While under water he got his jack-knife opened and managed to get rid of his straps and boots. On reaching the surface, there was within reach, and secured to the vessel by a long rope, a life-preserver of the period, which had been washed overboard, consisting of a cask with lashings attached and with a light inside. The captain was able to pull himself on board and then set to work to clear the wreck, as the masts were pounding against her side. The passengers had to be placed on a short allowance of both food and water, and for want of the latter they would have perished from thirst but for several heavy rains from which a scant supply was obtained by spreading out some sails. They drifted for over five weeks without seeing a vessel. A jury-mast was at length rigged up upon which sail enough was set for the captain to come four times within sight of Sandy Hook, but was as often blown out to sea. At length, a tugboat on the look-out for her was able to reach the vessel and bring her up to the city. She had been recognized by her signal and her arrival reported each time as she appeared and disappeared. A number of the passengers died from exposure and I recollect a young lady, a Miss Pardoe, died as she was being brought ashore. Naturally, my father had suffered greatly, but he was still hopeful and expected soon to regain what he had lost. He went to Mount Vernon, the country place of his brother, Mr. Thomas A. Emmet. The six-milestone post, from the City Hall on the way to Boston, was about one hundred yards to the south. Opposite was the Adriance country place, and through its grounds a path led to about the present Fifty-ninth Street and Fourth Avenue; to a station on the Harlem Railroad, put there for my uncle's convenience, as he had been, or was, the president of the road. As a compliment to Mr. Emmet, all his family and those with him passed free over the road. There seemed to have been about four trains a day each way, and I recollect but one

conductor, who must have made the eight trips. He was familiar with every one in the president's house as if he had been an employee, and seemed to have kept himself posted as to the guests, and passed each free. To reach the level of the track, which was on an embankment, it was necessary to ascend a stairway for thirty-five or forty feet, so that this portion of the city was filled in to Sixth or Seventh Avenue, well to the north for several blocks and down to Forty-ninth Street where a deep cut began towards Forty-second Street. At this point was the old deaf-and-dumb asylum, which building was long used afterward by Columbia College. Including the grounds of the asylum, and to the south and west, lay the Elgin garden tract, which had been a noted botanical garden laid out by the elder-Dr. Hossack, and purchased from him by the city. I do not remember how this property passed from the city to Columbia College, the ground rent from which now forms a large portion of its revenue.

While my father and mother were at sea and driven off the coast, it was feared the vessel had been lost, but of this I knew nothing until there was a sudden smash up at St. Thomas's Hall and I came to the city. For months we had seen but little of Dr. Hawks, and it was generally whispered about that there was something wrong. Consequently, both the discipline and the studies suffered. One morning after breakfast the boys were assembled and told the school would be closed at noon. All were placed in line and each in turn received a quarter of a dollar. This amount was sufficient to pay my passage to the city, and I went to my uncle's place to wait the arrival of my father and mother on any day after.

As Dr. Hawks was a native of North Carolina, many of the boys were from the Southern States, South America, and Mexico, and all of them would have suffered but for the aid of people in the neighborhood, who looked after them until cared for by their friends. The Doctor failed for several hundred thousand dollars and had involved many of his friends, and yet within a short time after he went to New Orleans, and repeated the same experiment with the same result, thus fully demonstrating his business incapacity.

My uncle had eight sons, two of whom were my seniors, and with often several boys in addition as visitors, generally brought home from school, so that the "Mt. Vernon gang," as it was called by the other boys of the neighborhood, was able to hold its own. We were the masters of the field with all other "gangs" between the Bull's Head tavern and Yorkville, with the exception of our old antagonists the "Ropewalk" boys. Since my onslaught in the butting line they had not been so aggressive as formerly and we were willing not to seek a change. In case of expected

trouble and when there was time to send for re-inforcements, we could always depend upon two sturdy aids and cousins, William and John, who had been with me at Hawks's school, and were the sons of my eldest uncle, Judge Robert Emmet. He then lived in the upper portion of Jones's woods, opposite the eastern end of Blackwell's Island, in a house which formerly belonged to Recorder Richard Riker, the brother of Mrs. Dr. Macnevin.

We were not very bad boys, nor were we ever guilty of wanton mischief, but were simply for having a good time and if there was any fun to be found anywhere we were in search of it. The greatest mischief we were guilty of and a terror to the gardener was when, as a swarm of locusts, we settled on the strawberry beds or raided the young fruit-trees. There were enough of us to get up a game of ball at any time and we simply amused ourselves with the resources within our circle. It is true we were always ready for a fight, but I do not think, as a rule, that we were ever the aggressors. We were frequently challenged by other boys to a stand-up fight, until each had had a turn, and such challenges we could never afford to decline, or our prestige would have been lost. On one occasion we were challenged to fight a gang headed by the son of some rumseller, the proprietor of "Emmet's Retreat," in Odellsville, where the old Boston Turnpike crossed the Third Avenue about Forty-seventh Street. The time selected was the following Sunday afternoon in a nook near my uncle's place. We had just arrived on the ground, when the Rev. Mr. Gage appeared, who lived in the neighborhood and had gotten knowledge of the affair in some way. He was a mild-mannered man and very much respected, and quite a favorite with the boys as he often took a turn in a game of ball. He kindly admonished us about breaking the Sabbath and urged us to go home. We did not feel responsible for breaking the Sabbath, as the meeting had not been of our seeking, and to refuse to accept the challenge we all felt was not to be thought of. My uncle's eldest son, who was our leader and chief spokesman, with the instincts of a gentleman ready to make a sacrifice, and as some compensation to the clergyman for his disappointment in not being able to break up the meeting, offered as leader to waive his privilege in the reverend gentleman's favor. This privilege consisted in the right of selecting his antagonist by choosing the most formidable-looking among the opponents and of beginning the fight! On the arrival of our adversaries, poor Mr. Gage left us with sighs, and somewhat to our surprise, as we thought it but natural that curiosity would have prompted him to witness at least a round or two.

At this period the central portion of the island was covered by a mass of rock and briar bushes, and particularly west of the present Fifth

Avenue and throughout the region now included within the Central Park. In consequence of the large emigration to this country of people in the greatest poverty, before and after the great famine in Ireland, they were allowed as squatters to put up their shanties among these rocks, wherever they could find an unoccupied spot large enough to yield a potato patch in addition to shanty-room. The greater portion of these people seemed to be under the special protection of my uncle and his wife. It would be difficult to have found a couple better mated, or with more charity and good-will for suffering humanity. My aunt, who was a step-daughter of Dr. Macnevin, held a levee after breakfast for years in a basement room of her house, where she was truly a Lady Bountiful to these people, and no priest could ever have been closer identified with their temporal affairs than she was. She was consulted in regard to all their ailments, including all affecting the children and pigs; she was the arbitrator in many of their quarrels, and was said to have been particularly successful in persuading many who had suffered from "a spell of the drouth," to take the pledge of total abstinence. With her good counsel she furnished many with clothing, food, medicines, and money, and whenever she stood in need of more money her husband was always ready to aid her.

One day a party of about ten of the boys with a single barrel shot-gun started out on a shooting expedition among these rocks. As I was the only one who knew anything about a gun, I was appointed Master of Ceremonies and to do the loading. In a small pond, probably part of the one now used in Central Park for skating we found a lot of ducks, and as there was apparently no habitation in the neighborhood, we came to the conclusion they were wild ducks, or ought to be wild. As they did not fly away after the first shot, I began to think they were tame ones, but we fired away and had nearly killed all the flock. Some of the boys were talking of getting their clothes off to bring ashore the dead, when we were suddenly stampeded and put on the run. A man with a stick as big as his finger began to dust our clothing in a most energetic manner, and while we were kept on the run with the dexterity of a shepherd dog, he bunched us so that without showing partiality all were about equally the recipient of his attention. When we got in my uncle's grounds, he began to bewail, and exclaimed: "If I had known they was Mr. Emmet's childer they might have killed everyone of the ducks and with no fault at them."¹ He insisted on seeing my aunt, to make a

¹ For the information of the proofreader and others I will state that this man was translating from Irish into English, of which he probably knew little. There is no word in the Irish language to imply possession in the English sense, and it can only be translated by the word "at." This probably is the explanation why Froude, who likely did not understand the idiom, seemed to consider the Irish as being thievish by nature and to own everything within arms'

complaint, as we supposed, but it was to apologize. He was, however, fully paid for his ducks on his own valuation and went back to hunt up the gun which had been dropped in our flight, so that with him, at least, it was "all 's well that ends well." We were, however, in a demoralized condition for some days after our adventure and were not able to pose as martyrs, for my uncle and aunt, thinking we had been punished enough, never referred to the matter. We had at times suffered many reverses and defeats, but I can recall no other incident which had humiliated us to the same degree, for we had been unable to show any fight in vindication of our self-respect. We were strong enough to have defended ourselves, and especially with the moral support of a shot-gun, but the attack was made in the rear and was so sudden and with such impetus we had no time in our demoralized condition to form a battle line.

I shall now make reference to some historical incidents which may seem to the reader as having no connection with my life. I have more material at my command, relating directly to myself, than I can utilize, yet I bring forward these apparently irrelevant subjects from time to time as they have been of personal interest to me, and have occupied my attention in the effort to establish the truth in relation to them. I feel less hesitation in doing so as I am satisfied the details will be of interest to many of my readers.

Adjoining my uncle's place toward the city, and on the old Boston Turnpike, stood a house about Fifty-eight Street, of historical interest, and which had been kept for the greater part of a century as a hostelry, by an old negro named Cato. During the Revolution and the occupation of New York by the English, General Sir Henry Clinton, the British commander-in-chief, always had his headquarters for the summer at the old Beekman House on the East River, north of Sixty-first Street, and his body-guard was billeted in the Cato house. After the battle of Long Island, when Washington had evacuated New York Island below Manhattanville, it was necessary for him to have accurate information as to the movement of the English troops on Long Island. Captain Nathan Hale of Connecticut volunteered to obtain it for him as he was familiar with the country. He was finally betrayed, and taken prisoner near Oyster Bay, and brought over late one evening to the Beekman house and hung early the following morning as a spy. This statement was verified some years ago by the publication of the diary of one of the officers of the guard quartered at the Cato house, but the only detail given was that Hale was hung in an apple-orchard. Across the road from the Cato house, when I was a boy, there was an apple-orchard which

reach! The slang expression "It is up to you" or "at you," is but a translation of this Gaelic idiom.

certainly antedated the period of the Revolution. On the nearest tree to the house, high enough from the ground, was a limb bare near the trunk, which would have afforded every advantage, and from that limb, I have no doubt, poor Hale was hung. There was an apple-orchard also in town across the road from the Provost Jail of the Revolution, afterward the old Hall of Records, in the City Hall Park, and which was recently removed for the Subway. In consequence of this circumstance of an apple-orchard, the committee for erecting the present Hale statue decided to place it in the City Hall Park near the Post Office. But it is not probable that Hale would have been brought late at night six miles to the jail in the city and back a few hours after, to be hung out of town just after daylight. Where the guard was stationed there existed, beyond doubt, every facility for his confinement, and that the execution took place at the spot I have designated cannot be questioned on the circumstantial evidence. As I had raised the doubt of Hale ever having been in the city of New York, the late Mr. Parsons, the well-known cashier of the Chemical Bank, and who was interested in the erection of the statue, came to see me.

As an evidence of my remarkable memory I will state an incident in relation to Mr. Parsons's visit. After the Hale matter had been talked over, he told me he had for years been anxious to obtain some information in relation to his grandfather, General Samuel H. Parsons, but had failed in Washington, and had met no one who could aid him. But he had been told if anyone could give him the information, I could. He had letters showing that his grandfather had brought the Ticonderoga cannon to Boston, which had been mounted on the American earth-works about the city, as well as much of the gunpowder used at the battle of Bunker Hill; in which battle the General had taken part, and yet he was absent from Boston only nine days. I told him that General Knox being a New England man and the writers of our history being from the same section, they gave him the credit of the undertaking, a duty which would never have been undertaken by a general officer. That General Knox's connection was confined to being the commander-in-chief of the artillery and he may have given the order, but that his grandfather brought the cannon and other munitions of war only from Springfield, Mass. Pointing in the direction, I said: "You will find on the top shelf, about the third or fourth from the far end, a pamphlet which will give you all the information you need." Over thirty years before, I had obtained a local publication, giving an account of the transportation, and after reading it, had put it on the shelf and given the subject no farther thought. The dictator of the narrative was a very old man living near Ticonderoga, who stated his father took the contract and he,

as a young boy, drove one of the ox-teams. It was late in the season, and on crossing the river at Albany one of the cannon was lost from breaking through the ice, and having gotten as far as Springfield, Mass., and the snow having melted, his father decided he would sustain less loss to abandon the contract. He was anxious to get back home to plough his land and get a crop in before it would be too late, so he abandoned the sleds which were stuck fast in the mud at Springfield.

Toward the end of June, 1842, I spent a few days with my uncle, Bache McEvers, and his family at Mont Alto, above Manhattanville. I always enjoyed a visit to this house, as it was filled with young people, and the older ones were ever ready to forward and take a hand in any action to increase the enjoyment of their guests. I arrived on Saturday to pay my visit, a fact impressed on me by the occurrence of an incident the following day which made a lasting impression, the particulars of which I will detail farther on. I attended church the following day with the family, as was my custom in the old Bloomingdale Episcopal Church, about half way to the city, which was a large wooden building on the east side of the road, and entirely in the country at that time, but I have no means of designating its position. The family of my uncle, Thomas A. Emmet, living near the Third Avenue and Sixty-first Street, went to St. James's Episcopal Church, also a wooden building on a country road, now Sixty-ninth or Seventieth Street, and facing a large open space, called Hamilton Square. Set in the wall near my uncle's pew was a large stone slab giving his name among the founders of the church, which was built about 1834. This so-called Hamilton Square was intended to have been the site of one of the largest monuments in the country, to be erected to the memory of Alexander Hamilton. It extended from the east side of Sixty-sixth Street to the west side of Sixty-ninth Street, and from the Third to the Fourth Avenue. After having existed for nearly thirty years as one of the most desolate spots on Manhattan Island, it was sold by the city about the beginning of the Civil War. This was the largest sale of real estate ever made in this city, and for the first time the Jewish people became large holders of real estate, and, with the exception of the lots secured for public institutions, nearly the whole of this large tract passed into their hands. During the Civil War they were large purchasers of land, in both the North and South and for the first time in the history of these people.

After lunch at the regular hour, preparations were made for a dinner party, as my uncle expected a number of gentlemen out from the city to dine with him at five o'clock.

He had served his time as a clerk in the counting-house of some merchant in Hamburg and elsewhere in Europe, so that he spoke German

and French and seemed to have had quite an extensive foreign acquaintance. During the summer he frequently had a number of young foreigners to dine with him, who were then starting their business career in the city.

Some one disappointed him, leaving a vacant place, and I was called in at the last moment to take the fourteenth seat at the table. There were two young men I recollect at the dinner from having known them for so many years after and until their death. One was the late Mr. August Belmont, Senior, and the other the late Mr. Adrian Iselin, Senior, whom I remember seeing for the first time at one of my uncle's Sunday dinners. This was many years before the other Mr. Belmont was wounded by a bullet in the hip during his duel with one of the South Carolina Middletons. He was then a great beau and noted as a dancer, and from what I have seen of his dancing later in life, he must have been an expert as a young man.

The dinner was rather a dull affair for me, as nothing was spoken but French and German, and the only consolation I got was one which always appeals to a hungry and growing boy,—getting an extra dinner.

When the cloth was removed, the dessert was served and each had lit a cigar, my uncle took from his pocket a letter and it was passed from one to another, with explosions of laughter from each in turn, for it seemed that all understood English. I of course laughed from a social instinct, without having the slightest idea where the joke came in or as to the occasion. When the letter reached me as the last one, to my horror I recognized it as one I had written my uncle several months before, in which the spelling was said to have been unique. At first, my indignation was great at being subjected to such a mortification, but my uncle explained to me before these gentlemen, that he wished to make an indelible impression, which would not be done from simply speaking to me, and I have never forgotten the lesson. He then took out a pocket dictionary and presented it to me, urging that I should always look up every word when I was in doubt as to how it was spelled.

I can correct proof hour after hour and my eye will detect any error in spelling, punctuation, or printing, and yet for nearly seventy years I have had to use the dictionary for hunting up the spelling of certain words every time I have used them, and some of them are the simplest in the vocabulary.

Chapter VIII

Celebration of the introduction of Croton water into New York, July 4, 1842—Description of the overgrown village of New York at that time—Condition of the streets—The numerous street cries, more remarkable in New York than elsewhere—Nearly all the traffic of the town carried on in the streets by peddlers—The procession, its chief feature being the engines of the Volunteer Fire Department, with their musical bands—A man came in a boat through the pipes from Croton and was nearly drowned—Visit to the old house on the Middle Road, formerly occupied by my grandfather—My father's drawing of the parlor and family in 1818 as "An Evening at Home" and "Corporation Improvements"—My father decided to settle in Florida—Making arrangements to do so at the time of his death—My mother and I return to Virginia—Stopped at Norfolk—I saw the *Pennsylvania*, a 120-gun ship of the U. S. N., the largest ship which had then been built—She was thought to be unsafe and too large for service—She could now be put inside of the hull of some of the passenger ships sailing from the port of New York—My life at the University presented no prospects for the future, and I went to New York in 1843 to enter my uncle's counting-house as soon as a place could be made for me—Saw a good deal of Mr. Clement C. Moore—Began my work, but it proved uncongenial from the beginning—What we had to do—In an attempt to kill a worrying fly I came to grief and spoiled the letter-book—Unfortunately I had already compromised my future business prospects by getting up, a short time before, a dog fight, which for a time at least disturbed the sleeping business repose of the neighborhood—These were two interesting episodes for Broad Street; nothing of the kind had ever happened before or since—The occurrence of the fire of August, 1843, terminated my business career—Account of the fire and supposed cause—An explosion, by which a man was blown to a great height—A remarkable result—Returned to Virginia and entered the University as a student—Illness of my grandmother and her final death prevented me from giving the necessary attention to my studies—Dismissed and treated unjustly by the Faculty—Explanation for the reader—The system of education at that time a wrong one—Guardian appointed for me by the court and to dispose of my father's property—The guardian only looked after his own interest and finally everything was lost by theft or mismanagement—Moved to New York, hoping to get some employment—My Uncle Robert, without consulting me, obtained an appointment for West Point, which I declined, as I knew I could not pass the examination—Met Thackeray—My opinion of him—Dickens impressed me favorably.



ON July fourth, 1842, the great Croton celebration took place, and the water for the first time was let into the Reservoir at Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue, which was recently removed to give place for the Public Library.

At that time nothing of the city was seen from the site but one or two church spires well to the southward. No one who witnessed the celebration could have had any anticipation of the revolution the event was to bring about in the welfare and appearance of the then overgrown village of New York.

There were, of course, no sewers, many of the streets were unpaved, and others only with large cobble-stones. On many of the corners, there was a pump for obtaining drinking water, with a mud hole in front for the accommodation of the hogs. There was an open cess-pool in the backyard of every house, and close by a cistern for catching the rain-water from the roof for washing. The wealthy obtained water for making tea and sometimes for drinking, from the water butts driven through the streets, which were filled from a pump on the corner of the Bowery and Chatham Square. Into the streets much of the slops and garbage were thrown, and the hogs, without number, roamed at large, as the only scavengers. Cows and often horses stood about blocking the way, and apparently with no purpose in life. Moreover, the streets were never swept but at the time of an approaching election, when it became necessary to count the votes beforehand, and it was not claimed that much was accomplished at that time beyond scattering the dust in clouds.

My father left a book of original sketches made by him and, as is usually the case, the value of which was not fully appreciated until after its loss. From the ravages of time the book came to pieces, so that the drawings became scattered and lost. I have preserved two which are quite characteristic of his work, wherever the burlesque and caricature could be utilized, yet he always preserved the individuality or likeness of the individual, so that it could easily be identified, and equally true was he as to detail in his sketches of places. His sketch of "Corporation Improvements" is beyond question accurate as to the general appearance presented while cutting down the high ground on the Bayard Farm, to fill in the Collect Pond and back water running through Canal Street, from river to river. The sketch was made during the winter of 1818; at which time the Emmet family was living in White Street towards West Broadway. The view is taken from the west side of Broadway, and corner of White Street, looking north and down hill towards Canal Street. The Bayard House was left for a long time as shown, with only sufficient earth about the building as was necessary for its support. From my earliest recollection, the house shown on the northwest corner of Lispenard Street and Broadway projected on to the street as seen in the drawing, and it was only shortly before the Civil War, on building the Brandworth House, or Hotel, that it was removed. The number of hogs in the streets, as represented, are not an exaggeration, and I have, as a boy, often laughed at the astonishment of some old woman who, after pumping until she was tired out, and finding her bucket empty, until she learned to turn around to see what was going on and to have a leg free for kicking the next hog away. On the other side of the street

Corporation Improvements
Drawn by Dr. J. B. Farnett in 1818

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It rather had a look of a great which was not for the Corporation Improvements pieces, so that the Drawn by Dr. J. P. Emmet in 1818 ved two which are the last one and signature

general app Bayard through Canal Street, White Street town

street as al War, on t moved. The geration, the as old we on the other side of



AN ORIGINAL SKETCH BY JOHN PATTEN EMMET, FROM WHITE ST. AND BROADWAY, LOOKING TOWARDS CANAL ST., SHOWING THE POSITION OF BRYAR'S HOUSE, NEAR GRAND AND CENTRE STS.

is seen a woman blinded with the dust, which she is trying to displace with the knuckles of both hands. In addition to the dust, every indication of life and an approaching election is given by the open trench in the street, the need for which no official could ever explain, beyond the convenience in having it to refill and the street to repave as soon as the election was over and no farther use could be made of the "street sweeper."

The other sketch, "An Evening at Home," will be given later on, showing the assembled family in the parlor of the country residence on the old Middle Road.

In comparison with the present, New York was then a bedlam from the street cries. Milk and often water were sold from cans suspended at each end of a yoke across the shoulders of the vendor, as is yet seen in Holland. The chimney sweep was loud-mouthed; the seller of charcoal, of vegetables, fresh fish, corded and split wood, flour, sand pedlars, strawberry and other fruit pedlars, the tinker, scissors grinder, the old-hat collector, the old-clothes man with his cart, cow bells, and often a horn, the pedler of sewing materials, the "glass put in" man, the pie man, the huckster of job-lots, often the itinerant butcher or baker, and many others seeking to earn an honest living. All in quest of bargains, and each with a separate and more discordant cry, vied with each other in a strenuous effort to be heard. Thus the greater part of the city traffic was carried on in the street, and London in its best days never had so many different street cries as could be heard in New York, where so many foreigners repeated those used in their native country.

At an early hour on July fourth, my cousins and myself set out across the country to see the ceremonies of the day at the Croton Reservoir, but we stopped for a short time to try the fishing in a stream we crossed, running toward the East River and a little to the north of Forty-second Street. There was a large concourse of people, with many strangers, and as we had tickets we were able to see, from the top of the reservoir, the procession to great advantage. The most prominent feature of it was the Fire Department, then a volunteer and unpaid organization, and with all their engines and hose carts brightened up and dressed with flowers. Almost every one had its own brass band. Several hours were devoted to speech-making and some of the most prominent men of the country were present, but I was unable to obtain information from any one about me as to who they were. All the boys left home barefooted, as was quite common during the warm weather and in the country. Unfortunately I had stubbed my toe, and as it was giving me some pain, I managed to climb down on the inside of the reservoir at the northeast corner, now Forty-second Street and Fifth

Avenue, and for some time bathed my foot in the water running in by a small stream at that point.

While seated there I was startled by the sudden outcoming of a small boat from the pipe, with a man more dead than alive, who had been venturesome enough to make the passage from Croton. The pipes were some five or six feet in diameter, and had they been laid on a level or inclined plane, there would have been no danger from the pipe becoming full. He started with the first stream of water large enough to float his boat, but in consequence of the irregularity he found at some points the pipe full, so that the progress was so much retarded, from friction against the top, that he was nearly drowned. In less than half an hour after he had escaped every portion of the pipes must have been filled, and while this condition allowed the water to flow with greater rapidity, he had a narrow escape from being drowned.

On our return we turned into the "Old Middle Road" to stop and see the country place of my grandfather, which was then unoccupied. His gate was at Fifty-fourth Street and the Old Road, and at this point it formed part of what is now Fifth Avenue. Years after, in opening Fifty-fourth Street, the house, which projected a few feet over the street, was set on fire from blasting and destroyed. The house and front yard occupied the half block afterwards covered by St. Luke's Hospital, and now by the Harvard Club house and other buildings facing on Fifth Avenue. It was a fine old Colonial country house and I regretted afterwards that I did not make a sketch of the exterior. I have, however, a drawing of the parlor, as I have stated, made by my father in 1818, and called "An Evening at Home," in which all the members of the family are shown, and while somewhat of a caricature, a likeness is preserved in every individual.

My father for a few days after his arrival from Charleston seemed to rally and we began to hope he would soon be up again. But this did not continue and as his lungs became greatly involved, or at least to cause him so much additional suffering, he decided to resign his position at the University and make a permanent settlement in Florida. He began making his preparations at once and I was charged with the commission to purchase a supply of matches. The sulphur match had but recently come into use and a paper box containing twenty-five was retailed for about seventy-five cents. I had purchased a supply for a year, of a little more than one match a day to start the kitchen fire, and was engaged in packing them in a tin box. My father was in his wrapper and had been sitting up for an hour or more, reading the paper, and I was alone with him. Suddenly as he rose from his chair, he said, "My boy, call your mother quickly." She was in the adjoining room, and

An Evening at Home
Drawn by Dr. J. P. Finner in 1818

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While seated there I was startled by the sudden outcoming of a small boat from the pipe, with a man more dead than alive, who had been unfortunate enough to make the passage from Croton. The pipes were some five or six feet in diameter, and had they been laid on a level or inclined plane, there would have been no danger from the pipe becoming full. He started with the first gush of water large enough to float his boat, but in consequence of the irregularity he found at some points the pipe full, so that the progress was so much retarded, from friction against the top, that he was nearly drowned. In less than half an hour after he had escaped every portion of the pipes must have been filled, and while this condition allowed the water to flow with its usual rapidity, he had a narrow escape from being drowned.

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An Evening at Home

Drawn by Dr. J. P. Emmet in 1818

and now by the Harvard Club house at 101 North Fifth Avenue. It was a small building, and I afterwards that I did not find it very interesting. I have, however, a drawing of the parlor, as I have stated, made by my father in 1818, and called "An Evening at Home," in which all the members of the family are shown, and while somewhat of a caricature, a likeness is preserved by the artist.

My father for a few days after his arrival from Charleston seen very ill, and we began to hope he would soon be up again. But this did not continue and as his illness became greatly involved, or it is said, he was so much distressed that he decided to resign his position at the University and return home. He was, however, very ill at the time.

One day, when the weather was very warm, the sulphur water came into use and a small box containing twenty-five cents for about seventy-five cents was purchased a supply of matches more than one match a day to start the kitchen fire.

One day, when he was sitting up for an hour or more, reading the paper, he suddenly as he rose from his chair, he said to his mother quickly." She was in the kitchen.

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17. ROBERT - 3 ROBERT SMITH AND WIFE - 4 T. A. SMITH - 5 ELIZABETH SMITH - 6 TEMPLE SMITH - 7 JOHN PATTEN SMITH - 8 JANE ERIN SMITH - 9 MARGARET SMITH - 10 ANNE PATTEN SMITH
11 - WILLIAM C. SMITH.

on entering he had lain down on the bed, and we heard him say, "I am never to see little Jane again" (my sister), and he was dead when we reached his side.

My father died late in July and left me at the age of fourteen little more than his example and good name. From that time I had to think for myself, and practically to pay my own way. A relative advanced me the money so long as I needed it, after I began to study my profession, and I repaid every cent afterward with interest. In return for his kindness it is one of the most gratifying incidents of my life to have had the privilege and ability, years after, to lighten his burden, when a reverse of fortune came upon him in his old age.

Shortly after my father's death it was decided best for my mother that we should return home, and be with my grandmother and sister. On our way home, we took one of the Chesapeake line of steamboats from Baltimore to Norfolk, as my mother wished to see her friends there. The next day, while she was with her friends, I went aboard of the *Pennsylvania*, 120-gun ship of the U. S. Navy. She had been built in Philadelphia and had only made the voyage to Norfolk, for she was so large and had rolled to such an extent on her voyage, no one in authority had taken the responsibility to send her again to sea. She was at that time the largest vessel which had ever been constructed in this country, if not elsewhere. For many years she lay at anchor off Norfolk as a Receiving Ship, until she got aground, it was said, on the beef-bones thrown overboard, and finally she was sold and broken up as a failure. She was considered unseaworthy on account of her size and length, and from the probability that in a heavy sea she might be broken in two. We were at that time the best ship-builders in the world, and it is not likely that she was not properly constructed. As I recollect her, she had five or six gun-decks, and being rigged as a ship she seemed to me top-heavy, but this defect, if it existed, could, so far as I could understand, have been easily corrected by removing one or two tiers of guns, and thus lowering the centre of gravity, or oscillation. She was a beautiful ship, and evidently the individuals responsible for her construction had lived several generations before their time. She was mistrusted, as unfortunately the public had not been educated, by a gradual increase in size, as to the safety of this vessel. To-day there are several iron ships, connected with the port of New York, into which the hull of the *Pennsylvania* could be placed under closed hatches.

When we returned to Virginia, and my mother had not the means to send me to school, I spent several hours a day in the library of my uncle, Mr. George Tucker, the Professor of Political Economy and Belles-

Lettres, reading on different subjects he directed and on which he examined me. During the remainder of the day I lived in the open air and my existence was one of unalloyed happiness, with but one check. I keenly felt the death of my father and his loss seemed irreparable, as I could see no future for myself, and my life became an aimless drift until I would be old enough to enter the University as a student. Even with this course in anticipation my future seemed none the more assured, for my instinct prompted the fear that I lacked the proper foundation for following any course of study, without the assistance my father could have given me. I enjoyed the life, however, in being out in the open air with my gun and dog, walking day after day over the surrounding country and climbing mountains; a training which doubtless laid the foundation for the long life which has been my portion. The recalling of my father's teaching was so constantly in my mind that I doubt if a single admonition I had ever received from him was forgotten. As I have stated elsewhere, it is my belief few fathers ever made a more lasting impression upon the moral development and after-life of a son, than he made on mine. On one occasion he taught me a very practical lesson. He overheard me finding fault in an arrogant manner, with the negro whose business it was to clean my shoes. With a twinkle in his eye, which I well remember, and in a kindly manner as if conferring a privilege, he said: "My boy, from this time forth, so long as you are under my roof, you shall clean your own shoes, and this will give you the satisfaction of always being able to have your shoes exactly in the condition you wish." This taught me to be self-reliant, and to this day I am reluctant to call upon anyone to do for me what I can do for myself.

After my father's death I was essentially the master of the house, at least all the negroes so regarded me, although I considered my mother to be the head. Yet I continued to clean my own shoes as I had done in his lifetime, and kept up the practice until I had a house of my own.

In the spring of 1843 I left Virginia for New York, as my uncles had decided that I had better go into business, for I would be likely the sooner thus to earn something towards my own support. My uncle, Mr. McEvers, would have a place for me as soon as a clerk could be promoted by taking the place of another who was to be sent abroad on some special business, and until the vacancy occurred and after, I was to remain a member of his family, which was then at Mont Alto, his country place.

About this time I remember seeing frequently at my uncle's house, Mr. Clement C. Moore, who I think was a connection, or at least he and his daughter were very intimate with the McEvers family. In after-life it was my good fortune to have met Mr. Moore frequently and I

always found him an agreeable talker. He then lived at his country place, "Chelsea," on the banks of the Hudson River; the site is now covered by the Episcopal Theological Seminary, on the block between Twentieth and Twenty-first Streets and Ninth and Tenth Avenues. At my last visit to that neighborhood, it seemed to me that there had been a great deal of filling in along the river front. Mr. Moore was the author of "A Visit from St. Nicholas,"

" 'T was the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse"—

a poem which will be remembered so long as the English language exists.

After a few weeks I took my place and tried to go to work in my uncle's counting-house. But no words at my command could describe my suffering from the restraint and confinement, and how I soon loathed the work in which I could not take the slightest interest. The lad just ahead of me was the late Arthur Leary, or O'Leary as his father called himself, and who then kept the largest hat store in the country, under the Astor House, where he remained until he went out of business or died. My occupation was to copy letters into a large volume, notwithstanding a manifold impression was always first taken for use in the private office, but the copying by hand was enforced to give the boy, it was said, a knowledge of commercial phraseology. The steamer sailed for England every two weeks, and to give the correspondents abroad the latest news we were often kept up to a late hour, for the rule of the house was to "put off no work for to-morrow which can be done at the present time."

The steamers made the voyage in from two to three weeks, and I sincerely wished sometimes they might be longer. I became tired enough of my perch on the top of a stool almost as high as I was, and on which it required a considerable effort to be seated, copying letters hour after hour, until I was heartsick of the monotony. During my life so great has been my dislike to copying letters, that where prudence has dictated the making of a retaining copy, I have often taken the risk and omitted to do so.

One afternoon, after a long, hot, and apparently interminable day, when I was tired, sleepy, and sore of body from the sticking of the seat of my trousers to the leather of the stool, or to my person, and I was sorely tried, there came in my way a prying and persistent fly. He had in turn tried to reach the drum of my ears and had also prospected as to the possibility of there being a shorter passage through my nostrils. When he left me for a moment and rested from his efforts on the edge

Incidents of my Life

of a large stoneware inkstand, with a murderous zeal I seized a heavy mahogany ruler and smote my tormentor a vigorous blow, and the subsequent proceedings interested the fly no more. But the resilient force from the blow caused the inkstand to institute a parabolic curve, during which, by the centrifugal action excited, the contents were held in check until the vessel landed bottom upwards in the middle of the letter-book! I was able to spring from my perch in time to save my clothing from being drenched by the ink. With my handkerchief and all the blotting-paper within reach, I tried to dispose of the ink, but my efforts were not as successful as I would have wished, for the appearance of the white duck-covered letter-book was not esthetic. My indignation as well as contempt was roused at the terrified expression exhibited by all the other boys, and the older clerks, who ignored me and pretended that they had seen nothing of the occurrence. As I could see no use of preserving such a nasty-looking appearance as the letter-book presented, I took out my knife and cut out about twenty pages of those most stained. I then attempted to trim off the stained edges, but being damp, the effort was not successful, and I doubt if the youngest rat, and one devoid of all pride, would have been willing to have claimed the job. I worked on amid the densest silence, only broken by the ticking of the big clock, which irritated me the more, as the usual scratching of every quill pen had been stopped, and I knew I had the eyes of every one fixed upon me. If I had heard a single suppressed sigh of horror, which every one about me had doubtless emitted at the supposed sacrilege I was committing, there would have been a series of fights on hand. I had been made aware for some time that I was losing caste and had already seriously meditated as to the necessity for thrashing in turn all the youngsters, who had begun to show an indifferent manner towards me. I knew they were but taking their cue from their elders, who had judged me a failure, and felt I would soon be making room for one who would be more likely to avail himself of the opportunity presented. Unfortunately mishaps never come alone. A few days before I had knocked down one of the senior clerks for calling me a negro driver, after he had accused me of having surreptitiously eaten his lunch, and had persisted in the charge after I had told him I knew nothing of it. And shortly before I had disturbed the wonted silence and had demonstrated to the neighborhood my need for diversion and relaxation from my duties, which were weighing heavily upon me. With the aid of a boy next door with whom I had been quite chummy at lunch time, we loosened a board at the bottom of the division fence, for his passage with the watch dog. I immediately seized our dog by the collar for fear there might be a breach of etiquette before the stranger had been able to smell about him to his heart's content. At

Remarkable Result of a Fire Explosion 101

the call of time both dogs were brought up into position by their respective aiders and abettors, both snarling and snapping at vacancy in a most edifying manner. At the word go each dog was hurled by his principal into the loving embrace of his adversary. While I was deeply absorbed in the passing event and in the midst of a din which was suggestive of activity to the most sedentary sojourner of the neighborhood, and when at a most critical period and the issue uncertain, I was suddenly seized by the collar and shaken by the grown clerk, who had charge of the boys, and ordered into the house. He kicked the strange boy through the space in the fence, and the only satisfaction I had was seeing from the rapidity with which the neighboring dog followed I was certain he was whipped and our dog would have soon conquered.

These two episodes had rendered my position a strained one in the public opinion of our community.

After I had done the best I could in cleaning up the letter-book, I put it in the safe, washed my hands, got my hat, and started for my uncle's home, although it was an hour or more before my regular time for leaving. This act was but an additional cause for astonishment and for prolonging the silence which had oppressed me. I knew that I was in for it, so far at least that I felt my commercial experience was near the end.

When I met my uncle at dinner he was grave, but kind as usual in his manner towards me. This was about the middle of August, 1843, and I am now unable to remember if the incident of upsetting the inkstand was on Saturday with consequently a day intervening before my expected return to the office. There was a day or two of interval and I may have asked the holiday, or my uncle may have suggested that I should remain away for a day or two. When I next went to town with him by the Harlem Railroad, we heard at the depot that there was a very large fire in the lower part of the city, and as we approached the city we could see the dense smoke from the car windows. When we reached the neighborhood of Wall Street we found that my uncle's counting-house had been one of the first destroyed, and that the whole section of the town between Broadway, Wall Street, and the East River had been burned over, as in the great fire of 1835. Previous to this fire, it had been the custom of all the commission merchants who did not live over their offices, to use the upper part of the house as storage lofts, in which each cargo consigned was stored until sold. My uncle's warehouse was on the east side of Broad Street, just at the angle or curve in the street, about the distance of a block from Wall Street. Directly opposite, the fire had originated in a house which was said to have been stored with only cotton and saltpetre. As there was a terrific explosion during the burning of this house, which broke all the windows in the

Incidents of my Life

front of the City Hall and throughout the town to the south, at the same time blowing some of the burning timber across the river into Brooklyn, the question was raised as to the probability of an explosion from the mixing of cotton and saltpetre together. That question has not been settled to this day, but rests on the sworn testimony of the owners that these two articles were alone stored there.

An incident, bordering on the incredible, occurred in connection with this fire. On the roof of the house to the north and adjoining, in which the explosion occurred, stood a young lawyer at the time of the explosion, whom I knew of, but was not acquainted with him personally. He was the foreman of one of the most noted of the volunteer fire-engine organizations in the city, and at the time was holding the brass butt at the end of the serving-pipe with which he was playing water on the fire. He fell at least the height of a tall four-story building to the street, but he stated that he was blown in addition to a great distance into the air. He was picked up from the opposite pavement alive and only shaken up, as he expressed it. He wished to continue his work but was urged to go home and rest. He was unable to get any conveyance, and walked from Wall Street to his house in Macdougall Street near Washington Square. As he had some shortness of breath he went to bed suffering no pain, but died suddenly in the night. A *post-mortem* examination showed that he had broken a blood-vessel not larger than a small needle, which slowly filled the pleural cavity with blood, until death was at length produced from suffocation. That a counter current^{*} of air, rushing in to fill the partial vacuum produced by the explosion, had acted as a parachute and checked his descent, is the only feasible explanation for his reaching the ground without being dashed to pieces. When this man was picked up he still had in his hand the brass butt or nozzle-piece, which had been separated from the hose as if with a sharp knife, and yet the force had not displaced it from his grasp! An occurrence which is as inexplicable to the comprehension of the average man, as the claimed possibility of being able, under certain circumstances, of firing a candle through a thick deal board without changing its shape!

This fire ended my experience in commercial affairs, for my uncle found it an easy matter to convince me that a longer service on my part would but prove a waste of time. In relation to the letter-book he explained to me it was a fortunate circumstance it had been burned, as the fire would probably cause lawsuits to prove his losses, and if the book was brought into court the mutilation could never be explained away to the satisfaction of any jury, for the natural inference would be it had been done for some dishonest purpose.

^{*} Called a *back-draft* by firemen.

Mrs. John H. Tucker
[Eliza J. Tucker]
Painted by Ford, 1832



In June my mother and sister came North accompanied by my grandmother in quest of medical aid, as her health had begun to fail rapidly. She was sent by her physician to Ballston, N. Y., which at that time was more frequented as a health resort than Saratoga, only a few miles distant. She was greatly benefited, and was after a few weeks restored apparently to her normal condition. There remained for me now nothing to do but to enter the University, and we returned home towards the close of August, and as the session began in September I was just in time, and I matriculated with a firm determination to make every effort on my part. Soon after our return, my grandmother again became very feeble and unfortunately within a week her condition was critical. I naturally was with her as much as I could be to relieve my mother, for in those days the burden of nursing the sick rested upon the members of the family. With the selfishness so often shown by old people, my grandmother wished me to be about her all the time, and was unwilling to have me relieved by my mother, during several hours in the day when I was to attend the lectures. At length she would allow scarcely any one but myself to render her the slightest service. I was thus confined night and day for six weeks before her death. From this my health finally suffered, as I was unable to get any sleep but in a chair at her bedside, and if I left the room for a moment she would have me sent for as soon as she detected my absence.

On returning to my studies which had been entirely neglected in the University, I found it impossible to keep up with any class but the one in Natural Philosophy, where everything was demonstrated by good drawings. But finally in despair I gradually ceased to attend any lecture and sought the only consolation within my reach,—with my gun and dog in the sunlight and fresh air. My mother naturally supposed I was daily occupied with my duties in the University, and was unprepared several months after to receive from the chairman of the faculty a letter stating that by a full vote of the professors it had been decided, as an example, to have me dismissed and that my name would be removed from the roll of the students. The chairman, in addition, urged, in consequence of his great friendship for my father, and as the only means of saving me, that she should seek to have appointed by the court a guardian who would take interest enough in my future to be strict with me. I explained the situation to my mother as fully as I could understand it, and, to her credit, she expressed the fullest confidence in my honesty of purpose. This was the only ray of light and hope for the future, coming to me as an offset to the misjudgment and injustice which had been done me by the faculty. I went to several of the professors to explain my situation, but I got no sympathy, in fact they were

incredulous and thought me untruthful, when I stated that my absence had not been due to dissipation. It seemed as if the only cause known to them for idleness and neglect of duty on the part of a student was intemperance; and what mortified me beyond expression was the general opinion that from intemperance my case was a hopeless one, and that nothing was to be expected from my future.

I claim no credit for having escaped the frailties of youth, as it was easier for me to keep a straight course of rectitude than to go astray, and I can truthfully state I have never committed an excess in my life, except in the use of tobacco, and that I gave up early in life, as soon as I realized I had become a slave to its use, and thus have I remained through life my own master.

I come of a temperate race, and I cannot recall having ever seen my father take a full glass of wine, yet we had both wine and spirits in the house in case of sickness, and always in use when we had an entertainment. As a consequence, I have never had the slightest taste for stimulants, and have only taken them irregularly in advanced life, when I have needed them, and then only to a moderate degree. In early life they were distasteful, and from choice I was inclined to total abstinence. This blessing, I believe, I owe to my progenitors, for there is no fact accepted more as a truism in medicine than that the taste for stimulants, as a rule, is inherited. Yet this fact does not lessen the responsibility or free-will of the less fortunate individual, as to an obligation to live a temperate life. The obligation is the same and rests upon all, to resist temptation and the influence of inheritance.

With this understanding I hold the man who has no desire to indulge in the use of stimulants deserves no credit for being temperate. Moreover, I never gambled or made a bet in my life, as both precedures seemed to me senseless, if not in some degree dishonest, in taking money from another without giving an equivalent. These views I received from my father early in life, with the additional counsel never to go security for any one, in justice to the rights of my family. His advice was where I felt under obligation to render this assistance to any one and could afford to spare the money, to give the amount or lend it to the person in need, and take the chance of being repaid. If I could not afford, or readily pay the amount at any time when called upon, I would be committing a dishonest act to the public, and an injustice to my family, in going security. If viewed simply as a matter of expediency, experience had demonstrated the chances are much greater that one would always be called upon to meet the obligation when least prepared, and would have then to make the greater sacrifice. Therefore, it was wise to meet it in the beginning as if it had to be assumed.

I have never had occasion to regret rigidly adhering to this advice, but have suffered on each occasion when I have failed to follow his teaching.

I make the statement, the truth of which will be doubted by some, or in charity be attributed to the weakened memory of old age. From the earliest time in my recollection, my first impulse was to obey rules and regulations; I seemed early in life to recognize this necessity—"to keep things straight," as I would have expressed it at that time. And yet there never was a boy who took more enjoyment out of all the deviltry and frolic going, without there being slightest trace of the prude in my nature, if the term was ever applicable to the male sex. The law has been as a signpost throughout my life, and to follow any other course seemed as ill-judged as to take the opposite direction from the one indicated by a signpost on the highway. This inclination was, no doubt, an inheritance, strengthened by the early training I received, and it became the incentive in after-life to always act from principle, so far as I was able to determine what my duty was. Doubtless I have in the weakness of human judgment erred many times, yet in all truth I can claim that through life it has been easier for me to obey the law from inclination, than to break it, consequently I have suffered but little from temptation.

My own case, in connection with the University of Virginia, has convinced me that the future of many a young man under like circumstances has been ruined through lack of judgment on the part of those who should have properly directed his college course, and who failed to study the needs of each individual student. It may be claimed that this is impossible, more the pity if this be so, as the whole system of education is then at fault. The miller always gauges the distance between the stones of his mill for grinding each special grain by itself, as experience has taught him it would be impossible to get a satisfactory result by throwing all kinds of grain together in a common hopper. No man ever had so narrow an escape as I had from having every prospect in life shattered, and, as the result will show, from need of only a little ingenuousness based on the judgment of some one who could exercise it without preconceived opinions.

My father's debts did not exceed fifty dollars, therefore in accord with the law of Virginia, under the circumstances, the judge of some court in session at Charlottesville appointed guardians that the estate might be sold. This was done, and through neglect and mismanagement every dollar was lost. I took my mother on to New York so that in making a new home she would be near the family, and I made an attempt to find something to do for a support. My uncle, Judge Robert

Emmet, made application and was successful in getting for me an appointment for West Point, and did so without letting me know, to save me from disappointment, in case of failure. On thinking the matter over, I decided not to accept it, as I knew that I was lacking in the early education, and in consequence it would be impossible for me to pass the examination for admission. I felt very grateful to my uncle's friend who, from influence and his great desire to oblige, had succeeded in obtaining the appointment with so little delay. It seemed ungracious not at least to make the attempt, but it would have been a waste of time without some preparation, and I had not the means to spare which would have been necessary.

I have often wished I could recall the name of the gentleman who got the appointment for me, and I may some time be able to find it, from a sobriquet which was always at that time associated with his name, but which I have also forgotten.

He was a judge of a state court and whether he was unduly confined to the wool-sack, or he left home without having provided a new suit of clothes for the circuit, his old trousers came to grief in time. On his return he rendered a bill as an extra charge against the State for fifty cents disbursed by him for a new seat or patch on his old trousers. While no statement is made as to the evident circumstances attending the solution of contiguity, the court must have adjourned for appearances, at least, and there was no alternative but for him to have gone to bed to keep warm, thereby he was unduly deprived of his liberty, while the damage was being repaired!

I had the opportunity of meeting William M. Thackeray socially, and of hearing him deliver a course of lectures on the Four Georges at the old Broadway Tabernacle, and these lectures were afterwards published in book form. I cannot recall a single instance of hearing Thackeray say a pleasant or kindly thing of any one. He was doubtless a man of ability in many respects, but it was always shown in a snarling form. It is true, an account of the four Georges of England was not an inviting theme, and of three of them at least there could be nothing but an exhibition of stupidity under different forms, and of "the Illustrious George," nothing but vice; but he seemed to glory in his subject. I know not whether from prejudice against one of the most conceited men I ever knew, or from lack of appreciation on my part of the good points claimed for him by others, I have never given his books shelf-room in my library. With his pen he was a remarkably clever caricaturist; in fact I cannot recall ever having met one more ready, but if possible the dominant trait in his character was made as prominent in this line as in his writings. I have always associated my recollection of Thackeray with

Charles Dickens, whom I did not know socially, but had seen him often as a schoolboy some years before, and as a listener, when he was on a social visit or being entertained by some member of the family, I enjoyed greatly what I could hear. He seemed to be a kindly and genial man, especially for an Englishman of his type, but he always appeared somewhat under restraint, for I believe his private life was an unhappy one. To some extent his reserved manner may have been due to having been much censured for his *American Notes*, written after his last visit. He did not impress me as a man of great ability or depth, nor as being one of much general information. But to appreciate fully the wonderful genius of the author of the *Pickwick Papers*, *Oliver Twist*, and *Nicholas Nickleby* one must be alone, and settled down in an easy chair, free to enjoy all he is able to "take in."

Chapter IX

Consulted Dr. Dunglison as to the possibility of studying medicine—He advised doing so—After hearing the first lecture on medicine I felt satisfied I had found my vocation—Dined with the doctor's family every Sunday—Who I met there—Wm. B. Wood, an old English actor, Mr. Garesché, son-in-law of Col. Duponceau of the Revolution—Both good talkers, with reminiscences of many distinguished men and events—Rev. Henry W. Ducachet, a physician and afterwards became a clergyman—His relation with my father—Rev. Dr. G. W. Bethune, the scholar—The elder Agassiz just after he came to this country—His experience previous to 1845—Dr. Elisha Kent Kane—His uncle, Robert M. Paterson, a professor in the University of Virginia.—Knew Kane as a boy—His experience when in charge of the Grinnell expedition to the North Pole—Nicholas P. Trist—His anecdotes in connection with the Mexican War—Colonel May a remarkable horseman—Some of his feats—An occasional glimpse of Philadelphia social life—Dr. David H. Tucker—The Dallas family—Atty.-Genl. B. H. Brewster—Recollections in relation to the younger men who were teachers of medicine in Philadelphia—Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, a fellow student—At his graduation dinner given him by his father—Returned the dinner fifty years after—The country place of my uncle, Wm. C. Emmet at Staatsburg, Dutchess Co., on the Hudson River—Dr. Hosack's place near Hyde Park, now held by Mr. Frederick Vanderbilt—Mrs. Maturin Livingston's place adjoining—Her sons and daughters—My uncle sold his place in 1855 to the Dinsmore family—Recall two notable events in connection with my uncle's hospitality—The marriage of Mr. Robert Emmet, Jr., to Miss Catherine James, an entertainment lasting a week; and a visit from Archbishop Hughes to lay the corner stone of a Catholic Church on the land given by Mr. Emmet—The Bishop was a remarkable man—His course in New York during the Know-Nothing troubles of 1849—The members of the Know-Nothing party—What they amounted to.



SOON found that I was not likely to find any employment to my taste or ability to fill the place if found. I was too old to take a position as office boy or to fit myself for any trade, and I could only get some transient employment which would not advance me permanently. In a moment of inspiration I wrote to Dr. Dunglison of the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, prompted by the faculty of being able to decide quickly. The doctor had been appointed a professor in the University of Virginia by Mr. Jefferson, at the same time with my father, and they had been warm friends. Dr. Dunglison assisted at my birth, but had left the University almost before



Prof. Robley Dunglison, M.D.
Painted by Ford, 1832

Robley Dunglison

Chapter 18

Prof. Robley Dunglison, M.D.

Prof. Robley Dunglison, M.D.

Painted by Ford, 1832



Robley Douglas

my recollection. I wrote, telling him that I had been suddenly stranded, stating the circumstances which had severed my connection with the University, and asking, as a friend of my father, his opinion as to the advisability of trying to study medicine. I received a prompt and generous response. The doctor fully understood my difficulty and his advice was to make no effort to study but to attend the medical lectures regularly, and try to remember what I could. The first medical lecture I ever heard was delivered in October, 1846, by Dr. J. K. Mitchell, Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine, in the Jefferson, and from that hour I felt my life's work was laid out for me. The interest with which I heard that lecture encouraged me to hope that there was something in reserve for me in the future from inheritance. I had come of a family of physicians who for four consecutive generations at least before me had been distinguished beyond the average, and were in every respect successful men in their profession. Another circumstance surprised me—that I seemed to understand everything stated, and to be to some degree familiar with the subject, and yet I had never heard anything relating to it before.

I was interested in my work from the beginning and retained a clear recollection of what I heard from day to day, and I found I could do so to a greater degree than many of my associates were able to after the training of a college course. My course of study was an uneventful one in every respect with the exception of an attack of small-pox and one of pneumonia, for which I was immediately bled, got a dose of calomel, and convalesced promptly. As if in parentheses I will state, however much this mode of treatment may be justly discredited at the present day in consequence of former abuse, this was the common practice when I began to study medicine, and a death from pneumonia thus treated was then as rare as a recovery is to-day by the expectant system. There is need for both methods, and in a reaction at some future time to the credit of the profession this will be brought about.

I attended strictly to my work and in time I was able to study to the best advantage. I kept my living expenses and extravagances within three hundred dollars a year, and at the end of four years I graduated.

Dr. Dunglison and his estimable wife kindly gave me a standing invitation to dine with them every Sunday, a privilege of which I gladly availed myself. Nothing in connection with the recollections of my student days in Philadelphia ever gives me more pleasure than I derive from recalling the persons I met and what I heard at his table. I met always one or more strangers who had presented letters of introduction, with two standbys like myself who were never absent. These were an old English actor, Mr. William B. Wood, and Mr. Garesché, an old French-

man, who spoke English very well. Mr. Wood and his wife some fifty years before were noted on the stage in England and in this country. He had known the Keans, Mrs. Siddons, Cooke, the elder Booth in this country, and every actor of note in his day, and his reminiscences were most interesting, instructive, and without limit. He afterward wrote his reminiscences of the stage, which is a standard work.

Mr. Garesché had married the daughter of Col. P. S. Duponceau, one of the French officers who served through the Revolution and was appointed Assistant Secretary of State, which office he held for many years. Mr. Garesché lived with his father-in-law in early life, and there met many of the actors in the Revolution, as well as distinguished strangers from Europe, and he seemed to have been a close observer. Dr. Dunglison was well read and had the faculty of being able to direct the conversation so as to draw from his guests such information as they happened to be the most familiar with, and as a listener I profited greatly. These gentlemen were fully eighty years of age, but were yet vigorous both in body and mind.

I met frequently the Rev. Dr. Henry William Ducachet, the pastor of St. Stephen's Episcopal Church of which Dr. Dunglison was a member. He also was a man of education and a good talker. He had been a physician in practice before he became a clergyman, had studied medicine, and graduated in the same class and at the same time with my father. My father's thesis for graduation was on *The Chemistry of Animated Matter*, and it was the one selected from those of the other graduates by the faculty, to be publicly discussed according to the custom, and Dr. Ducachet was selected to controvert my father's views.

The Rev. Dr. G. W. Bethune of New York I frequently met at Dr. Dunglison's house; a man of great learning, full of anecdote, and a good talker. He was an author, and the editor and annotator of that charming edition of Walton's *Complete Angler*, with which his name is identified.

During the winter of 1845-46 I met at the doctor's table the elder Agassiz, who had but recently arrived in this country. His conversation was chiefly confined to scientific subjects, much of which was beyond my scope, but interesting in many respects. He seemed a good-natured beer-drinking German and a good companion, but there was nothing about him suggestive of the student. He, however, placed me under a great obligation to which I will again refer hereafter. He stated after his college days he began to increase in weight, and was full of life with as healthy an appetite as a ploughman. The desire to eat and sleep was so constant that at length he was in despair of ever being able to study or accomplish any literary work; he finally had a bench made on which he could just balance himself while awake. As soon as he began to study

he would fall asleep, but on losing his consciousness, he also lost his balance and would fall on the floor. After this procedure had been repeated sufficiently, he would lose his drowsiness and be able to study.

I dined frequently with Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, several years my senior, but an old playmate when his uncle, Dr. Robert M. Paterson of Philadelphia, was a professor at the University of Virginia. I met him after he entered the navy as surgeon and when he was relieved after the Mexican War to command the expedition fitted out by Henry Grinnell, a merchant of New York, in search of the survivors of the Franklin Expedition, and if possible to reach the North Pole. I also saw him after his return, and after hearing his enthusiastic account of seeing at a distance an open sea about the North Pole, it is difficult to understand how he could have deceived himself, as with such a climate the water must be frozen to a great depth at all seasons.

I met one gentleman, an old friend of Dr. Dunglison, Mr. Nicholas P. Trist, who was his guest for several weeks at the close of the Mexican War. I had much in common with Mr. Trist, who was a Virginian by birth and had married a granddaughter of Thomas Jefferson, and Dr. Dunglison had made his acquaintance while living at the University. From Mr. Trist I heard a more graphic account of several battles in Mexico, than I was ever able to obtain from any written account. He had been the chief clerk in the State Department at Washington, and was for a while on the staff of General Winfield Scott. He, however, was sent to make the treaty of peace which was signed in January, 1848, with the Mexican authorities, and General Lopez de Santa Ana, I suppose, who commanded the Mexican forces. Mr. Trist must have also been at one time with the command of General Zachary Taylor, afterward President of the United States. Colonel Jefferson Davis, afterward Secretary of War and during the Civil War, President of the Confederate States, commanded a foot regiment from Mississippi in General Taylor's army, and he was also a son-in-law of Taylor.

In relation to the battle of Buena Vista or Monterey Mr. Trist mentioned having witnessed a remarkable military manœuvre, which I believe had never been made before or attempted since. The regiment under the command of Davis was charged by a Mexican corps of cavalry, a noted body, and the best in the Mexican service; and I think under the command of a General Levegas. It is held that nothing will demoralize a foot regiment more than a cavalry charge, and that only forming in a hollow square, as the English did at Waterloo, can hold infantry in place. To the surprise of all, Davis's infantry opened into a V shape form and then closed in on the cavalry so as to check their action, and both riders and horses were nearly all slaughtered at close quarters by the bowie

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knives of the Mississippi men. And yet Davis was never considered a military genius, but a man of undaunted courage. Whenever he interfered during the Civil War in military movements, it proved a mistake and he illustrated a common weakness of human nature in priding oneself on the possession of some talent, in which the public would judge us deficient. In the same battle, I think, Mr. Trist saw a charge made by Colonel May, one of the best horsemen in the country; a man of great strength and much above the average height. A Mexican corps of artillery was doing so much execution at one point that it was essential it should be dispersed and Colonel May was commanded to charge. On the approach of the cavalry the artillerymen deserted their guns, leaving the commanding officer engaged in the effort to fire a cannon at point blank range with a fuse which must have nearly extinguished. The delay enabled Colonel May in his charge to clear the cannon in a leap of his horse, so as to seize the officer by his coat collar, before he could fire, and swing him up a prisoner onto the saddle cloth behind him.

Colonel May probably had not his equal as a rider. I remember being in Baltimore a guest at Barnum's Hotel, and hearing, from several persons who had seen the feat, that Colonel May had just left the house after paying a visit on horseback. He had taken his horse up the steep stone steps on one side of the portico at the main entrance and ridden it up to the office desk, where he presented his card and waited on horseback until he was informed his friend was not in, and then returned to the street as he had entered.

It seemed as if I could fill a volume with what I can recall of individuals seen and of what I heard at Dr. Dunglison's table during the four years I was a weekly guest. Unfortunately, but little would be of interest to the reader of the present day,—of people and events so near to the present time that much would be the better when "time is old and hath forgotten itself."

I was more fortunate than many of my fellow students in getting a frequent peep into social life. As a class the medical students held a very low position and in no first class boarding house would they be received. I suppose my manner was that of another civilization and the cut of my clothing was certainly of another type, as I succeeded several times in getting a room off from the "students' district," but as soon as suspicion was directed, by knowing from the hours I was away attending lectures, I would find on my return in the evening all my belongings piled up in the entry-way as near the front door as possible, and there was nothing to be done but call for a coach and return to the old quarters.

The medical students were at that time as distinct a class by themselves, as in Paris, and they consequently became as lawless. When a "watchman" was going off duty at night, the last thing to be done was to hunt up "his boys," who may have gotten into trouble. He had his night key, and as he found one of his flock he would throw the disabled one across his shoulder, as he would have done a sack of grain, and putting him inside of his door, he would be left to get to bed when able. If he had been too demonstrative and was locked up, the guardian of the peace got the needed "straw bail," paid what was necessary, where any one's feelings had been hurt, and saw him safely inside of his door. At a regular time each month the watchman would call for his due, and to collect whatever he had paid out in addition, and this indebtedness was always settled as promptly and without question, as a gambling debt would be.

Old friends of my father would hunt me up from time to time and have me to dinner. Dr. David H. Tucker, the eldest son of St. George Tucker, the Professor of Law at the University of Virginia was connected with the Franklin Medical School and was practising medicine in Philadelphia. His wife was the eldest daughter of Mr. George M. Dallas, a noted lawyer, and for part of the time I was in Philadelphia he was Vice-President of the United States during the Administration of James K. Polk. The Dallas family lived in Walnut Street on the corner of Ninth, where they entertained a great deal and had not the popular prejudice against medical students when they found a presentable one, and never let it be known that the social outcast of a friend was under a cloud. These young ladies were very kind and would have made it difficult for me to attend to my work, but it became understood that when I wanted "to go out," they would always furnish the means. To their kindness I was several times indebted for a seat at one of their father's state dinners, to fill a gap at the last moment. It was an honor at my age, as I met there several men of this country or from abroad whom I would have never met otherwise. I had little to say for myself, but took such an earnest interest in the subject of conversation of those about me, that I was sometimes rewarded by having some special explanation addressed to me. I recall one gentleman whom I must have met for the first time at Mr. Dallas's house under these circumstances, Mr. Benj. H. Brewster, Attorney-General of the United States for President Arthur's Administration, during which time he did some good professional work. At the time I first met him he had earned a reputation in settling some noted Indian claims, which were then being discussed, and he, seeing from my manner that I had not been able to follow him, stopped his narrative to explain the point to me. Mr. Brewster was comparatively a young man at the

time, at an age when he would as a rule have not given me the least attention. In saving his sister's life from fire when a young man, he was frightfully disfigured over the whole face. Yet, so brilliant and active was his mind that while speaking the deformity disappeared. His father was a descendant of Wm. Brewster of Plymouth, Mass., and his mother was a Hampton, of South Carolina. He was consequently a gentleman in every instinct, and I have seen him return the humble salutation of some crippled up old negro in the streets of Philadelphia, with a degree of courtly suavity I have never seen equalled.

I at one time boarded near the Twelfth and Market Street railroad depot, from which the train left for Washington. As it did so in the evening just after my tea, I frequently would cross the street to see who were going South. I then became acquainted by sight with a mammoth trunk called the "Cathedral" which must have been the first ever used on the plan of the "Reservation" trunks of the present day. It was smaller at top and was rolled about. This trunk or press, I was told, conveyed all the muslin, lawn, and light summer dresses used by the ladies of the Dallas family direct from the laundress, and they remained hanging up until used. The passage back and forth seemed to be recognized as a necessity, and it was handled with as much care as a mail bag as to its safety. The opportunity for smashing up such a contrivance given to one of the East Florida coast railroad operators of the present day, would from the tonic effect render him almost malaria proof the year around. Every one seemed to know the "Cathedral" and every consideration was shown it. I recall hearing several times the conductor turning to the depot master and saying "Shall we be off?"—and the answer: "Wait a few moments the Cathedral has not arrived."

Among the medical men and their assistants with whom I was brought in contact at that time, there were a great deal of common sense and appreciation of the practical value of what should be taught. Yet there was no lack in estimation as to the value of detail and accurate knowledge where it was applicable. I attended each year the summer course in Philadelphia, which was a repetition of the winter one given in the college. The lectures were delivered by younger men who were well trained, and all of those who lived or continued to work, became prominent later in life. On one occasion Dr. Wallace, who already had a large surgical practice was to lecture on hernia one hot July afternoon, when it was hot only as it can be sometimes in Philadelphia. The doctor weighed three hundred pounds or more, and after divesting himself of all the clothing he could spare, came in with the trunk of a subject to make his demonstration. But the heat was too much for him and, mopping himself between each word, he began: "When you come to operate for hernia you will

find little you have been taught to expect, and I cannot now enter into a fuller explanation, but it is in a nut-shell, cut until you come to the gut, and you will be a damn fool if you cut it; good-day." When the weather got cooler, the doctor did the subject full justice in his usual affable manner, but to this hot day I was indebted for an important practical lesson being forcibly impressed upon me. Many times in after-life when I had lost my way in the abdominal cavity, where everything had become matted together by frequent attacks of peritonitis, and where often in the tissues there seemed but the thickness and consistency of damp tissue paper as the only barrier to some accident which might cause the death of the patient, I have felt a wave of demoralization pass through me down to my knees. I would suddenly think of the lecture on hernia with the full details which I have not given, and with a smile not in keeping with the situation, I have had my faculties sharpened so that with care and time I have soon worked out into a clearing, with no further difficulty before me.

I do not cite this incident of the lecture on hernia as a reflection upon Dr. Wallace, but in appreciation of the terse and practical lesson he wished to convey. Notwithstanding the accidental inelegant mode of expression, it impressed every one who heard his few words with the necessity of self-reliance under every circumstance, and, above all, that the difficulties of the operation were exaggerated by the usual mode of teaching. Dr. Wallace had already gained a reputation as a careful and successful surgeon before his death.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, the honored physician and man of letters, and a son of Professor J. K. Mitchell, whose lecture made straight the way for me, was a fellow student. We began our studies together, we were members of the same quiz class, we graduated on the same day, and I, as one of his friends, was a guest at a large dinner given him by his father, on the day of his graduation. The dinner was a joyous occasion, with the world bright and full of hope for all of us, and I shall never forget it.

I had the pleasure of returning the compliment of this dinner to Dr. Mitchell just fifty years after, and had a most appreciative selection of New York medical men to meet him.

It has been a source of regret to me that our course in life has been passed on different lines; but we have met from time to time and renewed the kindly feelings in connection with our relations in the past, and which shall continue to the last.

Most remarkable it is that we are now about the last living of our class, and though both are well past eighty years of age—I being the doctor's senior by a year or two—should still fully maintain our mental activity and literary work. Judging from his work there has been no

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change, as it is evident he yet possesses a degree of activity and excellency to a greater extent than has been the portion of many men in middle life.

That a man should be able successfully to establish his well-merited and world-wide professional pre-eminence and at the same time be the author of *Hugh Wynne*, is indeed phenomenal.

My uncle, Mr. Wm. Colville Emmet, had a country place at Staatsburg, Dutchess Co., a few miles above Hyde Park, and called the "Locusts." Shortly after his marriage and visit to us in Virginia, to which I have already referred, he was induced to make his home in this neighborhood, as Dr. David Hosack, after retiring from practice, then lived just above Hyde Park. This place had already become one of the show places on the river, as it was laid out with great taste by Dr. Bard, of New York, and Dr. Hosack, with his knowledge of botany and love for horticulture, had greatly improved it. The place passed from the Hosack family to the Langdons of Portsmouth, N. H., and is now the property of Frederick Vanderbilt. Dr. Hosack was my aunt's step-father, he having married the widow of Henry Coster, an old New York merchant. A remarkable collection of different families were at one time inmates of Dr. Hosack's household. He had married three times, and each time a widow with one or more children at the time she became his wife. I can recall the names of Hosack, Wilkes, Harvey, Coster, and Pendleton, and there were probably others I have forgotten.

The place adjoining my uncle's estate was also a very noted one, and had been built shortly after the Revolution by General Morgan Lewis, a son of Francis Lewis one of the New York signers of the Declaration of Independence. The widow of Morgan Lewis married Maturin Livingston, I think a brother of the chancellor, who did not sign the Declaration, as he was not a member of the following Congress. Mrs. Livingston was at the head of the family during my recollection, with a large number of sons and daughters, all of whom married among the most prominent families in the country, and at some time during each summer they returned with their children to pay a visit to the old homestead. Mortimer Livingston, I think the eldest son, married a Miss De Paw and lived on Staten Island near the present Fort Wadsworth. His wife was a great granddaughter of the French Admiral, Count de Grasse, who commanded the French fleet which aided in cornering Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown, thus ending the Revolution and securing the Independence of the United States. The admiral's son, while governor of St. Domingo and on a temporary visit to Paris, was guillotined during the French Revolution. Shortly after, when the black population of St. Domingo rose and gained their independence, the three daughters of

Governor de Grasse escaped to Charleston, S. C., where one married Mr. De Paw, a merchant who afterward settled in New York. The other daughters died in Charleston and were buried in one of the churches, where an appropriate monument was placed over their remains within recent years, through the efforts of the late ex-Mayor Courteney of that city.

Two of Mrs. Livingston's daughters married brothers, of an old South Carolina family, Major Rollins Lowndes of the U. S. A. and Mr. William Lowndes, who afterward lived in Maryland. Another daughter married Mr. Gould Hoyt, and Gould Hoyt, Jr., married a daughter of General Winfield Scott, who was the Commanding General in the Mexican War, and then lived in Philadelphia. I never made Mrs. Hoyt's personal acquaintance, but I frequently saw her in Philadelphia, during my medical student days, whenever I could get the entrée to some feature of the season, as Mrs. John Jacob Astor's annual ball was for so many years in New York. Another daughter married a Delafield, who was the father of Mr. Lewis Delafield, and there were others, but their names have passed out of my memory. I state these details, as I had the pleasure of always spending some portion of every summer with my uncle and aunt during the time I was studying medicine, and the young people gathered during the summer at the Livingston place, made the neighborhood a very gay one. There was no place where I ever enjoyed myself more than while I was on one of these visits to the "Locusts," and kept myself busy in laying out walks, making rustic seats, and trimming up the trees.

My uncle disposed of this place in the spring of 1855, to the Dinsmore family who still hold it. My young wife and I had the satisfaction of being able to make a visit before closing the house, when I pointed out to her all the improvements I had accomplished, and which I was never to see again, except in the memory of the past. We had the happiness of spending the summer with my uncle and family at Long Branch, and in the autumn he went abroad for ten years or more to educate his boys. At the time of his departure he was at his best, with an excellent voice and an endless store at his command of comic and Irish songs, and few could tell a better story, so that he was always the central point of attraction at every social gathering. I always recollect him as the younger man, for on his return the silence of approaching old age and bad health had already begun to make an imprint.

There were two events which occurred at my uncle's country place during the four years I spent in Philadelphia, which made an indelible impression on my mind. Judge Robert Emmet's second son, Robert, Jr., married Catherine, the eldest daughter of Augustus James, a

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neighbor of my uncle. It was a remarkable event in the history of the family, and with the exception of the gathering of the clan at the dinner I gave on the celebration of my golden wedding, it was the first, and I had the last, general assemblage of the family which can ever take place. In addition to my uncle's household, every member of the family, with the exception of some of the younger children, assembled under his roof for a frolic, which was to last nearly a week. And Mr. James's house was equally packed with his family and friends from Albany. In addition, all the country places for miles about had their guests, and all were busy during the week in entertaining. The house was a large one, but with comparatively few rooms, yet there was space enough, after caring for the elders, to put up any number of cots needed. All the boys and younger male members of the family were packed on board the *Arab*, my uncle's schooner yacht, which was anchored off the place and all that was needed was a good blanket, for the weather was warm and every one slept on deck. The extra servants were accommodated in two large rooms over the laundry, an outbuilding on the bank of the river. I doubt if at any one time during this week every member of the family was asleep. There was not an individual, old or young in the party, who was not ready and up to anything proposed, if it took all night or day, so that during the time there was a continued course of fun and good nature, literally all day and night.

The day after the wedding we made an early start for the James place, where we were to have a second breakfast; a dance after and for all day, to wind up with a dinner and a dance to last well toward morning. It was during the summer when the wind could not be depended upon, so several large flat-bottomed boats had been provided, which were propelled by a number of sweeps, with two men at each oar. Each boat was covered with a large square carpet, which hung over the sides, and all were seated on a number of benches which had been obtained from some hall, and the time was enlivened by the efforts of an old Irish fiddler, who was to help out in the day's work.

With the exception of Miss Lydia Emmet, a daughter of Judge Robert Emmet, I am probably the only and the oldest living member of the family, who took part in these festivities, who is now alive.

The following year my uncle had an interesting visit from Bishop Hughes, of New York, and his secretary, who, at that time, I think was Father McCluskey, who afterward became the Cardinal Archbishop. A section of the Hudson River railroad was then being built in the neighborhood, and with the large number of Catholics employed in the country places about it became necessary to have a Catholic Church, as there was not one nearer than Poughkeepsie, ten miles distant. The Bishop came

up Friday afternoon, and he and his assistant were busy hearing confessions on Saturday, and on Sunday the corner-stone was laid with all the ceremony usual on such occasions. For a country place there was an unusual gathering of all the prominent people of the neighborhood, and many of them had never seen a Catholic bishop before, or any of the faith higher in the social scale than the day laborer or those employed as servants, and his sermon was a revelation to them. Bishop Hughes was a remarkable man, and both he and his secretary impressed greatly every one with whom they came in contact on this visit. Although of humble birth, the church training and the grace of his position, made him one of the most learned, tactful, and polished gentlemen of his day. He was of indomitable courage, and seemed to gain strength in overcoming the countless difficulties with which his administration was beset from the prejudice, ignorance, and lack of Christian charity in the community. He was being constantly forced into religious controversy by the misrepresentations of those who pitted their comparatively puny intellectual development and want of proper training against the judgment of the great mental giants of the world, who had given their life's work, through so many centuries of the past, to consideration of subjects which these midgets regarded with so much flippancy.

My uncle gave the land for the church and doubtless a donation in addition, and he was very active in raising the money for the building, so that it was erected without delay.

At this time Bishop Hughes was a marked man and had gained the profound respect and good wishes of nearly every law-abiding and fair-minded person in the city. It was at the time of the "Know-Nothing" persecution, for no other term is applicable, and the adherents had terrorized the land with their lawlessness. The beginning was the burning of the Ursuline Convent near Boston, and the spread of the Catholic faith, from the desire to investigate its teaching which this act excited, brought probably more persons into the Catholic Church than the Church itself could have gained by any effort. Catholic churches were burned in Philadelphia and other parts of the country, and Bishop Hughes was notified that every Catholic church in New York would be destroyed. When he called on the cowardly Democratic Mayor of the city, whoever he may have been, and could get no assurance of protection for the church property, he decided at once to take care of it himself. He armed every man and well-grown boy, who was able to serve, and caused it to be generally known that, as if in defence of their lives, there would be no hesitation in promptly shooting down any one who was found under circumstances indicating an evil intent on them or any of the property under their charge. He garrisoned the Cathedral in Mulberry Street,

had loopholes made in the high wall which then surrounded it, and built up places on each corner so that no one could gain a shelter under the walls. He took command himself, as this church had been specially threatened. His stand and that of the people of his flock intimidated this cowardly rabble, and no individual or church property in his diocese was injured.

We are told no rule is without exception, and yet I have to meet the first person holding such extreme and uncharitable views, who was not cowardly by nature, and this constitutional defect prompts the holding of such views. In other words, these people are degenerates or moral deformities, where their impulses often border closely upon insanity. Individuals with well-balanced minds are always firm in their own convictions, yet are free from prejudice, and are by nature of kindly instincts towards their neighbor with whom they may differ. It is only the person, tolerant or charitable by nature, who can appreciate either the beauty of the teaching, or the obligation inculcated in our Saviour's Sermon on the Mount.

The uncharitable have not the faith and know not the love of God. God has authorized no man to pass judgment on his neighbor, and yet the uncharitable, in the spirit of the Pharisees, seem to delude themselves with the belief they possess God's prerogative. We are clearly instructed to "Judge not that ye be not judged." The acts of the uncharitable need no judgment in this world as they speak for themselves, while the force of a good example, to aid others, is the work of true Christianity.

Chapter X

Portrait of Fulton painted by Miss Elizabeth Emmet and under his instruction—The only authentic one—Married Mr. Wm. H. LeRoy—Portrait borrowed by Dr. Francis of New York and never returned—Delaplaine, publisher of the *Repository of Prominent Men*, committed a fraud—As my grandfather was unwilling to incur the expense of having a special portrait painted for this work, which would have been all profit to Delaplaine he offered one of himself painted by Miss Emmet under Fulton's direction—Delaplaine consequently omitted the biography of my grandfather—Having obtained the steel plate of Miss Emmet's portrait, used by Colden in his memoirs of Fulton, he maliciously issued it as the work of West, notwithstanding he was familiar with its history—A criticism on West, showing he could not have painted Fulton's portrait—After the death of Dr. Francis, Miss Emmet's portrait was sold as having been painted by West—The Hudson-Fulton Association used and exhibited during its celebration a portrait owned by R. Fulton Cutting, claimed to have been painted by West—Proof that it was painted by an unknown artist from Delaplaine's engraving—Fulton painted on Miss Emmet's portrait as seen through the open window, his new gunboat *Fulton No. 1*, which was being built, and which no one but he and his workmen had ever seen—This Delaplaine had removed from the plate and substituted in 1817 the blowing up of a vessel in 1806 by Fulton—Proof given to show that the same plate was used to print Fulton's portrait for Colden's memoirs, and the issue by Delaplaine for the *Repository*—The miniature painted by Fulton and copied by himself from Miss Emmet's portrait, are the only authentic portraits of him (see Appendix, Note XIV)—Began my connection with Irish affairs in this country during the Repeal movement by Danl. O'Connell—Attended a noted fancy dress ball at the Astor Place Opera House in 1848—Have not shaved off my mustache since—Macready the actor was a friend of the family—The Astor Place Opera House riot—Excited by the friends of Edwin Forrest, the actor, and in sympathy with the "Know-Nothing" movement—Macready escapes to Boston and returns to England—Met Saml. Lover—His wit and songs—Burns's Scotch songs—Moore's *Melodies* not strictly Irish—Was present at the first meeting of the American Medical Association in Philadelphia—I became a graduate in Medicine—Received the appointment of Surgeon to an expedition fitted out to build for Meiggs the first railroad in Chili—Dr. Ruschenberger, Surgeon-General, U. S. Navy—I declined the position—Reasons for doing so.



SPENT the Christmas holidays of 1847 with my uncle, Wm. H. LeRoy, who married, as I have stated, my aunt, Elizabeth Emmet. I refer to this visit in connection with a portrait of Robert Fulton which I have reason to believe was used during the recent Hudson-Fulton Celebration and was attributed to Benjamin West as the artist. My uncle from 1846 to 1849 resided in East Fourth Street, just beyond the Bowery, at that time a fashionable residential quarter for quiet people. From childhood I was noted for being a close observer, and as soon as I entered the house I

missed a portrait of Fulton which had hung there at my last visit, and which I had seen in the family all my life. On asking my aunt about this portrait, she told me that she had painted it from life when a young woman, and that it had been borrowed a short time before by Dr. John W. Francis of No. 1 Bond Street, who was the family physician.

Dr. Francis borrowed this portrait, with which he had been familiar since it was painted, and he used it at some Fulton dinner or entertainment, at which he was to preside. From her, on this occasion, I obtained the history of this portrait, which I in after-life incorporated in *The Emmet Family*, published in 1898, and a presentation copy of the book can be found in the Astor and the Lenox libraries.

I wrote: "Robert Fulton and Mr. Emmet (Thomas Addis, my grandfather) resided in Paris at the same time, where they became acquainted and a warm friendship sprang up between them." In a footnote I stated: "The diary of Mr. Emmet, written while living in Paris as the secret agent of the Revolutionary party in Ireland, and published in this work and *Ireland Under English Rule*, second edition, 1909, shows that Fulton at one time expected to join the expedition to Ireland for the purpose of using his recently-invented torpedo against the English—Mr. Fulton returned to New York about the time Mr. Emmet arrived (November 11, 1804) with his family, and it is not improbable that they crossed in the same ship.¹ From this time until his death, Fulton was on the most intimate relations with the Emmet family. He had studied painting under West, and detecting evidences of talent in Mr. Emmet's second daughter, Elizabeth, he devoted much of his spare time for several years to perfecting Miss Emmet's skill in portrait painting. He sat, as a critic and model, for Miss Emmet to paint his likeness. From this portrait, well remembered by the writer, an engraving was made by W. S. Leney in 1817, for Cadwallader D. Colden's *Life of Robert Fulton*. Mr. Colden was an intimate friend of both Fulton and the Emmet family, and being familiar with the history of this portrait, selected it for his work. But a short time before Fulton's death he assisted her in painting portraits of her father and mother. Both of these are in the possession of the writer."

In a footnote to this account as given in *The Emmet Family*, I state the following: Delaplaine in his *Repository* attributes this portrait, which he copied for some reason, to West. Delaplaine's book was the first of a number that have appeared since, in which like works the duties of the editor were not laborious, as any citizen could have the privilege

¹ Later investigation shows that Fulton did not cross with Mr. Emmet, or he returned, as he was abroad in 1806 and came to this country early in 1807 where he remained until his death.

Mrs. Thomas A. Emmet
[Jane Patten Emmet]
Painted by her daughter Elizabeth [Mrs. Wm. H.
LeRoy] in 1810, while a pupil of
Robert Fulton

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... of Fulton which had hung there at my last visit, and ... in the family all my life. On asking my aunt about ... she told me that she had painted it from life when a young ... and that it had been borrowed a short time before by Dr. John ... of No. 1 Bond Street, who was the family physician.

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Painted by her daughter Elizabeth [Mrs. Wm. H. ... arrived (November 1810) **LeRoy**] in 1810, while a pupil of ... that they crossed in the same **Robert Fulton** ... Fulton was on the most intimate terms ... he had studied painting under West, and detecting evidences of talent in Mr. Emmet's second daughter, Elizabeth, he devoted much of his spare time for several years to perfecting Miss Emmet's skill in portrait painting. He sat, as a critic and model, for Miss Emmet to paint his likeness. From this portrait, well remembered by the writer, an engraving was made by W. S. Leney in 1817, for Cadwallader D. Colden's *Life of Robert Fulton*. Mr. Colden was an intimate friend of both Fulton and the Emmet family, and being familiar with the history of this portrait, selected it for his work. But a short time before Fulton's death he assisted her in painting portraits of her father and mother. Both of these are in the possession of the writer."

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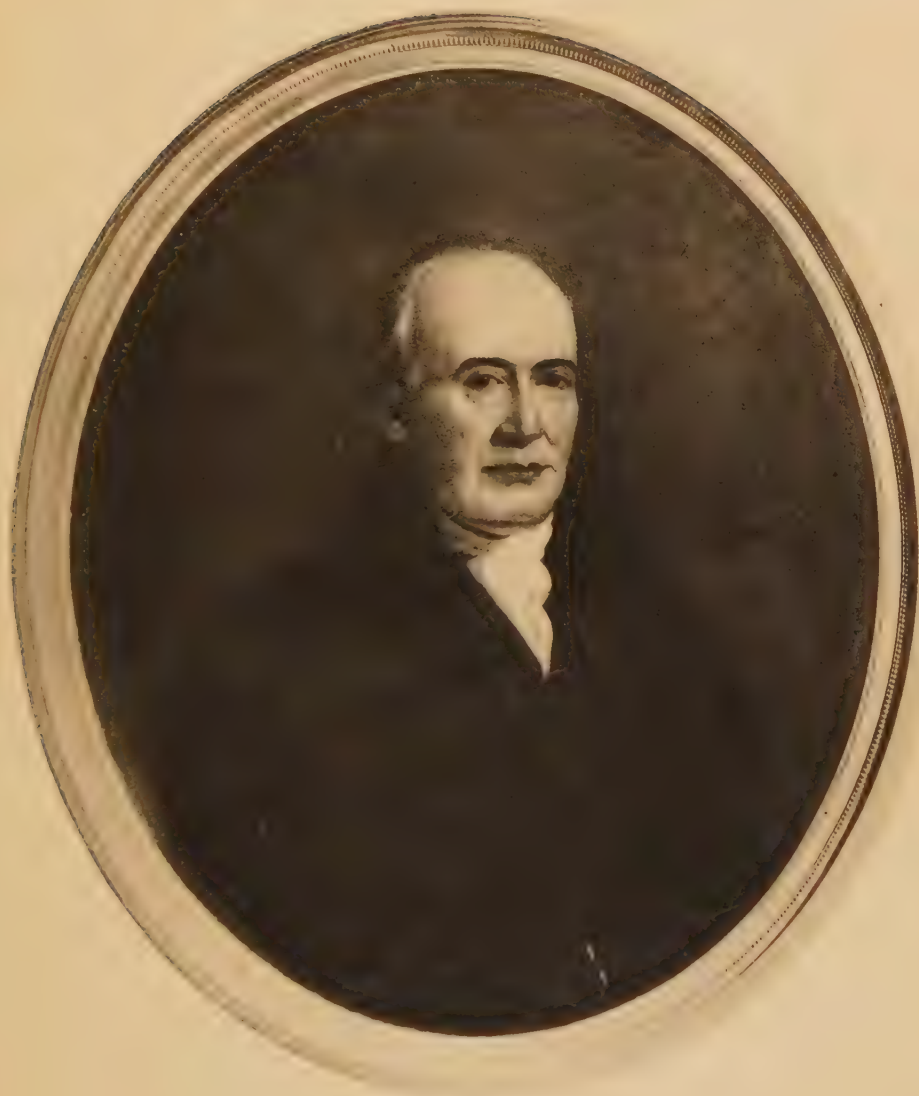




Thomas A. Emmet
Painted by his daughter Elizabeth (Mrs. Wm. H.
LeRoy) in 1810, while a pupil of
Robert Fulton

Thomas A. Emmet

Painted by his daughter Elizabeth [Mrs. Wm. H.
LeRoy] in 1810, while a pupil of
Robert Fulton



of being distinguished by writing his own eulogy, provided he was willing to go to the expense of having his likeness taken under the charge of the editor or publisher, who made this feature profitable. Probably the following extract from a letter written by Mr. Emmet to his daughter will explain why he does not appear in this work, and why Miss Emmet was not given the credit for painting the portrait. The letter is dated February 20, 1817:

I perceive by Delaplaine's letter that he still holds on. I ought to have written to him in answer to his letter, but I did not well know what to say, and indeed forgot it in thinking about other things. *As to sitting for my picture and paying for it*, my vanity is not equal to that, and I can not permit myself to be exhibited as one of the National Worthies on these terms. But if you thought you could make anything out of the picture you have, why then vanity might let it go,—so that the kind of answer I shall give him will depend on you.

Delaplaine was given permission to copy Miss Emmet's portrait of Fulton for his work and had it in his possession knowing its history, yet he did not give the artist credit, as her father had declined to incur the expense of having a special portrait painted for the *Repository*. Nor did he use the portrait, but actually had her name erased from the plate used by Colden, which he purchased and had altered, attributing the painting to West, and did so from spite. In consequence of Delaplaine's publishing and altering the engraving of Fulton, Miss Emmet's portrait of him was sold in New York within a few years as an original painting by Benjamin West.


I may add to this that Miss Emmet's portrait of her father, painted under the supervision of Fulton, was offered to Delaplaine and declined. Judging from the only letter I ever saw of Delaplaine's I doubt if he had anything more to do with the issue of the *Repository* beyond making what money he could out of it, leaving the literary work to others, and I doubt if he ever had an opportunity to see a portrait painted by West. If he had been familiar with West's portraits he could never honestly have attributed the portrait in his possession to that artist, while he was not ignorant of its history.

George Hammond, the English Minister during Jefferson's administration, who was obliged to return home on account of interfering with American politics, married a daughter of Andrew Allen, a distinguished man in Philadelphia, but who was expatriated during the Revolution as a Tory. Allen was a patron of Benjamin West, who painted a large number of family portraits and pictures for him. Lord Hammond, a son of the Minister in Jefferson's administration, gave me the opportunity,

about thirty years ago, of spending a large portion of a day in examining his collection of West's paintings in his London house, probably the largest ever made. At that time I was engaged in hunting up the original portraits of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. In the Hammond collection was a painting called *The Cricketers*, in which is given the only portrait of Arthur Middleton of South Carolina, as he appeared while a student at Oxford, England. I mention this opportunity of examining a number of portraits painted by West as the basis for my assertion that West could never have painted the portrait of Fulton which was in the possession of the sons of Dr. Francis. West ground his own paints carefully, and his coloring is now good, as time has toned it down, and he was said to have been unusually fortunate in catching a likeness, but I have never seen a painting by West in which the figures were not only stiff but wooden in appearance, while this figure of Fulton by Miss Emmet is exceedingly easy in the position represented. In my opinion had West lived at a later period, with competition, he would have found it difficult to have established his reputation.


During one of Fulton's visits to my grandfather's house he became engaged in an animated discussion with Colden, or some other gentleman present. My aunt, in a moment of inspiration, made a pencil sketch of Fulton as he is presented in the portrait. Before it was finished, Fulton, seeing her at work, jumped up and seized it. He was so much impressed with the talent shown, that he at once arranged that my aunt should paint his portrait under his direction, and in the position in which she had sketched him. It was painted without delay, and when nearly finished he took the brush from her and painted in the gunboat *Fulton No. 1*, as seen through the open window. This circumstance establishes the fact that the Emmet portrait of Fulton was painted shortly before his death and after the vessel had been sheathed.

For a short time after my grandfather arrived in this country, as his circumstances were very moderate, he for a time occupied a house at No. 43 Water Street, and at one time he lived on the corner of Pine and Nassau streets. During the remainder of his life his city house was on the West Side, where the houses were comparatively few in number, along the Hudson River, and he died in a house facing St. John's Square. The city was burned along the Hudson River bank at the beginning of the Revolution, and it was not built up as it was on the East Side, until well into the last century, as Trinity Church owned most of the property and probably had not the means to improve it. I, therefore, believe the view shown in the Fulton portrait was suggested by some portion of the Hudson River as it appeared from the family residence at the time the picture was painted. In some of the family papers there is a letter



Robert Fulton
Painted by Miss Elizabeth Finner (Mrs. Wm. H.
LeRoy) about 1814, engraved by W. S.
Jenny and used by Golden in his
memoir of Fulton

Robert Fulton
The same plate, altered by Delaplane and used for
his Repository as a copy from a portrait
by Benjamin West



Portrait of Robert Fulton

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Robert Fulton

Painted by Miss Elizabeth Emmet [Mrs. Wm. H. LeRoy] about 1814, engraved by W. S.

Leney and used by Colden in his
memoir of Fulton

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pressed with the ...

Robert Fulton

nearly finished
Fulton No. 1, as ...
his Repository as a copy from a portrait
by Benjamin West

establishes the fact that the Emmet portrait of Fulton was painted
shortly before his death and after it had been sheathed.

... in this country, as his
... at No.
45 Water Street, and at one time he lived at No. 100 Nassau Street. ...
West Side, where the ...
Hudson River, and he died in a house facing John's Square.
city was ... at the beginning of
Revolution, and it was not built up as it was on the East Side, until
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... In some of the family papers there is a l



ROBERT FULTON ESQ.



ROBERT FULTON ESQ.

ROBERT FULTON ESQ.

showing that the portraits of my grandfather and his wife were painted in 1810, when my aunt was between fifteen and sixteen years of age, and the portrait of Fulton must therefore have been made but a short time before his death. He began to build the torpedo boat after the beginning of the war in 1812, and the exposure which caused his death was in directing the preparation for launching this vessel, which took place the day before his death.

West went to England before the Revolution and outlived Fulton, but he never returned to this country, nor did Fulton visit England after his arrival in this country. Fulton is represented in a dress fashionable in France during the early part of the century and while England was at war with France, and West could never have seen him in that dress unless it can be shown that Fulton visited England after 1806, which he did not do. My grandfather kept house in Paris, or at least had apartments in the Grande Judge Regnier's Hotel, Place Vendome, and when he came to this country he brought all his household effects with him. The chair on which Fulton is seated is like the set used by my grandfather and was of French manufacture. The fashion in England at that time and for many years before and after was to have the chairs made strong and heavy, of mahogany or walnut, with leather seats. The chairs my grandfather had were light, made of white wood and painted with black varnish, while the legs and other parts were fluted, with the concave surfaces gilded. The seats were coarse and made of bullrushes, and were more comfortable than the present cane-bottomed chair.

Mr. LeRoy, after living a number of years on a large estate in St. Lawrence County, N. Y., returned to the city. This was shortly after the death of my grandfather and when his house in the country was being broken up, as the sons and daughters had all married or scattered. My aunt then came into ownership of the greater part of her father's furniture with which she set up housekeeping. I thus came to be familiar with the appearance of the set of chairs, on one of which Fulton is represented as seated, and several of them in good condition were in her possession when she and her husband moved to New Rochelle in 1850 or '51.

I several times asked her why she did not get the Fulton portrait back from Dr. Francis, and she always said she would attend to it the next time she went to town. But it was forgotten and to-day there is no member of her family living who could claim the portrait.

Dr. Francis died in 1861. In 1857 was published his noted work, *Old New York, or Reminiscences of the Past Sixty Years*, and at the time he wrote this work, in which he refers to the portrait of Fulton painted by Miss Emmet, it was hanging up in his own house. At the time this

portrait was painted, Francis, as a young man, was a constant visitor at my grandfather's house, and was intimate with every individual connected with this portrait, as he shows in his *Reminiscences*.

After Dr. Francis's death, his two sons settled in Newport, R. I., and years after the death of my aunt and her children, I received a letter from Dr. Mott Francis offering to sell this portrait by my aunt, which he stated had been given to his father by her. I wrote him an account of its history and offered a good price for it. After some delay my offer was declined on the ground that it had been found to have been painted by West, some one having showed him in the meantime Delaplaine's engraving.

A gentleman decided to purchase from Francis and wrote to me as to its history, but unfortunately I have mislaid his letter. I answered it in full, but he made the purchase and preferred to believe it was a painting by West.

I had an interview with a member of the committee in connection with the Hudson-Fulton Celebration, regarding a loaned portrait of Fulton and one alleged to have been painted by West,¹ and which I supposed was the one sold by Francis, but apparently he and the other members of the committee, preferred to have it pass for a painting by West. The matter never was investigated, so far at least as to having any communication with me, nor was any mention made in their publications, as to a doubt existing in regard to its authenticity. Mr. Thomas P. Tuite took an active part in carrying out the Irish portion of the celebration, and wrote and published at my request an account of Fulton from the Irish standpoint. He took a great interest in having it determined, if possible, who was the painter of the portrait on exhibition and he was associated in his efforts with Mr. J. I. C. Clark, who prepared an admirable report for the last volume of Transactions of the American Irish Historical Society, which has not yet been published. But neither of them was able to accomplish anything, nor could they, as every one seemed too busy to give any information, obtain permission to get near enough to the painting to make an examination as to certain details which would have determined the matter.

Measurements and a magnifying glass, however, show that the engraved portrait used by Colden, and the one by Delaplaine, were printed

¹ I learned by accident that this portrait belonged to Robt. Fulton Cutting, Esq., of New York, and found it had no history as to when or how it came into the possession of the family. It shows the explosion, which settles the point that it was painted from the engraved Delaplaine print, and since 1817. Or it is the original portrait painted by Miss Emmet. Francis may have sold to a dealer who had the gunboat painted out and the explosion painted in to correspond with the engraving, and then sold to the Cutting family as a West. See Appendix, Note XIV.

from the same plate as has been stated. Delaplaine declined to use Miss Emmet's painting, after he obtained possession of the engraved plate, done in 1816, that it should appear afterward with the date 1815 as if he had copied a painting by West. He employed Leney, the same engraver and printer of the portrait used by Colden in his work, and he purchased the same plate, no doubt, at a bargain, as it was no longer of use to any one but himself. Colden's work on Fulton was published early in 1817 and Delaplaine's book was issued later in the same year. He employed Leney to work up the old plate done in 1816 as if something new, to pass for a copy of a portrait by West. A background was worked in and the whole included within a square border, the lower side of which was drawn across to obliterate Miss Emmet's name and that of the engraver. Then, after the impressions had been printed from the metal plate, the names of West and of the engraver Leney were printed below with type from the same font used to print the superscription. This fact alone shows that the plate had been tampered with, as it is inconceivable that any engraver would finish out his work so close along the lower edge of his plate as not to have room for his name, if not for that of the painter as well. Every circumstance goes to show that Delaplaine's work was malicious.

But the most important point is that Fulton painted on Miss Emmet's portrait a representation of his new and formidable war vessel which he was building, and which no one but himself and the workmen had ever seen. In the engraving to represent a painting by West the war vessel then building had to be worked out, and a vessel being blown up by a submarine torpedo in 1806 off the coast of England was substituted. The question then is, what is shown through the open window in the portrait claimed to have been painted by West?

In the Hudson-Fulton Loan Exhibition there was shown a miniature of Robert Fulton, belonging to Mrs. Lucy Walton Drexel, of Pennryn, Bucks County, Pa., near Philadelphia, which is vouched for and was undoubtedly painted by himself. Since its return, I have examined it carefully, and find that the head is identical with the engraving by Leney of Miss Emmet's portrait, both in position and expression. I have never seen a copy made by hand so nearly a *fac-simile* of the original painting as is this miniature. If we had not such positive proof in relation to all the circumstances to prove that Miss Emmet *did* paint Fulton's portrait from life, as vouched for by Colden, Francis, by her own statement, and by other evidence both positive and circumstantial, it might be claimed that Miss Emmet copied the miniature. I have shown that Fulton considered Miss Emmet's likeness and expression of his features so good that the probabilities are he took the portrait by Miss Emmet as his

guide in painting his own miniature. As it is over sixty years since I last saw the portrait by Miss Emmet, I cannot recall the details in the painting, but with this miniature, the matter is reduced to the point that if Leney engraved Miss Emmet's portrait of Fulton and it was a correct likeness in all details, then the engraving shows that Fulton used Miss Emmet's work to paint his own miniature. This must be the case or there would be some difference in the expression, position of the head, or in the arrangement of dress or hair. Had there ever been a portrait in existence by West in New York or elsewhere, the fact would have been known to Fulton and his friends. Colden would certainly have made some reference to it, or have used the portrait painted by so distinguished an artist, in preference to the work of one unknown to fame, and he would have done so without any reference to the talent shown by Miss Emmet.

Mrs. LeRoy continued to paint until she had passed her eighty-third year and until a short time before her death. She would never allow any of her paintings to be exhibited, and always underrated her own work, but the numerous portraits and paintings made by her for the different members of the family are fully appreciated and highly prized.

While I was a student of medicine I began to be closely identified with Irish politics, and with the movement in this country of those of Irish blood in sympathy with the Nationalists of Ireland. That interest has continued to the present time, becoming the more intensified with each succeeding year.

My uncle, Judge Robert Emmet, of New York, was the first president of the Repeal movement in this country in sympathy with the efforts of Daniel O'Connell to bring about a repeal of the so-termed "union" with England. I took an active interest in this move until my uncles Robert and Thomas Addis were forced to resign their membership, in consequence of O'Connell's uncalled-for abuse of the leaders of the so-called Rebellion of 1798, in which my grandfather had taken an active part. Afterwards the different members of the family became identified in sympathy with the Young Ireland movement and at a later period I became personally acquainted with all the leaders who settled in this country. Then came the frightful famine of 1848 in which over a million of people perished, the death of every individual having been the direct consequence of English neglect, misrule, and indifference. I will again consider this subject at greater length.

About 1848, there was a noted public fancy ball given in New York, from which undesirable persons were rigidly excluded, as was pledged would be done by the projectors. The members of my family failed to obtain a ticket for me so that I was not expected. I, however, com-

promised; having failed to get a gentleman's ticket I decided to go as a female. My mother was then staying with one of the family living in Broadway nearly opposite the New York Hotel and Waverley Place. The train from Philadelphia was late, and when I reached my uncle's house all had gone to the ball. I had no costume but expected to have been in time to procure one. I was fortunate in obtaining a red wig in the neighborhood, and with such selection as I was able to make from the cook's wardrobe, I got fitted out and made my entrée at the ball as *Miss Judy McCann*, and with my sleeves rolled up, as if my arms had just been in a washtub.

The Astor Place Opera House was not more than two blocks away but it took me nearly an hour to make the passage on foot, as I could not well stand the expense of a conveyance on such an occasion. I had to use both fists and feet vigorously to make my way through the crowd, until meeting a policeman who was of Irish birth, and telling him my name, he proceeded to clear a passage for me, as if the President of the United States had suddenly made up his mind to put in an appearance. I was of course stopped at the door, but fortunately being known to the members of the committee, I was passed and had no further trouble. I at once hunted up my mother, who was dressed as a Spanish lady of rank, a costume which suited her well, with her black eyes and hair, bright complexion, and with a still beautiful and youthful figure. She had not the slightest idea who I was, and resented with great indignation my attempt to get on speaking terms with her. She told me afterward my appearance was both vulgar and disreputable. I was, however, a belle throughout the night and was engaged for every dance until I was exhausted. I must have done credit to my supposed native land, dear old Ireland, for when I got my hands over my hips and set in to practise the steps of an Irish jig, such a crowd gathered about me as to stop everything else in the neighborhood. I knew so many people, at least by sight, and was able to recognize so many that I had a "most enjoyable evening." The only person I now recollect of tormenting to the limit of all forbearance was the elder James Gordon Bennett, the editor and founder of the *New York Herald*, whose eyes were excessively crooked, but I never succeeded in getting the old gentleman to tell me, even confidentially, how they became so

I never shaved my upper lip after that ball. On the return of the officers and men from the Mexican War the wearing of a mustache was then just coming into fashion. About three months after the ball I paid a visit to New York and went to stay with my uncle, Bache McEvers, then in Fourteenth Street, the second house on the lower side of the way from University Place. When I came down to dinner and met

my uncle, he said, "Go and shave yourself; I will have no one looking so much like a blackguard and gambler in my house." I told him I did not intend to shave nor to worry him. I went out, and got my dinner somewhere else. We met soon afterwards and became as good friends as before, but he never overcame his prejudice to a mustache.

The Opera House and vicinity was soon after the seat of the Astor Place riots, on the night of May 10, 1849, when William Charles Macready was playing *Macbeth* by special request of the stockholders. When Mr. Macready first visited the United States, in 1826, he brought a letter of introduction to my grandfather, Thomas Addis Emmet, from Archibald Hamilton Rowan, his old political friend of 1798, and he continued to keep up the same friendly relation with the family throughout his life. He is always termed an English actor, but I believe in private life he must have been an Irishman, both by birth and sympathy, or he would not have been a warm personal friend of Rowan nor would he have kept up through life his relation with the Emmet family. I was not present on the night he was acting in the Astor Place Opera House, but I had seen him often and knew him to be a gentleman of refined manners, tastes, and education. He certainly was directly the opposite in every respect of Forrest, whom I also knew, and never admired. In my work, *The Emmet Family*, in a footnote, connected with a letter written Jan. 6, 1827, by my grandfather to Rowan referring to Mr. Macready, I make the following statement: "Mr. William Charles Macready was a well-known actor of great talent whose private life was without blemish. He visited the United States in 1826 and 1848. His last appearance on the stage in this country was May 10, 1849, as *Macbeth* at the Astor Place Opera House, on the evening of the noted Forrest-Macready riot. The country had been for some time in the midst of the turmoil engendered by the 'Know-Nothing' party in its efforts to arouse the passions and prejudices of native born against the Catholics and all those of foreign birth. Edwin Forrest, the actor, was a rival, and for some fancied slight availed himself of the 'Know-Nothing' excitement, and with the aid of his friends started the riot which resulted in the death of a number of innocent persons, who were shot down by the troops (Seventh Regiment) called out to quell it. Mr. Macready was at the time a guest of the writer's uncle, Judge Robert Emmet, who then resided at No. 64 Clinton Place (Eighth Street). Mr. Macready was finally smuggled out of the theatre to a conveyance waiting in the neighborhood, and one of Judge Emmet's sons (Richard S. Emmet) drove him out of town to New Rochelle, where he took a train for Boston, arriving in time to catch a steamer by which he returned home. Mr.

Thomas Addis Emmet, M.D.
From a crayon drawing made in 1849



Incidents of my Life

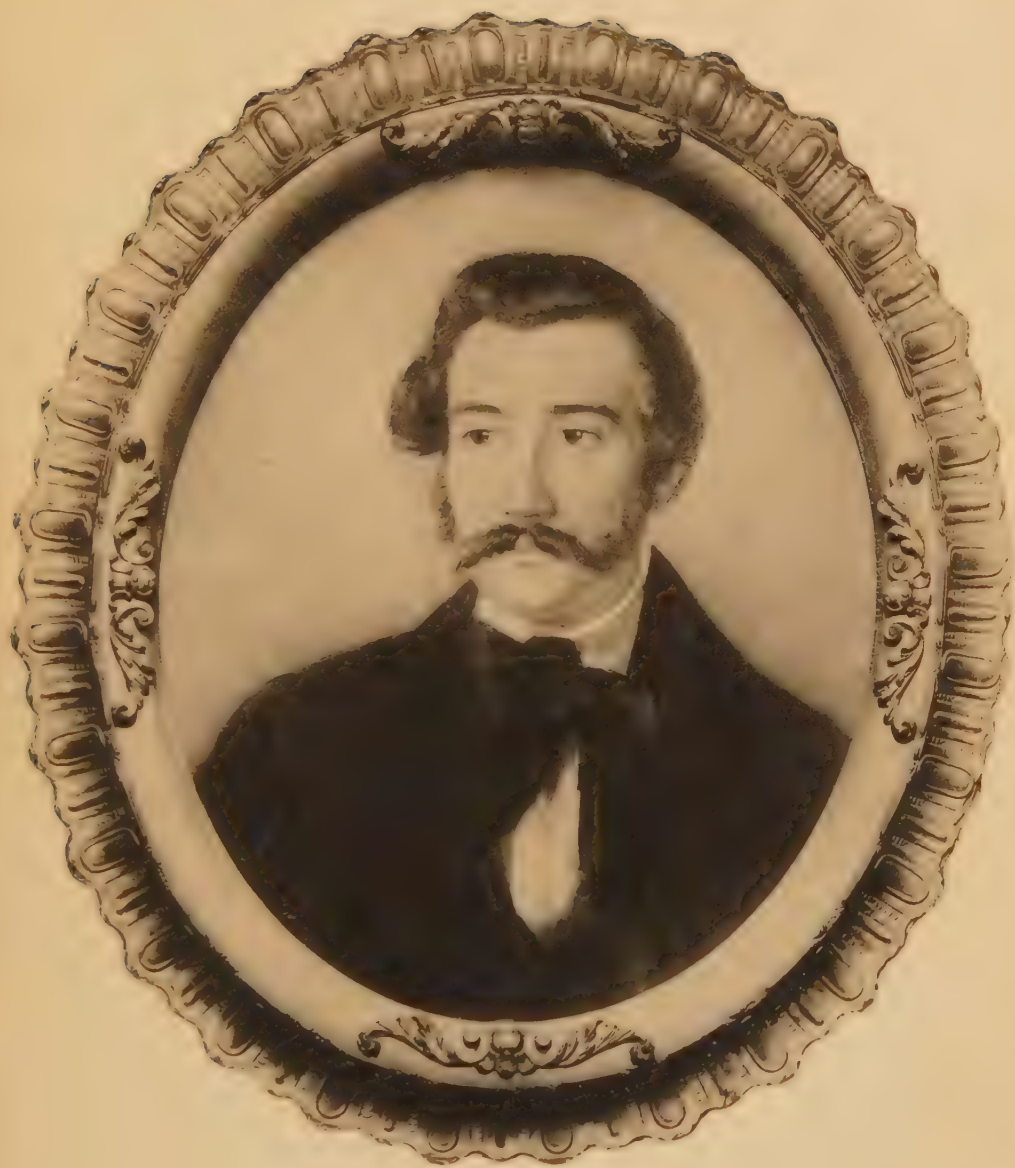
... "Go and shave yourself; I will have no one in my house who is a blackguard and scoundrel in my house." I refused to shave nor to worry him. I went out, and he never overcame his prejudice to a great degree.

... and vicinity was seen in the seat of the Astor ... night of May 10, 1849, when Charles Macready ... *Macbeth* by speaking to the ... When ... visited the United States ... a letter of introduction to my grandfather, Thomas Addis Emmet, from Archibald Hamilton Rowan, his old political friend of 1798, and he continued to keep up the same friendly relation with the family throughout his life. He is always termed an English actor, but I believe in private life he must have been an Irishman, both by birth and sympathy, or he could not have been a warm personal friend of Rowan nor would he have kept up through life his relation with the Emmet family. I ... the night he was acting in the Astor Place Opera House.

Thomas Addis Emmet, M.D.

From a crayon drawing made in 1849

my work, *The Emmets*, ... written Jan. 6, 1849, ... Mr. Macready, I made the following statement: Mr. William Charles Macready was a well-known actor of great talent whose private life without blemish. He visited the United States in 1826 and 1848. His last appearance on the stage in this country was May 10, 1849, as *Macbeth* at the Astor Place Opera House, on the evening of the great F ... my grandfather, Thomas Addis Emmet, M.D., his efforts to ... the Catholics ... was a man, and some ... "No-thing" excitement and ... which resulted in the ... of a number of innocent persons who were shot down by the troops (seventh Regiment) called out to ... Mr. Macready was at the ... a guest of the writer's uncle, Judge Robert Emmet, who then lived at No. 64 Clinton Place (Eighth Street). Mr. Macready was ...



Macready at that time was well advanced in life. He went on the stage in 1811 and retired in 1851."

About this time I frequently met Samuel Lover at the house of Mr. Bache McEvers, who then lived in Broadway opposite Wanamaker's store, between Ninth and Tenth streets. He was a short, thick-set man and not very refined looking, or he was careless in his dress, but he was so thoroughly Irish that good nature and wit seemed to scintillate from him with every movement. It was almost impossible not to laugh on seeing him, even when there did not appear anything especially to laugh at. His description of the original *Handy Andy* was something to be remembered a lifetime. Lover was the first person I ever heard sing an Irish song in English which was not an Anglicized burlesque, to the same degree as the so-called negro melodies, in having nothing in common in either air or words with the original songs of the Southern negro of over fifty years ago. Very few of Moore's *Melodies*, in my judgment, can, in wording at least, be accepted as Irish. The airs of all his songs were of old Irish origin, but with all their melody and pathos, they are English songs, as if written by an Englishman living in Ireland, and few will allow one for a moment to forget Ireland's subjugation.

While the music of nearly all of Burns's songs is unquestionably Irish in origin, the sentiment of Scotch nationality pervades every one of them and in their mongrel English they are Scotch "for a' that," and England's connection with Scotland is lost sight of.

To Samuel Lover is due the credit of having been the first to openly express his indignation at the English stage representation of an Irishman for over two hundred years. He was shown in print, as in our day, with a gorilla shaped face, as needing a bath, and whiskey soaked, a brimless hat and a pipe with too short a stem for use, and on the stage as a boor and buffoon in manners, together with a supposed inexhaustible supply of senseless jokes and songs. This "get up" was accepted the world over as the typical Irishman. Lover would allow nothing of the kind shown whenever he had connection with the stage, and through his efforts, beginning over sixty years ago, public opinion has finally become sufficiently educated to demand this insult to the Irish people should be abolished.

Much intemperance has occurred in Ireland from the use of stimulants as a substitute for food, and yet the Irish are not apparently an intemperate people. If the statistics published by the British Government are to be relied upon, they show that for many years past the average individual consumption of spirits has been *twice as great in England, and three times as great in Scotland as in Ireland*, and it has been made a cause of complaint in Parliament that *the Irish do not drink enough to pay their*

share of taxes ! The average Irishman at home is never impolite nor a boor. Some of the most courtly persons in their manners I have ever seen, I have met among the most destitute and illiterate of the Irish people along the west coast. Robert Holmes wrote over a hundred years ago: "*Her virtues her own—her vices have been forced upon her.*"

The American Medical Association had been but recently organized, and as a medical student I was present at the first meeting in the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia. One of the first actions taken by this body was an effort to raise the standard for admission to the profession. In response it is said that the examinations were particularly strict in 1849-50. I certainly passed a creditable examination, and was commended for my thesis, "On the Organic Circle of Nutrition," by the professor who was obliged to read it. Yet I had dissected but a single muscle in the body and graduated without having written a prescription or having attended an obstetrical case. I make this statement in no disparagement to the Jefferson Medical Faculty, as with advancing experience I have been impressed with the fact that these professors formed a remarkable body of men. Each was a host in himself, and I doubt if their equal, as when I first knew them, was ever gotten together in any other medical school, at home or abroad. The system of teaching was defective in this respect then, as it is to-day, and only those who were fortunate enough to obtain hospital appointments just after their graduation were ever able to gain the necessary practical experience to begin with. Otherwise the greater part of a lifetime was spent in private practice to attain by experience what was necessary at the beginning. I knew thoroughly the theory of medicine, and by means of plates my knowledge of anatomy was perfect, nor can I recall having had the slightest difficulty in answering any important question at my examination.

On the day of graduation, after a long ceremony, I received my diploma and reached my lodgings late for dinner. But before I had finished, I was summoned by a communication from the Dean of the Faculty, to call upon him without delay. My first thought was that some mistake had been made about my diploma, and I answered the summons with a heavy heart. I was informed that Dr. Ruschenberger, then Surgeon-in-chief of the U. S. Navy, and a very distinguished man and writer had, as the agent of the Chilean Government, requested the Faculty to select from the graduating class one best fitted to take charge, as surgeon, of an expedition, and that I had received the appointment. The expedition was about to sail from New York under St. George Campbell, the engineer, who was to build the first railroad in Chili, for Meiggs,

who afterward became known as the "railroad king." I was to receive three thousand dollars a year in gold and all my living and travelling expenses paid, upon binding myself to remain until the completion of the road. This seemed a fabulous sum to one in my circumstances, and in relative value would be about equal to twelve thousand dollars in gold at the present time.

I called on Dr. Ruschenberger with a note from the Dean, to notify him of my appointment and to thank him as being the indirect agent of my good fortune. I was shown into his office where I saw him worrying over pasting something on a letter. After standing at his elbow some little time without recognition, I was suddenly accosted with the question, "Can you write, sir?" To a man who was just beginning to expand with a full appreciation of his growing importance this question was somewhat humiliating. My answer must have been as blunt as the question, for he looked up immediately and said, "Excuse me, sir, who could read that?"

He took the note, read it, congratulated me, and apologized by the statement how necessary it was to write the signature in the plainest manner. He stated it was a common incident with him to be obliged to paste the signature on the letter and direct according to the postmark, and without having the slightest idea as to whom his correspondent was. In after-life I have been surprised how often this has happened in my experience, and how often the writer of the signature has been the sufferer in consequence of the letter going into the waste-basket unanswered.

Without delay I called on the merchant in New York who had the fitting out of the expedition, and was very cordially received as a person of some importance. I was explicitly informed by him that no expense should be spared in fitting out my department, or for consulting any one as an expert who could aid me. I learned that about eight hundred men, women, and children were going and as we would likely be about three years up among the Andes Mountains, unable to supply any deficiency, it was necessary that no mistake of omission should be made in supplying everything which should be necessary, in addition to medicines and a surgical outfit. To make a beginning, I was requested then and there to write out a requisition for medicines, to which I could make additions afterward. I had no difficulty in writing out the names of a number of medicines, but soon I began to perspire freely on realizing for the first time the degree of responsibility I was about to assume. After chewing for a short time upon the end of my quill pen, to aid my thoughts as to what I should do, I took up my hat, went out to the merchant and told him I could not conscientiously accept the position. He

looked at me as if he thought I was a fool—and I passed out without comment.

I afterward learned that a young graduate, who probably had not had my advantages, accepted the position, but I was never able to ascertain how he "made out."

I have never had my sense of duty so severely taxed as on this occasion, where I had to put aside so completely every consideration of self-interest, and it seemed at the time as if my decision was the wiping out of all future prospects.

Chapter XI

Dr. Macnevin—Opening of the Emigrant Refuge Hospital on Ward's Island in 1850, after the Irish famine—Appointed a Resident Physician—My first day's experience—Soon contracted typhus or ship-fever—Was moved to the city to save my life—My position a very responsible and exacting one—Suffered within a year from a second attack of fever, and my recovery in doubt—Met at a public dinner John Mitchel, Meagher, O'Gorman, and other Irish patriots who had been liberated, or escaped from Van Dieman's Land—Account of the Irish famine and suffering in consequence—The Irish emigrant on shipboard—A chapter in Irish history with which every one should be familiar—Religious bigotry roused in England for political purposes—Present at the first appearance of Jenny Lind in this country—Castle Garden described, then a noted place of amusement—My services as a Resident Physician to the Emigrant Refuge Hospital—Building of the Panama Railroad with a frightful mortality—Description of a ball given by the physicians of Ward's Island to the lady school-teachers of Randall's Island—The punch, "a little thing of my own," a great success—Built a sailboat, which was also a success—Appointed a Visiting Physician and began practice in the city—Gulian C. Verplanck, the Shakespearian scholar, one of the Commissioners of Immigration.



WITHIN a short distance of the counting-house I met Dr. Macnevin (a son of the Irish patriot), the only person I knew in the city outside of my family circle. He asked me what I was doing in New York and I asked him what he was doing downtown at that hour. It was just after the frightful famine in Ireland, when several hundred thousand emigrants had landed during the year in New York, and were dying in the streets of typhus or ship-fever, as it was called. Commissioners of Emigration were appointed, and they were erecting temporary buildings on Ward's Island for hospital purposes. A Medical Board of fifteen visiting physicians had been appointed, and Dr. Macnevin was one of the number. He was then on his way to the place of meeting to examine applicants for the position of a Resident Physician, and I accompanied him. I was the first victim and after an examination of four hours, during which time each member of the Board took a turn, I was judged competent and ordered to report for duty on the following day.

I had never seen a case of ship-fever, yet a building containing one

hundred male cases was assigned to me, together with one hundred and fifty beds in addition for sick children and women, all of whom I had to visit regularly twice a day and as often as necessary at other times, to see any special case.

I was also instructed to "go through" once a day a ward near my quarters containing about one hundred aged women. I was somewhat staggered at the responsibility put upon me, but I accepted the situation with a light heart, as the only means by which I could gain experience in the practice of my profession.

At an early hour next morning I began my work with the old women, feeling fully satisfied that I would accomplish what was expected of me if it could be done by my own efforts. I supposed all occupying beds in a hospital ward were sick, but when I was through, taking each woman in rotation, I had not a clear idea of my morning's work, beyond having apparently cheered up greatly the spirits of the old women by my attention. In my effort to do justice to the complaints of each and to use to advantage the accounts of family or traditional ailments, which were communicated by each in confidence, I had written pages of prescriptions, having attempted to treat symptoms, singly and in groups.

I was seen coming out of the building late in the day, weary and in want of food, when I was accosted by one of the staff with the salutation: "In the name of Heaven, Doctor, what have you been doing in there all day with those old women? Don't you know that is part of the Refuge, and all they need is a little tea and tobacco?"

Fortunately for the sick in my service that day, when I was wanted and could not be found another physician had been assigned to them, and I was assisted each day thereafter. But further comment is unnecessary, in addition to what I have already expressed on our faulty method of teaching the practice of medicine.

At the end of some ten days, I developed an attack of ship-fever and escaped death by a very narrow margin, but I was back again at my work within a month after the fever left me, although a leave of absence was generally granted for three months to recuperate. Contrary to rule, I had a second attack thirteen months later, which was so virulent in character that to save my life it was necessary in Dr. Macnevin's opinion to move me from the hospital atmosphere, with my nurses, to the house of my uncle, Mr. Bache McEvers, in the city, which he and his family vacated on a few hours' notice, and it took me two months to regain my strength sufficiently to resume my work.

I had been unconscious for over a week, and had become so emaciated that no attempt could be made to get any clothing on me. With three men on each side I was lifted by means of the under sheet onto a stretcher,

and placed on a mattress in the stern of an eight-oared barge and rowed down the East River to the foot of Fourteenth Street. I was then placed on a mattress in the bottom of an open express wagon, and driven to Mr. McEvers's house in Fourteenth street. When about half way down the river I became conscious from being out in the open air, and it was some time before I could understand where I was. It was a lovely morning in the spring and I recall the impression of its being a most heavenly scene, as I looked on the beautiful green banks of the river along Jones's woods below Seventy-ninth Street and the East River. I was so invigorated by the fresh air that I had a sound sleep, and as I was still sleeping on reaching the foot of Fourteenth Street I was left undisturbed until I awoke, and had received some nourishment, and my convalescence began from that time.

I treated my patients in a weather-boarded, unplastered building, elevated some three or four feet from the ground and like a bowling alley with windows about twelve feet apart on each side, and with ventilators in the peak of the roof. In fact the same kind of building the late Dr. Hammond, while Surgeon-General, introduced into the army for hospital purposes during the Civil War. He had the modesty to appropriate the credit and allow it to be called the "Hammond Hospital Pavilion." At one time we had between three and four thousand beds in the Emigrant Refuge Hospital, and from want of means had at first to use this kind of shanty, and they were continued in use as experience showed the putting up of regular hospital buildings would have been folly.

The windows were kept open night and day, at all seasons, and if I ever found a window closed, I would kick the glass out of it. Some visitors seeing this degree of exposure and the snow drifting in, presented the case and I was indicted by the Grand Jury for this evidence of inhumanity. The Legislature took part and sent a committee of investigation who ordered the hundred patients to be removed "to a ward in a good warm brick building." I had been having a mortality of less than ten per cent. under the most unfavorable circumstances as to complications, and when sixty of the hundred had died in the "warm brick building," it was quietly intimated to me that I had better put the remainder back in the old quarters. Unfortunately, the physicians had to live in the brick buildings and the mortality among them was great.

My second attack was scarcely avoidable. The late Dr. William C. Ravenel, of Charleston, S. C., a son of an old friend of my father, and whose aunt, Mrs. Daniel Ravenel, was a sister of Mr. Bache McEvers, was my assistant and roommate. He was taken sick within a few weeks after he went on duty and his case was one of the few I ever knew to recover with the complications from which he suffered. During the

greater part of my service I was without an assistant, and when Dr. Ravenel became sick, I had four other assistants down with the fever and under my care, in addition to my other duties. I felt very much the responsibility of Dr. Ravenel's case, as I was to a great extent responsible, from having advised him to come up for examination and to avail himself of the opportunities for gaining experience. The poor boy, for the Doctor was several years my junior, was seldom quiet unless I was in the room, and for days and nights the only sleep he got was while I was lying at his side with his arms around my neck. As I had to be with him all the time I could spare from my regular duties, he was not moved, for my convenience, to separate quarters. Living thus in such an atmosphere, in a room which could not be ventilated properly, and under the circumstances with all the responsibility, it was not to be expected that I could escape a second attack.

During my service in the hospital on Ward's Island, I had to give up all part in Irish affairs in consequence of my exacting duties and the distance from town. I, however, was able to attend the large dinner given in the old Broadway Theatre, and the welcome extended to the Irish leaders who escaped from Van Dieman's Land, now Tasmania. Through the assistance of friends in the United States, who fitted out an expedition from New York, they were able to get away. They were John Mitchel, Thomas Francis Meagher, Richard O'Gorman, and others, with several who were released afterward, and I became well acquainted with them all.

My experience of the suffering of the Irish people after the famine in 1847 and 1848 to the present time has been one of sad remembrance. With my experience I have never been able to forget the heartless course of the English Government, and the responsibility of the members of that Government as shown by the great loss of life from want and disease in Ireland, and for the death of many thousands of those who were obliged to leave the country.

I have elsewhere¹ considered this subject thoroughly, and those who may wish to see for themselves the proof or to gain additional information, I will refer to my work, *Ireland under English Rule*.

I have written, in part, "No one has faithfully described the suffering among the Irish emigrants, at this period, during their voyage across the Atlantic and especially among the women, many of whom had been in good circumstances previous to the famine. There was no mitigation of the suffering of the people until definite action was taken by the United States Government to regulate the number of passengers in proportion to the certain number of square feet of deck-room for each

¹ *Ireland under English Rule*, etc., Second Edition. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1909.

individual, and until the passage of a law forcing the owners of the vessels to furnish food, and to adopt a number of sanitary measures. Previous to this law the suffering endured was greater than on any slave-ship, and the death-rate was larger than it would have been from any pestilence on shore. In the beginning there was no limit to the number of passengers received to satisfy the greed of the ship-owner, so long as deck-room could be found; and all were expected to supply their own provisions. All, as a rule, were in the prime of life but there were very few whose vitality had not been already impaired by the famine before sailing. Through ignorance, and often from want of means the supply of provisions laid in for the voyage was deficient in quality and lacking in quantity. The result was that in a few weeks, if typhus fever had not been contracted before sailing, the supply of food would become exhausted before even half the voyage had been accomplished. For the remainder of the voyage a very limited quantity from the ship's stores would be doled out with a grudging hand. The article generally furnished was meal, from ground Indian corn, which was always more or less damaged, and with inadequate if not absence of facility for cooking, together with a scanty supply even of drinking water, the victims soon suffered from dysentery as a preparative stage for typhus, a disease also known as 'ship-fever.'

"With persistent sea-sickness, the herding together of the sexes as so many cattle, with no privacy nor means for making any attempt at cleanliness of either person or surroundings, it naturally followed that gradually the amenities of civilized life were lost, so, long before reaching port, the hopeless condition of the survivors became one of extreme imbecility of both mind and body.

"The early emigrant ship was not always seaworthy and generally could be used in no other trade. Through the penurious practice of the owners they were never properly equipped and always short-handed, and relied upon such aid as the male passengers might give. Consequently these vessels were frequently from 150 to 160 days making the voyage, and often after sighting land they would be driven back by adverse winds nearly across the Atlantic again. No emigrant ship then carried a physician, and there was no help for those stricken with fever; all were too sick or indifferent to give much care to others. The mortality, therefore, was great, and the writer can recall hearing of several instances where one half of the passengers had died and been thrown overboard before the voyage was concluded. The most pitiful circumstance, and one that happened not infrequently, was the death of all the adults of a family, leaving a child too young even to know its name. As young children did not seem to suffer much from fever, many instances

occurred where every other member of a family died on the voyage and the child remaining could never be identified.

"It was not in my line of duty to board on arrival an Irish ship, but the fever wards were under my care and it was my duty to take charge of these cases as soon as they could be carried to the hospital. It was seldom that any passengers, male or female, on these early ships could obtain privacy enough to change their undergarments from the beginning to the end of the voyage and gradually they grew sick and indifferent and would be brought ashore weeks afterward unconscious from the fever, starved, and in a grievously filthy condition. From the boarding-officers I received most graphic accounts of the conditions found. Often for a month or more before the arrival of an emigrant ship the suffering was great from want of a sufficient supply of food and fresh water, as has been stated; consequently at the time of coming into port the proportion of sick emigrants and sailors would be greater than at any other time during the voyage. Generally on arrival all remained below in a helpless condition, as many had been for days without the slightest care. On opening the hatches the health-officer was frequently compelled to have the fire-engine pump started that, by means of a stream of water, the deadly atmosphere between decks, like that of a coal-pit, might be sufficiently purified to render comparatively safe the undertaking of moving those below.

"In the foulest stench that can be conceived of, so soon as the eyes had become accustomed to the darkness prevailing everywhere but under the open hatch, a mass of humanity, men, women, and children would be seen lying over each other about the deck, often half-naked, many covered with sores and all with filth and vermin to an incredible degree; the greater portion stupefied or in a delirious condition from typhus or putrid fever, cholera, and small-pox; all were helpless and among them were often found bodies of the dead in more or less advanced stages of decomposition.

"Such a sight would surely prompt any being, above the brute, to call aloud to the Great God for vengeance upon those who rendered possible in any country a condition so destructive of life, that the people in their flight would prefer even such an alternative as this!

"No Prime Minister of England did his duty in meeting this frightful crisis in Ireland. Moreover, the charge of neglect of duty as well as vindictiveness against the suffering people in Ireland at that period still stands unrefuted. Sir Robert Peel and Lord John Russell were the most indifferent. These Prime Ministers in turn, one at the head of the Whig and the other of the Tory party, through the aid of their supporters in Parliament, occupied their time with the perfecting and the issuing

of Coercion Acts together with the Ecclesiastical Titles bill against 'Papal Usurpation,' etc., consequently, little thought was given to the famine in Ireland or to the exportation of food from the country. *Had the exportation to England, sent out of the country to pay the rent, been stopped, all suffering would have ceased, for the supply, as already shown, was in quantity fully ten times more than sufficient to have prevented every death from starvation, and to have saved the lives of at least one million of people!*

"By English influence religious strife was incited throughout the country for political purposes at a time when Christian charity at least should have interposed every attribute for the protection of a people *in extremis*. Yet arms were deposited at certain central points, if not, as the Irish claim, placed in every Lodge to arm the Orangemen, that these worthies might be prepared under any pretext to murder, literally, those defenceless from the effect of starvation and its attendant diseases.

"The representatives of the English Government, at a later period when charged with this in Parliament, did positively deny that arms were distributed to the Orangemen,—possibly the arms were only placed within their reach. However, the statement can only be accepted as an official quibble, as the arms were placed at hand by the Government and it was intended that they should have been used by the Orangemen if it had been possible by any provocation to force an outbreak; and this purpose, divested of all sophistry, was for the *extermination of the Catholic portion of the Irish people*.

"So intense was the feeling of hatred and intolerance at that time, roused by means of the Orange Lodges, against the Catholics in Ireland, in England, and wherever the English tongue was spoken, an antagonism which was spread in the United States, as the writer recollects, under the guise of the "Know-Nothing Movement," that the burden of disproof of this design of the Government must rest with the caviller, and he must show, by some new evidence, if not this, then what was intended to have been the fate of the Irish Catholics.

"In all the long list of horrors which the Irish people have endured from English instigation, during the past six hundred years, nothing ever equalled the cold-blooded and brutal treatment from which the fever- and famine-stricken people of Ireland suffered at this period.

"In accordance with Divine precept it may be the duty of the Irish people to forgive, but so long as there remains on earth an individual in sympathy with the sufferings of these poor people, England's course will not be forgotten.

"The writer, from his earliest childhood, has been familiar with the woes of the Irish people, but the impression their suffering made upon

him in early manhood, from his personal knowledge, has not yet faded but has become the more intensified after the passage of more than fifty years and so it will remain until death! How many millions are there of Irish birth or of Irish descent, scattered over the world, who hold the same feeling of bitterness, and if not checked, will not this influence ultimately bear bitter fruit for England?

"It is beyond the charity of human nature that those who know the truth should make one single allowance for the great crime which has been perpetrated against Ireland during the past three hundred years at least. No people have ever suffered greater martyrdom than the Irish Catholics, from hatred fostered by religious bigotry and from wilful neglect by England of the duty incumbent upon responsibility. Of the many millions of Irish people who have lost their lives from the sword, from starvation, and from forced emigration, since England became responsible for the welfare of the country, scarcely a single life was lost which could not have been saved.

"If we accept anything in Christianity, we must believe in the final Judgment, and that in the justice of Almighty God each shall be judged; consequently, we must believe in adequate punishment. Nations have been punished as such, even though it may seem unjust that individuals who are innocent should suffer for the crimes committed by those who constitute the government. And on the great day of Judgment, if not before, justice will certainly be meted out and it is beyond the scope of human intellect to realize the extent of punishment which must be the portion of all who shall then be proved unjust stewards in their management of Irish affairs."

Of late the question is being constantly raised as to the necessity for longer bringing forward and keeping in prominence evidence of Ireland's suffering in the past. It is claimed everything is being done by the present government to improve the condition of the country, and many of the English people themselves are advocating the cause of Ireland. These views are held by those who are in absolute ignorance of the past history of Ireland. During the centuries of England's dominion over Ireland, it is impossible to show one single instance resting on authentic evidence, where the English Government, or her agents, have ever kept good faith with Ireland when in a condition to repudiate it. English relations have been characterized by contempt, as for an inferior race, and with vindictive hatred, only found in response to the existence of an obligation which the recipient would gladly repudiate. England can not forget that Irishmen have rendered her many a good service, in the army, navy, and administrative work, more than she has received from her own sons. There is no need to influence Irish national sentiment for

it has been established from the beginning with the majority and will remain unchanged until the veto power of the House of Lords has been destroyed as the first step. The House of Lords has always been in sentiment Ireland's worst enemy, and has been the direct cause of Ireland's misgovernment and suffering. This body has vetoed, whenever it could safely do so, every measure passed by the House of Commons for the benefit of Ireland. When the House of Lords has been disposed of, the so-called union between England and Ireland *must* be repealed, and the term indicates the necessity. This is the most important step to satisfy the Irish people, as they themselves had nothing to do with establishing the relation, which has stood for the past century in evidence of England's corrupt policy of statecraft. The union *must* be repealed before Ireland can exercise home-rule, as it provides *special legislation only* for Ireland, instead of a union in any respect, except to bear an increased burden of taxation. Home Rule *must* consist in Ireland being first in possession of the means for managing her own internal affairs, *without interference on the part of England*, and being furnished with the means necessary to hold England to her bond.

All of this will not be bestowing a favor, but simply returning to Ireland what England robbed her of a century ago. Then, and not until then, will Ireland ever be otherwise than a threat to England's future existence as a first-class power and a blight to her prosperity. Simply then—but a beginning has been made, and so long as Ireland possesses not the slightest security for the future as to the good intention of either political party in England, she will hold the balance of power and continue to agitate; following a course of having Irish affairs block the way at every turn, until her purpose has been gained. She may then stand at England's back an equal, an ally, and even a friend, as part of Great Britain, but just so long as it may be to her interest and no longer. *Ireland has never owed any allegiance to England and never will*, unless the victim owes an allegiance to the highwayman who holds his gain by force, and the past six hundred years have been one continued protest against England holding her vantage by brute force.

The night of September 7, 1850, with my mother and sister I was present on the first night of Jenny Lind's appearance in this country, at Castle Garden. It was a sight long to be remembered as well as her singing. Castle Garden then, as to-day, was a circular building, having had all the casemates removed so as to leave probably the largest room under a single roof used anywhere as a place of amusement. Fully three thousand people could be seated, and almost as many more could find standing room in the passageways and on the galleries outside,

with the advantage that nearly every one could see what was going on and all could hear.

I had many times been present on the most attractive nights of the opera, but on no other occasion did I witness such a throng collected together from all parts of the United States to do honor to the "Swedish Nightingale." Barnum was the manager and master of ceremonies, and was at his best in making good use of the occasion to exhibit P. T. Barnum and his works. But the grand feature was John W. Genin, the hatter. He had paid at auction, and as an advertisement, two hundred and twenty-five dollars premium for first choice of position for his seat, —a sum equal to three times that amount to-day in nominal value. He had made especially for the occasion a large, high-backed, gilded chair which he placed in the middle passageway close to the stage, and he sat there throughout the performance in full dress, "the observed of all observers," but without such a soliloquy as Hamlet would have given.

This incident recalls to my mind one of the most charming places of amusement, and one unique in contrast to any place of the kind known to me, and I have seen many. During the summer at that time nearly every one of position or wealth in the city had a country place on Staten Island, or was passing the season as a boarder at some of the large hotels then in the neighborhood of Brighton. The Staten Island ferry-dock was in the same spot as to-day, and special boats were provided for the coming and return of those residing on the Island. In the evening there was always a cool breeze from the lower bay, and with moonlight in addition there was no place more attractive. There was no other place in the City of New York where one was more certain to meet at some time during the evening every person in society, unless incapacitated, as well as every distinguished stranger in the city.

I served as Resident Physician in the Emigrant Refuge Hospital, Ward's Island, for three years, having had in that time under my charge about eleven thousand miscellaneous cases, including all the eruptive fevers among adults and children, with over nineteen hundred cases of adult males suffering from ship-fever. I got also some surgical experience and served my time in the obstetrical department, where from five to ten women a day were delivered. The interne was in full charge of the practice for about twenty-two hours out of each day, and whenever the Visiting Physician was not on duty. I frequently volunteered in the Pharmacy, and after my regular work was finished, I served many hours at night helping to put up prescriptions. This experience was of great advantage when I began private practice, as a large number of physicians yet furnished their office patients with medicines, and I continued the custom for a number of years. A revival of the custom

would be of great advantage to the profession, by stopping the repeating by druggists of old prescriptions for former patients and for all their friends, on one office fee. In addition, as part of my volunteer work, I made fully one thousand *post-mortem* examinations. I thus familiarized myself with every pathological condition, with the exception of true yellow fever, of which I saw very few cases, but we had a number known as Chagres fever.

At that time the Panama Railroad was being built, and at the beginning it was part of the duty of the staff to select with the greatest care the laborers, who were nearly all young Irishmen, and a finer set of men physically were never selected for any service. Making allowance for all exaggeration, the mortality was frightful, and few returned but those who were brought back sick to Ward's Island. It was said at the time that with an allowance of eighteen inches for each body, laid side by side, the railroad track could have been covered with the dead from ocean to ocean! What a contrast to the present condition under proper sanitary regulations, where it is reported the average of deaths among those engaged in digging the Panama Canal is no greater than the average in the City of New York!

During my service in the hospital I took no holiday, and with the exception of about three months and a half, while I was sick with ship-fever, I was on continuous duty for three years in a service from which a number died and many were obliged to resign in consequence of impaired health. Yet I had a great deal of recreation, pleasure, and time for reading. We enjoyed some social advantages among the families of the employees and we were on good terms with the school "marms" on Randall's Island. Some of these ladies were comparatively young and many of an uncertain age, but the Bohemian life they led brightened them up, so that they were companionable.

I recall a pleasant occasion in a return ball the physicians of Ward's Island gave to the "young ladies" on Randall's Island. Being of steady habits, I was delegated to get up the punch. I visited Harlem and purchased a *new* washtub of medium size, in which I placed in time about half a barrel of Arrack punch containing one ingredient, "a little thing of my own," in the way of a gallon of strong green tea as a bracer. I worked at the job until it had not only gained a captivating taste, but a most inviting bouquet. I selected an elderly man who was supposed to have been a model of temperance to handle the dipper with an even hand. Some time in the small hours of the night, the level of the punch diminished to a point where judgment as to the judicious addition of water was absolutely necessary, for there was no one who had time to make more, nor was there the material at hand for the purpose. As I had so

completely disguised the taste of water in my brewing, in fact there was no evidence that it contained any, the old fellow evidently had some difficulty in determining the quantity of water needed. As this required frequent tasting from time to time to be certain, at length he gave it up and decided so far as it lay with him, to take it as it was, with the result that he had to be taken off to his little bed long before morning.

We found quite a number of expert fiddlers among the Irish patients, who had convalesced, so that as the Quaker expresses it in some play, they continued to "rub the tail of the horse on the bowels of the cat" all night. The ball began at eight o'clock and, as I came naturally by my fondness for dancing, for both of my parents were experts in the Terpsichorean art, I led off with the first dance. I started with a new pair of pumps and danced the last set at daylight in my stocking feet.

During my first winter I built, after my own design, a sailboat about nineteen feet long, beginning with the centre-board box and building out from that to the stern and bow. It was said that I disregarded all rules applicable to boat-building, and yet I turned out a so-called nondescript, which I used for two years. She was so active in her movements that I, with professional bent, christened her "Senna and Salts."

I should state that I have a natural turn for mechanics, and at one time I possessed a collection of tools selected from almost every trade. I could carve in wood, and there was scarcely anything I wanted in wood or iron which I did not reproduce by some method of my own, unless the skill of an expert was needed. I will have to refer again to how a knowledge of mechanics aided me in the development of my work in plastic surgery.

About two weeks before the expiration of my service as one of the Resident Physicians, my Visiting Physician resigned. To my astonishment and satisfaction I received in a few days an official communication from the Board of Commissioners of Emigration notifying me that I had been appointed a member of the Visiting Board of Physicians, and I was informed that the election had rested on my record of service. I was twenty years the junior of Dr. J. M. Carnochan who had been the youngest member of the Board, and at the first meeting I became the secretary. My salary as Visiting Physician was four dollars a day, on which I soon married. With the prospect of building up a practice, I was fully contented when I was so fortunate as to receive twenty-five cents cash for a visit among the tenement houses, then situated along the East River below Fourteenth Street. I received about fifty dollars for my first year's work in private practice, but after that time I advanced rapidly.

As secretary of the Medical Board I was thrown a great deal with

Mr. Gulian C. Verplanck, then one of the Commissioners of Emigration, and who took great interest in the affairs of the hospital. He was one of the most remarkable men I ever met for the extent of his information as a scholar. He was at one time a prominent lawyer, and gave a great deal of his time to conducting the management of many public institutions connected with the City of New York. In later years he was particularly distinguished for his literary work, and he edited and annotated an edition of Shakespeare which was appreciated greatly at home and abroad. Mr. Verplanck being a cousin of my uncle, Mr. McEvers, he always seemed to take a particular interest in my work and position in connection with the Emigrant Hospital.

Chapter XII

Present at a fancy ball given in 1852 by Mrs. Coventry Waddell; Mr. James W. Gerard, appointed the first Police Commissioner, appeared in the uniform of the metropolitan police of London—The "watchmen" objected to wearing a livery, and received the support of a number of people who considered it as being derogatory to an American citizen—Leased a house in Fourth Avenue above 12th Street—The house soon became a favorite resort for young people—Mr. Peter Marie was a constant visitor—Nearly lost my life from making a visit to the Hospital during a blizzard—A graphic account of the difficulties—Suffered from an attack of inflammatory rheumatism—Visit to Bermuda to recuperate—My experience there—My sister at a military ball—How she obtained her trophies—The "Bridge" House built by my great-grandfather—Visit to the coral reefs and what I saw through a plate glass in the bottom of the boat—Returned home in the brig *Trinidad*—A tedious voyage with many discomforts—Received on board an account of the Norwalk drawbridge accident, with a great loss of life—Shortly after my return to New York I took my mother to the water-cure establishment at Florence, Mass., and there met my future wife—The day for my marriage announced—Difficulties in arriving on time—My outfit described and considered to have been "quite the thing"—Arrived in time and married—Visited Mobile and New Orleans—Made many friends—Voyage up the Mississippi River and our fellow passengers described—What I incidentally saw and heard—The Mississippi River and details in relation to its course and navigation—The experience of two women who detailed their misfortunes—Reached home—The reception of my wife by the family.



URING the winter of 1852, I attended, with my mother and sister, a notable fancy ball given by Mrs. Coventry Waddell, a leader in society. It took place at the country residence of her husband, on the square between Thirty-seventh and Thirty-eighth streets, and on the northwest corner of Fifth Avenue, then a country road. It was shortly before the property was sold to make way for the needed improvements, although the city had not yet reached the neighborhood. The house stood on the site of the present "Brick Church," but the grade of Fifth Avenue had been lowered about fifty feet at this point, so that the house could not be seen from the street and could only be reached by a number of steps.

The ball was pronounced by all a great success, as the entertainments

given by Mrs. Waddell always were. But the only incident of importance I am now able to recall was the presence of James W. Gerard of Gramercy Park, a distinguished lawyer of the day, who appeared in the uniform of a metropolitan policeman, as worn in London. Among the first steps taken about this time, in the transition of New York from an overgrown village, was the appointment of Mr. Gerard, Police Commissioner. He had just returned from a visit to London made for the purpose of studying the system used there.

The "watchmen" of the city of New York were at that time almost in a condition of revolt with the prospect of having to wear a "livery." It was remarkable that a number of persons in New York were in sympathy with the action of these men, who held that having to wear this "livery" was not in keeping with "American institutions." These "doughty men of the watch" had become about as useless a set of individuals as could have been gotten together, and did nothing but draw their pay, and rendered no service but to vote, as a body, the straight Democratic ticket. The last-named function was, in connection with them, the only one I ever knew to their credit. They doubtless had some Falstaff in command who seems to have been unknown to fame. They wore "citizen's dress" and had nothing about them to indicate their office but a shield with the city arms and their number, which was always pocketed when their services were needed! Mr. Gerard had to wear the uniform in public for some time before the public and "watchmen" got accustomed to it and finding he was not ashamed of it, finally it was adopted.

After January, 1853, I rented a three-story house, No. 113 Fourth Avenue, the second house on the east side above Twelfth Street. There was no house in New York more popular than this one with the young people who made up the social life of New York over fifty-five years ago. My sister was a good musician, and we often had a visit from my wife's younger sister, Miss Eliza Duncan, afterward known as Aunt Didy, as we will see, who had a remarkably good voice. In addition, both my mother and wife had the tact for entertaining.

I recall Mr. Peter Marie as a young man who was a great friend of the family and a frequent visitor. He was not a dancing man, but very bright, had a great talent for social life and no dinner at which he happened to be present ever proved a failure. I remember first meeting socially Mr. Marie, some years my senior, in 1848 at the house of my uncle, Thos. A. Emmet, then Master in Chancery for the City of New York, and living on the southwest corner of University Place and Ninth Street. This locality to Fifth Avenue, up to Fourteenth Street and down

Fifth Avenue, to Washington Square was then the centre of social life in New York City.

The recital of one reminiscence naturally leads to another, and I may therefore recall so far as I am now able to do so the names of different families living in this neighborhood. Opposite Mr. Emmet's house lived John R. Livingston and family, rather quiet people but connected with and known to every one. Next door lived the granddaughters of Louis Morris, Jr., who was a son of Louis Morris one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence from New York. During the Revolution their grandfather served with Gen. Nathaniel Greene in South Carolina, where he married and lived until his death. Miss Sabina Morris and her sister were said to have been at that time the handsomest women in New York. One of them married a member of the Porter family, who owned the American side of Niagara Falls. The other branches of the Morris family still lived in the country on their estates like their neighbors the Van Courtlands. The head of the Van Courtland family whom I knew was Dr. Bibby, a grandson of a Hessian surgeon in the English army who remained in New York after the Revolution. He married one of the family and took the name. On the northeast corner of Ninth Street and University Place was the house of the head of Brown Brothers, a firm then most prominent in building up the financial reputation of New York. Directly in the rear and in Ninth Street was the house of Mr. Allen, a member of the firm of Brown Brothers and a son-in-law, who lost his wife and all his children in the steamer *Arctic* which was never heard of after leaving port. Among the large passenger list of this ship were the names of many members of families prominent in New York. Next door, to the north of the Browns, lived my uncle, Mr. Edward Boonen Graves, the head of an old mercantile firm of New York. Next to the opposite corner in Ninth Street lived Mr. Goodrich, then an old man, but still known as "Peter Parley," who, particularly in his earlier writing, gave more information and pleasure to the young people of this country before the middle of the last century than any other writer. Yet in his ignorance of special information he was often unjust to the Catholics and Jews. Around the corner in Eighth Street towards Broadway lived Judge Ulshoeffer whose daughters were intimate friends. At a ball given by them I saw for the last time Washington Irving, whom I knew. He did not die immediately after, but it was the last time we ever met. I remember him as most considerate for young people, whom he never forgot. The cast in his eye, instead of detracting from his appearance, increased the expression of his benevolence, for which he was noted. At this ball I was presented to Miss Semmes of Washington, the most beautiful creature I ever saw,

whom I had the pleasure of knowing in after-life as a schoolmate of my wife. Her brother, then in the U. S. N. and afterward the commander of the *Alabama*, was present at the same ball. I did not make his acquaintance but knew well his brother Thomas, the distinguished lawyer of New Orleans. Among a large number of persons living in this neighborhood, I will mention the name of Mr. Putnam, a prominent citizen, and the founder of the house of G. P. Putnam's Sons, our noted publishers, who then lived on the south side of Eighth Street, between University Place and Fifth Avenue.

On the corner of Fourteenth Street and Fourth Avenue, where the German Savings Bank now stands, was then the site of Broadway's market, one of the largest uptown. Broadway weighed about four hundred pounds and generally remained all day where he was placed in the morning, but he knew every one and no man enjoyed a joke or a good story more than he did. One morning on going there to order my dinner I found him convulsed with laughter and close on to having an apoplectic attack. In time he was able to tell me: "Your friend the judge around in Broadway has just gone and he has his bile so stirred up he will be sick if he does n't look out, and he blames me. He was in here yesterday and you know he is always finding fault with the prices and how much it costs him to feed his family. After spluttering some time he got out with it and said: 'Now you know, Broadway, the doctors are all saying it is very unhealthy to eat so much meat, and my women downstairs eat a lot of it. Now have n't you got something that is not so appetizing, for they certainly will be sick if they eat so much meat.'" Broadway said he pointed out to the judge a goose which he said he could have for fifty cents, stating that it would look well, but that his women would not overeat themselves with it. The judge said "just the thing and mind you mark it for the kitchen." He had never seen the judge look so happy, he said. At the door he came back and stated he had forgotten to tell him that he would have some friends to dine with them that evening—"so send me a good roasting piece of beef and mind that there is a plenty of tenderloin with it."

The judge had called that morning under the impression that Broadway had been responsible in some way for a mistake which had mortified him exceedingly. The judge it would seem did not appreciate the possibility that the cook had evidently some knowledge of gooseflesh and of making the proper use of a good thing when she had the opportunity. At least she and the women downstairs enjoyed the tenderloin for their dinner, and the goose was served for the dinner upstairs. As all present at the projected feast had long passed the period of life when much could be expected from the remains of what nature had provided

in early life for mastication, nothing could be done with the goose, as its resilient properties proved too much for them. If they got any benefit from the goose they must have resorted to a procedure claimed to have been practised in Ireland during the great famine, and called "potatoes and point." A red herring would be suspended over the pot, and as each took out a potato it would with all due ceremony be pointed towards the herring, and it was claimed that quite a fishy flavor was thus imparted to the *pomme de terre*. My friend the judge being of Dutch origin probably never heard of the Irish method, and it may be that it was just as well. Never having had an occasion for trying "potatoes and point" I cannot speak from experience, but I doubt as to its efficacy even with a *goose* and especially in a case where nothing was left to the imagination.

The judge had accused the cook of having deliberately made the exchange, but he said she had the most innocent face he had ever seen. He concluded by saying: "I do not like to be uncharitable but somehow I can't help thinking she knew that goose was tough, and yet she looked so innocent. But I have heard some of these Irish people can keep a wonderful straight face when they are up to some of their deviltry!"

Six months after my appointment as Visiting Physician and late in the winter of 1852-3, I nearly lost my life in the discharge of my duty. There was a blizzard with a fall of snow I have never since seen equalled, and for two days there was scarcely any attempt made to travel on foot or by vehicle. I lived in Fourth Avenue near Twelfth Street, and in front of my door was the track of the Harlem and New Haven Railroad, which had its station then near the southeast corner of Canal Street, and in Broadway. Early in the morning of the third day a car passed with a steam snow-plough to open the way. I decided it was my duty, as the youngest man of the Medical Board, to make an attempt to reach the hospital on Ward's Island, where I knew no Visiting Physician had been able to report for service for four days. I was two hours on this train before reaching my station at One Hundred and Tenth Street, and where the railroad crossed the Harlem flats there was an open waste covered with snow three or four feet deep, and frequently I found drifts over my head. It was several hours before I was able to reach the ferry-house on the river, and, notwithstanding the thermometer was at zero or below, I was in a profuse perspiration in consequence of the great exertion I had made. The river had been frozen over, as well as the greater portion of Hell-Gate, but it was flood-tide, and when I reached the river it was filled with large cakes of ice piling up on each other from the force of the current. I could induce no one among the ferrymen to accompany

Emmet Crossed on the Ice
and Foot of 110th Street where Dr.
Emigrant Refuge Hospital, Ward's Island,

Emigrant Refuge Hospital, Ward's Island,
and Foot of 110th Street where Dr.

Emmet Crossed on the Ice



Front View of the State Emigrant Refuge and Hospital Institutions, Ward's Island.

me in my effort to cross; but this did not discourage me, as I was strong, self-reliant, and foolhardy. I took a light flat-bottomed skiff with each oar secured in a grummet and crossed the river by dragging the boat from one piece of ice to another. Several times I fell in, getting wet above my waist, but I finally succeeded in landing on the island with my clothing frozen on me, and in quite an exhausted condition. I got a drink of brandy and visited my own patients, together with a number in the other services, wherever my advice was needed. I recrossed the river in the same manner, but with less exertion, as there were a number of open spaces where I was able to row. It was just dark when I reached the little railroad station on the viaduct, which I found empty, without a fire, and with the prospect of freezing to death before morning if no train passed.

I should have remained at the hospital, but it was before the days of local telegraphs or telephones and I was unwilling to subject my family to so many additional hours of uncertainty. A train came up, fortunately, soon after and stopped on my signal, so that I reached home after twelve hours' exposure, with my strength greatly overtaxed and weak from fasting all day, as I had neither time nor thought at the hospital to take any food.

I have detailed these circumstances as my experience was an interesting one from a medical standpoint. To my surprise, I took no cold and next day suffered only from fatigue, but after some days I developed rheumatic fever and lay for six weeks on cotton, during which time I believe not a joint in my body, except my spine, escaped the inflammatory action. After I began to sit up, I suffered for a few days from sudden attacks of palpitation and from syncope. Later on I twice dropped out of my chair unconscious for a moment in consequence of a draft of cold air caused by a window being opened suddenly behind me. But I convalesced, and from that time I have never been conscious until of late of any heart disturbance, beyond an occasional intermitting pulse not due to organic disease. I can at my age ascend a stairway, so far as my broken leg will allow me, with as little disturbance of my respiration as at any time in my life.

I, however, did not regain my strength beyond a certain point and was in consequence advised to go to Bermuda for a change, as I had been actively engaged in professional work for a number of years with but little recreation. I made the voyage accompanied by my mother, sister, and a young friend of the latter.

Before reaching Bermuda I was apparently fully restored. The visit led to a delightful reunion for my mother with all her relatives and old friends she had not seen for so many years. My great-uncle, Prof.

George Tucker, of the University of Virginia, came from Bermuda and when he had become settled, my grandmother and my mother, his niece, paid him a visit, as he had left Bermuda early in life. My mother met my father for the first time at the University and they were married a few months after.

In Bermuda we were entertained apparently by every one, and at the dinners, which were the chief functions, the Madeira wine was a prominent feature. The wine in the cellars of some of the old gentlemen had become famous through the appreciation of the army and navy officers who had been stationed there and I, as a stranger, was called on to do my duty. The custom of toasting each guest was still in vogue, as an excuse for refilling the glasses, but as I was not an *habitué*, I soon got an attack of the gout, my first and last experience. The taste of these old gentlemen seemed to have been developed to a remarkable degree. At a dinner I heard the story, with the names given, of the two old gentlemen of a past generation, who were noted for their accuracy of taste. One insisted that the particular wine had a taste of iron or rust, and the other was equally as positive that it was one of leather. To settle the bet which resulted, the cask was emptied when a large key was found with a leather thong attached.

We paid a visit to the Tucker family at the Bridge House, in Somerset Parish, which was built in the middle of the eighteenth century by Chief-Justice John Tucker, my great-grandfather, and I am the happy possessor of his hall-clock used at the time. During our visit the young ladies and I were invited to attend a grand military ball to be given at St. George's, about twenty miles distant. I had not entirely recovered from my attack of gout, and as the fashion was to have the trousers fitted over the boots like a gaiter, and to extend nearly to the toes, it was always necessary to remove boots and trousers together, so that I was obliged to go in my slippers. I accompanied them to the reception-room, and having secured a chaperon I settled down to spend the evening with the Irish Corporal of the Guard and with my foot elevated. The Corporal was very amusing but I found I was no match for him in "swapping" stories, as he had the advantage of the punch bowl and I had sworn off. To my surprise, the ladies reported they were ready to return several hours earlier than I had expected. On our return, my sister told me that the officer detailed by the Master of Ceremonies to look after her especially had evidently been the instrument for emptying at least one decanter of wine at dinner, and was then fully under its effects. As a consequence, he made the most extravagant expression of his devotion and insisted that she should test his sincerity. So urgent did he become that at last she made him kneel in front of her and with his knife cut off all the but-

tons from the front of his uniform, handing them to her one by one. While he was at work, from the difficulty he had in maintaining the upright position, his progress was slow. He necessarily stopped all the dancing and with the spectators looking on very much amused at his dilemma. After she had received all the buttons from him, she bade him good-night and left the room.

My first impulse was to take a hand, but he was so much laughed at that I was asked to let the matter drop, and I did so. As he had to appear on parade early next morning without his buttons, he was fully punished by the reprimand of the commanding officer.

I found in the Bridge House some very old family portraits, going back to the early part of the eighteenth century, which I had reproduced. All the woodwork of the old house was of Lebanon cedar and the sides of the rooms on the first floor were wainscoted and panelled in the same wood. The effect was beautiful where darker portions from the roots were inserted, giving many shades and a great variety of colors.

One day as I was driving I saw close in shore from the cliff at the lighthouse a most remarkable scene in a fight between two male whales, each of which was at least seventy feet in length and the encounter lasted over an hour. They would swim toward each other rapidly, head on, and butt; then turning suddenly they would slap each other with their tails and the sound from the blows could be distinctly heard on shore.

Among the coral reefs extending for miles out from the coast, there were clear spaces between the reefs, and on a still and bright day a view of one of these spots was a remarkable sight. Many of the fishing boats had a large plate of glass placed on one side of the keel and through this glass, by covering the head, as a photographer, it was possible with somewhat of a magnifying effect to see everything going on and to a great depth. The spectacle presented was a most fascinating one, from the great variety in shape of the vegetable growths, far in excess of anything ever seen on land and the countless shades from every color in the spectrum, which could never be reproduced artificially; with the oddest-looking fish of every color, shape, and size and some with the most ludicrous expression of every emotion, with that of toothache, headache, dyspepsia, of the *blasé*, and I saw one looking as if he had picked up somewhere the greenest kind of an unripe apple. Cruikshank must have found there the "Artful Dodger" expression and even that of Fagin, and I saw the caricatures of so many persons I have known in the flesh, that I spent hours in thus amusing myself. The shark cannot be admired under this exhibit, as he was everywhere seen as a sneak, and the most consummate coward among all the denizens of the sea.

Passing along the dock-front of Hamilton quite late one night, I was suddenly overpowered by the subtle fragrance of Bermuda onions being fried! As I stood spellbound, I was saluted: "Say, Doc, don't you want some supper?" I recognized the voice of the captain of the brig *Trinidad*, from whom I had engaged passage for my return to New York, and I immediately took steps to show that I considered him worthy of my friendship. I enjoyed greatly what I supposed was a beefsteak, of fair quality, with a basis of fried onions, and some beer. The next day I was told I had eaten part of a whale I had seen a few days before, which was about one hundred feet in length, from which the blubber had been removed, when, by law, the negroes and others are entitled to remove as much of the flesh as they wanted. When I saw the whale and stood on its back it had just been secured to the bank and already, as I could feel, a countless number of sharks were tugging away at the carcass.

While I was in Bermuda I was told a shark twenty-seven feet in length was caught, and in its stomach were the leg-bones of a man crushed off at the thigh and encased in a high cowhide boot, the sole of which was filled with large-headed iron tacks. The flesh had all been digested from the bone, but the heavy boot and leg-bones in it must have given the shark a long period of various symptoms of dyspepsia, with a gloomy prospect ahead. The question is yet by no means settled that a shark, except probably in the East Indian waters, will attack a living body under ordinary circumstances. In Bermuda I learned nearly all found there are of the so-called "man-eating" variety, yet there had never been a well authenticated instance of any one having been attacked while in bathing. The shark's sight seems to be defective, as his first impulse is to put his snout against whatever he sees, probably to smell it, if that sense could be exercised under water and in the absence of free air. The sponge-hunters never seem to be injured, and frequently strike the shark on the snout, or if alone stick their knife in him should he be too persistent in his attentions. He is beyond all doubt a scavenger by choice, and the finding of the leg in his stomach would prove nothing, as it would be more likely he had obtained it from the dead body of a sailor who had fallen overboard from some ship.

The old brig *Trinidad* was the best vessel I could find, as we returned home rather late in the season, and while I did not expect a great deal, even that little was not for the better and we had to bear with much before we reached New York. She was an old tub which had been used for years as a cattle ship, to supply with fresh beef the military and naval officers stationed in Bermuda. We began our voyage with a wind which promised to take us at least some eighteen or twenty miles beyond the coral reefs. But we had scarcely gotten out of Hamilton harbor before

it died out and we lay a week off the same point, rolling in the hot sun until the pitch began to ooze from the seams in the deck, and I never before saw water in a long roll so like oil. The only objects seeming to have any energy or to make a movement unless obliged to were the sharks, which were in constant motion about the vessel day and night and seemed to be in myriads. The captain said they would keep about the vessel until she passed Sandy Hook, and then wait outside and return with the vessel to Bermuda. When on his way to Bermuda with a load of cattle, sometimes several a day would die and be thrown overboard, and the sharks would seize on them immediately. He undertook to point out one shark in particular which he stated had been with him every voyage he had made in years. He claimed to be able to recognize the fish from a large white scar it had on its body, as the result of some shot or injury. The water was so clear that I attempted to pick out the particular shark and several times I thought I saw the large white mark. The circumstance, however, would render the case doubtful, as it is well known that the shark, pompano, and other scavengers of the sea always eat the wounded as soon as their blood begins to escape from a wound.

The voyage lasted seventeen days, and as there was not a great deal to do beyond giving a helping hand to the sailors, the need for refreshment was of frequent occurrence. As we had a cargo of Bermuda onions, I frequently ate them raw, as I might have done from a cargo of apples, and I got to be very fond of them.

One day, while we were still rolling off the Naval Station, I was roused by the captain from my nap in a hammock I had swung up in a shady place on deck, and a *New York Herald* was handed to me. The first thing which caught my eye was an account of the dreadful Norwalk accident on the New Haven Railroad, where two cars filled with passengers, with the engine and baggage cars, had been run into the river from an open drawbridge.

There had been a meeting for several days in New York of the American Medical Association, and these cars were filled with New England delegates returning home. Many had their wives with them, and all in one or two cars were drowned. After looking over the list of dead I expressed my thanks there was no one in the list I knew or had ever heard of.

My mother had not been well for some time, and while on the passage I determined to take her up to a noted water-cure establishment at Florence, near Northampton, Mass., where I felt she would be benefited by observing the exacted course of exercise, diet, and hours of sleep. A few days after our arrival in New York I took her up there, and one of the first persons I was introduced to was Miss Catherine R. Duncan, a

daughter of the late Mr. John Duncan of Autauga County, Alabama, near Montgomery, and she in time became my wife. Among the list of dead by the Norwalk accident as printed in the *Herald*, prominent reference was made to a number of her family supposed to have been lost. These were on their way to join Mrs. Harris, her sister, and herself, who were staying in the establishment on account of Mrs. Harris's health. Their brother, sister, and Mrs. Harris's children happened to be in the third passenger car, which was broken in two and rested on the top of the submerged ones, and the passengers in it were not thrown into the water.

After the return in the following autumn of the Harris and Duncan family to the home of Mr. N. R. Harris, a prominent lawyer of Montgomery, Alabama, the date of our marriage yet remained undetermined on account of Mrs. Harris's health. At length it was decided we should be married on February 14, 1854. The railroad had not yet been completed through to Montgomery, and in consequence of a storm and "wash-out" on the road, the letter fixing the date of our marriage was delayed and did not reach me until it was scarcely possible for me to arrive in Montgomery in time unless I fortunately made every connection. The letter reached me just before the hour of my dinner, at six o'clock, and as soon as I had finished, I hastened down to my tailor, who had his shop in Fulton Street. To show that the vanity of human generations has never been confined to any one period, I will state that I stood two hours or more until several pairs of trousers were cut and basted upon my legs, as it was then the fashion to have the fit as tight as possible over the thighs and at the same time to admit of their removal. When I look at the shrunk, crooked, and wabbling appendages with which I am at the present time connected, I can only console myself with the reflection that at one time in my life they were more presentable.

My "get-up" for a travelling suit after marriage was of a thin woollen cloth in small black and white checks, with a cap, cravat, gaiters, and in black and white enamel my shirt studs and sleeve buttons were all to match in pattern and color. My coat had a breast pocket outside for the handkerchief, from which it was expected to project to the fullest extent short of falling out, and the whole was based on a glove-fitting pair of low-quarter shoes of patent leather, and black silk stockings. This was considered by the projector as a most striking and attractive combination and one to excite the envy of all young women who had not "come to it."

My whole outfit of several suits was finished and delivered at my house the next morning by six o'clock, was packed, and I caught the train leaving at eight for the South. By good luck I made all the connections and in three days I arrived, the night before the day appointed.

As I was not a Catholic we were married in Mr. Harris's house, with

only a few intimate friends present, in consequence of the uncertainty of my arrival.

That night we started down the Alabama River on a steamboat for Mobile and New Orleans, where I made the acquaintance of a host of friends and we were entertained by every one who knew my wife. Among her old friends I met in New Orleans was John A. Campbell, afterward a judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, and who resigned at the beginning of the Civil War. He was arrested after the war with Mr. Jefferson Davis and others connected with the Confederate Government and confined in Fortress Monroe. These prisoners were well crowded together in the casemates and were not treated with any special consideration—the common criminal would have received more. Judge Campbell was a frequent visitor at my house. He was educated at West Point, a man of great learning, and was considered by those who knew him as possessing the best legal mind of his day. During his last visit, at the urgent request of the family, he gave a detailed account of his imprisonment, and one illustration will serve as fully for the purpose as more. He stated that their food was served in bulk, generally half-cooked salt pork and hardtack, by a not over-clean negro in a brown-soap box, to the side of which the particles of soap were still adhering, when, throwing the box from his shoulder to the floor to give due notice to all, he would shout out, "Here men is your vittils," and fingers and teeth had to do the disintegration.

From New Orleans we took passage on one of the magnificent floating palaces of that day, to ascend the Mississippi River, an undertaking then far more of a circumstance than an ocean voyage to Europe at the present time. The passage required from ten to twelve days, and as there were then no competing railroads, the cost of a first-class passage was so great as to be prohibitory for all but the well-to-do. The society was therefore only among the educated and quiet people, as there were no vulgar and "shoddy" rich in those days. The time of our passage was in the spring and the boat was crowded with the Louisiana planters and their families who were going North to spend the summer, or were on their way to Europe. I have no recollection at any other period of my life or within the same number of days to have ever met with so many charming people. No introduction was needed, as the respectability of every one was guaranteed from custom and the surrounding circumstances. Therefore the social intercourse was uninterrupted for the voyage at least and a longer acquaintance was only optional.

The captain and the gamblers were the people who devoted the most attention to their toilet; and the former was quite as prominent a feature on his boat as the hotel proprietor was in connection with the Washing-

ton hotel which I have described. The women were bright, educated, and nearly all had travelled abroad intelligently. I saw several instances of a woman entertaining a number of men about her, and each felt that he was taking part in the conversation. And in one instance I recall a young woman speaking English, French, and Spanish to different men standing about her, and she was able to keep up the conversation without any interruption. The attainments and average intelligence of the men at that period was certainly greater than is found to-day, and I cannot recall a single instance of holding a conversation, with the elder men especially, but I learned something new.

The stopping of the boat at night along the river bank to take in sugar and cotton, was as weird a sight as I ever witnessed. The light was furnished by burning the resinous portion of the pine-tree, or "light-wood" as it is called. This was placed in a large iron basket attached to a tall iron staff stuck in the ground when in use.

Along the lower portion of the river many of the negroes were evidently of a different race from the thick lip and flattened nose of the Congo negroes usually met with in the Atlantic States, Georgia, and Alabama, and who were originally brought from Virginia. Those on the river were taller as a rule, with as straight features as the Caucasian, and were evidently far more intelligent than the Eastern negroes. They had a chant to which they kept step while at work, which was as wild and as characteristic of Eastern origin, but at the same time it was different from that heard in Virginia. Their general appearance with better-shaped legs, reminded me very much of the Arab and the people in the north of Africa. I have been informed that these people, since the Civil War, have become educated and prosperous, and that many of them are now sugar planters, and as good citizens they meet their obligations and duties fully as well as they are discharged by the whites.

The banks of the Mississippi have been built up to such a height that in some places the bottom of the river seems now above the level of the surrounding country. As the river fills in from the mud deposit, it has become necessary to build up the levees to prevent the country from being for a greater part of the time under water, and uninhabitable. The tributaries of the river cover so large an extent of country that at any time there may be a sudden rise of the water in the river to any extent under one hundred feet in depth. The banks are constantly caving in on one side of the river or the other, as the soil is alluvial, and large trees are thus uprooted. These trees float with the current until a shallow part of the river is reached, where they ground, become embedded, and cause an obstruction from the forming of a sand-bar, which immediately changes the direction and depth of the channel. Consequently a large corps of

men under experienced engineers are occupied in keeping every portion of the river under constant supervision. The system of late years which has been organized and perfected was being practised, but to a less degree, at the time of my visit, and I have since been interested in following the details. As the depth would be constantly changing if not regulated, and as it is necessary to maintain as nearly as possible a uniform depth of water in the channel, a series of guards are so built as to direct the course of the water with such force against any given point that the mud cannot be deposited. At some periods the amount of mud held in suspension is equal to nearly half the bulk of the water, and the amount of *débris* thus carried for thousands of miles and which is finally deposited in the Gulf of Mexico, is beyond all comprehension. Already the Delta projects for many miles beyond the natural line of the coast, with the banks raised as if on a viaduct.

As a first-class passenger I had the right of access to all parts of the steamboat, a privilege I often availed myself of in the desire to see and hear everything I could. I frequently derived much diversion from the practice, and often obtained valuable information from most unexpected sources. On this trip I frequently visited the quarters of the second-class passengers and engaged them in conversation, or rather invited them to talk to me on any subject of interest to them.

Somewhere along the Arkansas side of the river a woman nearly six feet in height came aboard, with only a bundle under her arm. She was as angular and as far from being straight as a split hickory fence-rail. As soon as she was seated, she set to work, as if she had taken the contract to amuse all the other passengers, with a recital of her personal history. Hour after hour and as often as she could gain the ear of a new-comer, she repeated, as if singing the gamut: "Done had the shakes [ague] for twenty years, bin salivated seventeen times, done lost all my teef, my five husbands and all der childer done died, and now I is gwine back to my Virginia folks to rest!"

She must have been a connection of an Alabama dame of whom the following was stated: From the sudden rise of the Alabama River her house was swept from the bank and she was rescued from the roof as it was floating down the river. Her story was: "I done lost my sewing-machine and all my chickens, my husband and all the children done drowned, but thank God I done fetched my yallow dog safe."

We at length reached home, late in March and in the midst of a blizzard such as frequently favored the neighborhood of New York at that season. My wife and I were, however, received by a most affectionate family gathering, and she at once became one of the family, as if she had known every member all her life.

Chapter XIII

Began again my service in 1854 as Visiting Physician to the Emigrant Hospital—Took charge of the cholera wards in addition to my regular service—The mortality was very great as the cases were sent from the city in the last stages of the disease—Many priests and nurses died from overwork and from neglect of themselves—On two occasions I found on making my visit that all the patients and nurses had died since the day before, and yet no one connected with the hospital died who received treatment for the early symptoms, and but one physician lost his life, and he through fear of the disease—A political change in the politics of the State deprived me of my position in the hospital—I worked hard and succeeded in a short time in building up a good practice—My wife became interested in charitable work with my aunt, Mrs. LeRoy, in establishing the House of Industry and the Nursery and Child's Hospital—Townsend, "the Sarsaparilla Man," exhibited his new house for charity—Description of the house and entertainment—Tooth-brush, with a comb and hair-brush chained to each basin in the "wash-room"—Mrs. DuBois was the originator of the Nursery and Child's Hospital as well as of the annual Charity Ball, over fifty years ago—Visit from Dr. J. Marion Sims—How it happened I became connected with the Woman's Hospital Association, and afterwards became Assistant Surgeon—Spent the summer at Tucker's Island near New Rochelle where we made some warm friends—Relating to the birth of President Roosevelt—Rented a house in 1857 near New Rochelle—Purchased a house in Madison Avenue—Death of my mother—My sister married Mr. John N. A. Griswold—Marriage delayed on account of my mother's illness—A cruise with Mr. Robert Edgar on his yacht—My uncle, Mr. T. A. Emmet, of the party—Fond of playing practical jokes, from which I had suffered—An interesting story of how I gained for my uncle the spiritual aid of a clergyman in New London—But he never related his "experience"—During a visit to Newport in the summer of 1861 I had occasion to cross to Narragansett Pier—Charmed with the climate and bathing—Passed many summers there—Changes which have taken place—The bass fishing—I caught the largest fish ever taken on the coast with a rod—The mosquitoes have long been famous in certain portions—Cite an instance of death caused by them.



BEGAN again my service as Visiting Physician to the Emigrant Refuge Hospital, early in the summer of 1854. The physician who had been on duty the shortest time took charge, according to rule, of any emergency ward which had to be opened, and did so in addition to his regular work. I thus became responsible for a cholera ward, where, during my six weeks' service, eight hundred cholera cases were admitted. These



Thomas Addis Emmet, M.D.
From a water-color drawing, 1854

Emmet, Thomas Addis, M.D.



John Addison Burnett, M.D.

were generally in a state of collapse, as the greater portion were picked up in the slums of the city. I had a number of assistants, and had but little to do with the details, but the responsibility of my position was a fearful one. I spent about four hours a day going from one bed to another, aiding the attending physician, and was present at nearly all the *post-mortem* examinations. On two occasions when a larger number of bad cases than usual had been admitted, I found next morning all the patients and the nurses had died since my last visit. Yet very few cases died in the hospital proper among the nurses or patients, where they received proper and prompt treatment at the beginning. The nurses employed in the cholera wards were well paid for extra work, so that they were overworked and they relied too much on stimulants to keep up their strength. It seemed from the frequent changes as if many priests must have died, but no record was kept, at least by the hospital authorities, as to the number who lost their lives in this special service on Ward's Island. My strength was greatly overtaxed and I became so saturated with the poison that I was seldom free while on duty from some of the premonitory symptoms, but these were readily kept in check. My rest was greatly disturbed, as I would be often seized in my sleep with cramps in my fingers, toes, and in the calves of my legs. A physician coming after me, who was very apprehensive for his safety, died in a week, but he was the only medical man who lost his life in this service. That I did not die during my service in the Emigrant Refuge Hospital made me think afterwards that God probably preserved my life for some other work.

During the following autumn there was a change in the politics of the majority of the voters of the State, and the Whig party came into power, with many followers to be rewarded by office.

The hospital on Ward's Island being a State institution at once suffered by a change in the mode of administration. We were all turned out without thought for the public good, and a perfectly equipped and well-working hospital of about four thousand beds, and which had been fully developed by the untiring devotion to duty of those in charge, was wrecked. It was handed over to an irresponsible set of political office-holders who were under no adequate supervision, and, in addition to the salary we received, they were provided with a house and food for themselves and families at the public expense.

Other institutions have been erected on the island since for the insane and other purposes, but after an interval of over fifty years the portion which was under our charge has never been heard of, in connection with any original work.

As soon as I lost my place at the hospital, I at once set about develop-

ing my private practice and advanced rapidly, soon having under my care some of the most prominent families of the city.

Within a year after our marriage my wife had become interested in a number of charitable works, and gave much of her attention to the House of Industry, which my aunt, Mrs. LeRoy, had started, and to the Nursery and Child's Hospital, now located on Lexington Avenue. The managers of both these charitable undertakings had great difficulty at first in getting the public interested. Through the perseverance of Mrs. LeRoy and Mrs. DuBois, who originated the Nursery and Child's Hospital, many people of means finally became interested.

About this time there was a great effort made to put "Townsend's Sarsaparilla" on the market by every-means to be conceived of in the way of advertising. Townsend had purchased land on the northwest corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street, now occupied by the Knickerbocker Trust Company Building. On this site he built one of the largest private residences which had been erected in the city, having about fifty feet frontage, but no one was allowed to see the interior until finished. When the house was completed, Townsend, as an advertisement, offered to exhibit it for the benefit of the two fashionable charities, and to furnish, at his own expense, a supper.

The exhibition proved a grand success in numbers, and aid to the charities, and while the house accommodated several thousand, the people were coming all night as fast as they could gain admission. It seemed as if all in the city who could procure the price of admission availed themselves of the opportunity of seeing the inside of the house, which had been previously denied every one but the workmen.

A hallway, about one-third the width of the house, was the most prominent feature, as on this opened a gallery from the bedrooms around the four sides to the roof, and each story was entered from the stairway through a large door like that of an ordinary dwelling-house, and at night these were secured, to "keep out robbers." To the right on entering the house was a narrow room, and in a white marble slab were six or more stationary basins on each side, with a long looking-glass above. Each basin was provided with a comb, hair-brush, and tooth-brush, secured by a small silver-plated chain, and I was told somewhere in the neighborhood there was a barber-room, but I did not see it. Evidently Mr. Townsend expected his male guests at least were to assemble here in the mornings as a kind of social gathering, while "washing up" for the day! I was unable to get into the large parlor, but was told in as many niches the twelve Apostles were painted in heroic size, without any other pictures or decoration than the "pesco work," of which Mr. Townsend was very proud. Throughout the house this was very pro-

nounced, and he certainly received the worth of his money in the coloring. I got a peep into the dining-room and in "pesco work" there was exhibited to the best of advantage, as in an eating-house, bunches of celery, with different birds and fowls, as if hanging up on the wall. The only music was a street-organ stationed in what was to be the picture gallery on the north side, where Banvard's panorama of the Mississippi River was on exhibition all night, with a relay of men to turn the crank in turn and "keep things moving."

My aunt, Mrs. LeRoy, whom I had taken there, was so overcome by the heat and crowd that I had to leave her seated on one of the steps of the main stairway while I went off in search of a glass of water for her. I went down to the basement to reach the kitchen if possible, as the most likely place to get the water. I found the large basement hall as crowded as above and I soon found out the cause, when a man, who proved to be our host, dressed apparently in all the colors of the spectrum, passed me with an empty soap-box in his hand. As soon as he found space for his box and could mount it, I heard: "Oh, do stand back and let the folks put the victuals on the table! You need n't be afeard, every one will get his share. Oh, do stand back!" I then saw the supper-table was surrounded by a swarm of those who were going to get their money's worth. I soon found a waiter, got a glass of water, and we came home after seeing the most extraordinary collection of strange people and strange dressing ever collected together.

This Townsend finally became a bankrupt, and disappeared, but for years he kept on the docket a lawsuit to which was given every publicity, purporting to be an action between old Dr. Townsend and young Dr. Townsend, one accusing the other of using mercury or some other drug, and the sarsaparilla was sold in eight-sided bottles with the likeness of one or the other, and to satisfy the demand the druggist had to keep a double supply. Before Townsend failed from building his house and not selling one hundred thousand bottles of his sarsaparilla to pay for it, he was prosperous and built the brown-stone houses on the east side of Madison Avenue between Thirty-second and Thirty-third Streets, with a five-sided projection from each story, showing the shape of half of one of his sarsaparilla bottles. Of these buildings there are now not more than two left.

To aid the Nursery and Child's Hospital, Mrs. DuBois got up the annual Charity Ball, which for years was one of the prominent social features of the year. I was present at the first one, given over fifty years ago, in the old Academy of Music, corner of Irving Place and Fourteenth Street, and for years it was always noted as an assembly of the most prominent persons in the country. In fact, it was as exclusive as a

ball given in a private house, and this feature was maintained for years by "Old Brown," the sexton of Grace Church. Brown was employed at every notable entertainment, private or public, and had a personal acquaintance with every one who could make any pretence to being within the social circle of New York society. Gradually fashion deserted the Charity Balls, but they have been kept up with equal spirit and success for charitable purposes, by those who make little pretence to being within the exclusive "four hundred," but the function has been no less enjoyable to them.

In the early spring of 1855, I was engaged late one night with my case-book in tabulating all the features of each typhus-fever case I had treated at Ward's Island, so as to obtain as it were the natural history of the disease. It had been snowing all day and the quiet was conducive to continued work, when I was startled by a loud rap on my window. On opening the door I admitted Dr. Marion Sims, whom I had met before, but I did not recognize him until he introduced himself. He stated that his car had gotten off the track almost opposite my house, and seeing my light burning he had come in to warm himself, as he had become chilled from standing so long outside. After he had revived, seeing my table covered with papers, he asked what work I was at. On explaining the system and what I expected to accomplish, he suddenly said: "Well, doctor, you are just the man I am looking for, and if you will come up to the hospital to-morrow morning at nine o'clock I will show you something you have never seen before. I have been all the evening engaged with the board of governors in organizing a new hospital, and while I can have you to assist me, I cannot give you at present any official position, as the by-laws require my assistant should be a woman." I was punctual next morning and saw in the Woman's Hospital Association building something which I had never seen before. I saw the repair of an injury, resulting from parturition, which had become of frequent occurrence and incurable until Dr. Sims had invented certain instruments and had resorted to the use of fine silver wire instead of silk.

A building on the present site of 93 Madison Avenue, and which afterward formed part of my private hospital, was selected, to enable Dr. Sims to demonstrate his method.

I did not realize that it was to be part of my life's mission to render this loathsome and almost incurable injury not only curable, but that I was to be the means of restoring to perfect health nearly six hundred women thus afflicted, and finally to discover the cause and thereby revolutionize the obstetrical practice of the world, so that now the occurrence of this injury is almost unknown.

After my long hospital service it was easy for me to write up a history

of all the cases and to make drawings to illustrate, when it was necessary, the condition of each, and thus to relieve Dr. Sims of all details in relation to the medical administration. The doctor was always genial to me and I was acquiring information rapidly by looking on, but unfortunately I had been impressed from early life with the necessity of punctuality, while Dr. Sims seemed to have but little appreciation as to the value of time. Moreover, as I had no right to operate, or to do anything towards treating a patient until specially directed by Dr. Sims to do so, the loss of time to which I was subjected became a serious matter. About two months after I had begun to visit the hospital, one of my family became ill and this necessitated the removal to the country for the summer. After coming to town by appointment to meet Dr. Sims and to assist him, for ten consecutive days, at an average cost of three dollars a day, which I could not afford in addition to my other expenses, and waiting the whole afternoon without seeing him, I absented myself for nearly three months. I then received a communication from the secretary of the Board of Lady Managers stating: "It seems as if nothing has been done in the hospital since you left," and stating, if I would return, the position of Assistant Surgeon and five hundred dollars a year was offered me. I gladly accepted the position, but declined the salary, as I knew that the hospital needed it more than I did, although it would have been a material aid to me. On my return, Dr. Sims would appoint two o'clock in the afternoon to operate, and I had to wait several hours before I could be certain that he would not come, and on my next visit I would learn that he had come in and had already operated at seven o'clock the following morning. I finally stated to him that in his absence, as Assistant Surgeon I was responsible, and that as I had to work hard for my living I could not afford to lose the time I had been doing. I said I had therefore made up my mind for the future to wait for him ten minutes, and if I did not hear from him, I should proceed to operate. He kindly slapped me on the shoulder and said: "Old Emmet, don't worry!" After I had regularly operated for a while, an understanding was established between us, by being punctual when he wished to operate on any special case, and I was left afterward to do at least two-thirds of the operating and to attend to all the other details.¹

¹ Some years after, on my way to Montgomery, Alabama, where my wife was on a visit, I landed from a steamer at Charleston, S. C. My trunk had been mislaid and was only found in time to be placed on board as the train was moving off. I threw myself in a seat, heated and irritable, when a man alongside addressed me by asking, "When did you leave New York?" I answered: "On Saturday, but what is that to you, sir?" He apologized for speaking and said: "I am a detective from New York, and have seen you for the past five or six years pass the corner of Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue every day about a quarter to two." I was then on my way to the hospital, to arrive at two o'clock, and he was on his way to business at the same hour. Both being punctual, we passed each other on the corner, and

The Managers of the Woman's Hospital Association resolved to close the institution during the summer months of 1856. As several branches of my family resided at New Rochelle and several families under my professional care were also to pass the summer there, I decided to do likewise.

I finally secured quarters on Tucker's Island, now known as Premium Point and the country residence of Mr. Oliver Iselin. Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, an old friend, and wife, with a family of two small children, were also to spend the summer there. One of the youngsters, a boy, became the President of the United States, and he has claimed I brought him into the world. It is quite possible I did so, as their family physician was then well advanced in life and I had frequently to take his place, but I can not now recall the circumstance. I have, however, a very distinct recollection of my care and responsibility during the period he was teething, for he was a very delicate child and his life was saved only by the most careful watching. He is indebted indirectly to me for being now a strong and healthy man, as I was instrumental somewhat in having his father send him as a growing boy on to a ranch out West, although he had not been under my charge for some years. The brother of Mrs. Roosevelt was also an old friend, and I had long known his mother's family. He was Capt. James D. Bulloch of Georgia, and of the U. S. Navy until the Civil War, when he resigned and became the Naval Representative of the Confederate States in Europe. His service proved most efficient as through his agency were fitted out the *Alabama* and other Confederate privateers. Three of Mr. Roosevelt's brothers with their wives passed the summer at Tucker's Island, and we were all young married people passing together a most delightful season.

In the spring of 1857, my wife being in impaired health and with a child only a few months old, I rented for several years a cottage, situated on the Pelham road near New Rochelle. It was then in a most dilapidated condition; consequently the rent was a nominal one, but I had made up my mind as to what I could do with it. On my first visit to take possession I drove a cow out of the house and from the room which was to be our parlor. Mr. Robert Edgar, who had married my cousin, a daughter of Mr. Wm. H. LeRoy, and another cousin, Mr. Wm. J. Emmet, had their residences quite near, on the island now belonging to the N. Y. Athletic Club. Mr. Edgar and I had many tastes in common, and he assisted me to get the house in order. We built the front piazza,

he being trained to observe people recollected my face, while I, with my mind as active in another line, had not noticed his. Some Irish writer has stated: "All Irishmen consider *punctuality the thief of time.*" I cite this instance as certainly being an exception to the rule, or my American nativity has already changed my nature in this respect.



Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Addis Emmet, 1860





Purchased House on Madison Avenue 169

which has stood to the present day; we partially relaid some of the floors and with a few new shingles and a good supply of paint skins we put the roof in order. He painted all the woodwork, while I covered the walls of every room with a cheap, but pretty, paper. We cut the grass and laid out the needed walks, got a few pots of flowers from town, and with the aid of a man we started a respectable kitchen garden. With some bed-ticking I made an awning for the piazza and all the windows, and at a cost of a little less than two hundred dollars we turned out as pretty a little box as could be pictured.

In the autumn of 1857 I purchased one of the four English basement houses, on Madison Avenue, between Twenty-eighth and Twenty-ninth Streets. I built a greenhouse in addition for my mother, over a portion of the back yard, and opening into the dining-room. She had brought a number of her plants from Virginia,—many were older than I,—and she had managed to keep them about her in good condition. She considered the collection as one of great value, and I recollect the blooming of a fine specimen of the Century plant which a number of persons called to see. The remembrance of my mother's happiness and full enjoyment which she derived from this greenhouse for several years previous to her death gave me great satisfaction. From her enthusiastic love of these plants she always insisted upon attending herself to all the details in relation to their care. Early in the winter of 1859 she contracted an attack of pneumonia from which she died January, 1859. Her funeral took place at St. Mark's Church, Ninth Street and Second Avenue, and her remains were deposited in my uncle's vault in the Second Street Marble Cemetery. Several years after, on selling the house, I presented the Central Park Commission with the whole collection of plants, and at the present time it doubtless forms a portion of those in the Botanical Gardens of Greater New York.

My sister was engaged to be married to Mr. John N. A. Griswold. The wedding was delayed on account of the condition of her mother's health, but took place quietly on the following February 29th, at St. Mark's Church.

I recall an interesting circumstance in relation to this portion of Madison Avenue between Twenty-eighth and Twenty-ninth Streets. During a period of twelve months, including, I think, a portion of 1867-68, there were born thirteen children in nine houses. A birth at least in every house on the block, the other lots being covered by two churches and my private hospital. Three women bore seven children; and six others, one each. The addition to the population rated: one premature birth, five full-term singly, triplets, and two sets of twins. Four young doctors were

the fathers of one premature, one at full time, triplets, and twins. During this period I had a patient in my private hospital suffering from epithelioma, a form of cancer from injury, due to being a grandmother at thirty-four. Both she and her daughter had given birth to a child between sixteen and seventeen years of age. A young lady friend of mine, recently married, was urged to take the house next above me, which was occupied after by Dr. Fordyce Barker. Her answer was: "Nothing could induce me to live in such a neighborhood."

In September, 1859, I went on a cruise with Mr. Robert Edgar in the *Widgeon*, a large schooner yacht, owned by himself and his two brothers, William and Newbold. The party in addition consisted of my uncle, Mr. Thomas A. Emmet, then Master in Chancery for the City of New York, and two other gentlemen. We had a delightful run through the Vineyard Sound and to the Cape. On our return we stopped over a day at New London. We went ashore in the afternoon and passed a church where a revival was being conducted, and went in expecting to hear a noted preacher. My uncle was very fond of playing practical jokes, and on several occasions just before he had gotten the best of me. In consequence of the respect due him I was somewhat handicapped in not having full swing. The afternoon was very warm, and we had tired out the old gentleman so much by walking him around, that he soon rested his head on the top of the pew before him and dropped off into a doze, notwithstanding the singing and shouting going on around him. There was a clergyman praying and going about the church exhorting sinners to repentance and to come up and take a seat on the "anxious bench." As he passed me I beckoned to him and said, "There is an elderly gentleman three or four benches behind me who is a very worthy soul, well worth your prayers, and it would be well for you to speak to him and offer them to him." On looking back he seemed suspicious, and said, "He evidently takes no interest in my work as he has gone to sleep!" I answered, as if my feelings were hurt from undue suspicion: "No, you are entirely mistaken; it is a peculiarity of his always to put his head down in that manner when he is in the deepest meditation and prayer. I have not spoken to him, but seeing him in that position has prompted me to call your attention to him, and for the 'awakening' which has been so long delayed with him."

When he started for my uncle my steps were directed to the door, and as the clergyman affectionately put his arms around my uncle's neck and patted him on the shoulder in the most encouraging manner, my uncle started up in his surprise and I heard him exclaim, "Bless my soul!" This no doubt encouraged the clergyman to renewed efforts and to take him in hand, but I could not honestly see there was any

inducement to encourage me to remain longer, from any motive of curiosity.

The others seeing my hasty retreat, without knowing the cause, for it might have been supposed by a stranger seeing my haste, that I had picked some one's pocket, got out as quickly as possible. I at once removed all suspicion, if there had existed one, by describing the situation, and by assuring them that I had not acted from any criminal motive. We made a very disorderly retreat to the boat, in consequence of our bursts of laughter, and waited for my uncle's arrival. We were very grave when he reached the boat with all his hackles awry. But I diverted suspicion at once by assuming the air of injured innocence in stating that we did not know what had happened to him. He knew he had his head down and supposed we had passed out without seeing him, and had been looking for him in the hot sun. He never suspected that we knew anything about "his experience," and if the clergyman succeeded in getting him to give it to those present at the meeting, we were none the wiser, as he never made the slightest reference to what had happened to him.

I spent the summer of 1861 at Newport, R. I., and having to cross in a sailboat to see a patient below Narragansett Pier near the lighthouse, was struck with the dry and pure air of that neighborhood, something remarkable on the seashore. At that time there could be found scarcely a bush below Narrow River large enough to shelter a rabbit. As there was an English or French fleet anchored off Newport harbor during the whole Revolution, and more or less of an American army on the land side to the west of Kingston, all the timber was cut off down to Point Judith. This left the soil open to the action of the sun, and as the prevailing wind during the summer was from the southwest, by passing over seven miles of sandy soil the moisture was evaporated before it reached the Pier. For years this was the only spot on the coast where a rheumatic person, or one with bronchial trouble, could remain in safety. To-day the climate is quite as damp a one as at Newport, and there is about the same amount of fog, while forty or fifty years ago fog in Narragansett, unless in stormy weather, was unknown during the summer months; and the same thing could be said of the mosquitoes. This change has all been brought about by the extensive planting of trees, with such an extent of undergrowth as now exists.

While we are noticing the changes at the Pier, I might place on record my experience in relation to the fishing. My poor wife was made a martyr from being roused every night by an alarm-clock, when I would get up and, with something to eat, be off to the rocks, ready at daylight to try my luck for the striped bass. When I first went to Narragansett,

on almost any day along the rocks, I could catch a school bass weighing under ten pounds, and from a boat with a drop line the fishing was good with the blackfish large and numerous. The large striped bass, however, were not caught unless the water was stirred up by a recent storm. Then, if a supply of fresh menhaden or bony fish could be obtained, I seldom failed to catch one or more fish under thirty or forty pounds. But the natives, with their dragnets, soon drove these fish away, so that it is rarely now that a bass of any size is taken with a rod along the coast. As the fish became scarce and the number of fishermen increased from the number of visitors, it was often difficult to get a position, and with the wind off the coast to aid me in casting. I have slept many a night on the rocks to hold the position I wished for the next day's fishing. One night, I think during the summer of 1867, I slept on the rocks at the end of the beach near the mouth of Narrow River and it rained hard for the greater portion of the night. From daylight, about four o'clock, I fished all day without having had a strike, and during the afternoon had changed to light tackle for school bass, but without any better success. There were four or five persons with me, of whom Dr. John G. Perry, then practising in New York and one of my assistants, and Mr. William C. Pennington of Baltimore, are now the only survivors. About seven o'clock all became anxious to get back in time for dinner; I begged to have another cast for good luck, and after putting on half of a menhaden for a fresh bait, I made my cast at a good distance. The bait was seized as it struck the water by some monster, which went directly out to sea and so rapidly that in a minute or two nearly the whole of my line of two hundred yards was off the reel. Fortunately the fish turned but came as rapidly back to the rock so that I had great difficulty in reeling in the slack fast enough to leave no free line. It came up within ten feet of me and I saw that I had hooked an unusually large striped bass. It was as quick as a trout in its action, and would suddenly jump five or six feet in the air and try to shake the hook out of its mouth. As my leader was but a double catgut snell I could do nothing more than give him no free line, and play him until he was drowned. In about forty minutes I killed him, and with tackle a ten-pound fish could have broken as easily as a cobweb if the strain had been put upon it. I had fortunately hooked him in the angle of the jaw, and the weight of the line itself was sufficient to keep his mouth open and drown him.

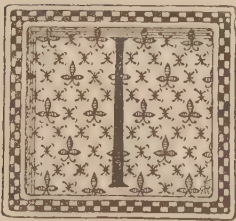
This fish was six feet and a half in length, and on the following morning it weighed seventy-nine pounds, having "dried out" at least four pounds in that time. I gave it to the fisherman who was with me, and he sold it to the Metropolitan Hotel in New York. It was boiled whole and served on a board like a "plank" shad, as no dish could hold it.

This was the largest striped bass, so far as I have been able to ascertain, ever taken with a rod off the Narragansett coast and the more remarkable to have been saved with such light tackle.

Along the back waters of the Narrow River, up to Tower Hill, has always been noted for the size and number of the mosquitoes to be found there, and if the Jersey mosquitoes could be made to realize the truth, they would cease to exact any further claim in that region as to credit for size and nipping qualities. In this connection I might mention a curious incident which to me, as a Southern man was one of great interest when I first read the account. The old Boston turnpike to New York ran along the crest of Tower Hill until after the Revolution, and where the former Tower Hill House now stands, was then the site of a large tavern where the stage coaches always stopped for changing horses and for meals served the travellers. The owner had a large farm about him and owned a number of negroes. There was one negro who kept running away all the time, until at last he caught him and taking him down to the salt water swamp, to the east of Tower Hill, he drove four stakes into the ground and tied this negro naked, hand and foot, as if on a St. Andrew's cross. The next morning the negro was found dead, having been killed by the mosquitoes. I cannot recall the exact date, but in a single paper taken from a volume of *The New Jersey Gazette* for 1777, which I once owned, and, as a separate illustration, in some volume bound up in the "Emmet Collection" at the Lenox Library, will be found a lengthy and detailed account of the action of the Grand Jury and of the people in the Narragansett country. After the inquest this man was driven out of the country by the people and his property was confiscated, or he lost it from being unable to look after it.

Chapter XIV

Arranged to spend my first summer at Narragansett Pier—Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, Sr., attempted to do the same—His experience—A tendency shown by those living on the seashore to disregard their word and to be unreliable—I had a house on the shore for seventeen years—Kept open house for the young people—Fancy balls and charades were always unusually good at the Pier—Miss Jane Stuart, of Newport and a daughter of Gilbert Stuart the artist, aided me in getting up a costume for one of the most noted of the balls given at the Massasoit House—I appeared as the "Unprotected Female," and I was considered a success—Reference to Mr. Allan McLane—"Aunt Didy," Mrs. Emmet's sister, who kept house for us—The method by which she was induced to have peach ice-cream oftener—Dance of "all hands round" by the young people and strengthened by the continued singing of "Old Dog Tray, ever faithful"—The point yielded through fear of being fitted for a lunatic asylum—Beginning of the Civil War—Doctrine of State Rights, Secession and Slavery, considered—The origin of "State Rights"—Virginia having withdrawn from the Union I considered she had a claim to my services—Went South as soon as Mr. Lincoln called out the troops April 19, 1861—Difficulties on the way—Arrested in Lynchburg—Finally reached Montgomery, Alabama—Advised by Mr. Davis and other members of the Confederate Government to return to my family in New York—Delays and difficulties on my return—The Mammoth Cave in Kentucky—What I saw there—Finally reached home—Began again the practice of my profession—Why I was never drafted for the army—By advice I sent a substitute—The result—The treatment received as a Democrat—The draft—How it was conducted—Everything done to exasperate the Irish people—They were forced to the draft riot—Action taken by Archbishop Hughes, who had just returned from a secret mission for the Government to Europe—What he accomplished—On the command of the Archbishop, and his pledge obtained from the Government, the Irish people remained indoors after the second day—The city became filled at once with thieves and disreputable people from every part of the country, and every effort was made to burn the city—My position an anxious one, with my family and hospital filled with patients, for whom I found it difficult to provide food—My difficulties in voting for Gen. McClellan at the Presidential election—Through the aid of a wife of one of the officials in Washington I obtained not only protection, but much assistance in being able to help many of the Confederate prisoners—Fort Delaware not a model prison—And but few of the others were any better—The Government was robbed—Condition at Andersonville—Knew Wirz—His death was a political murder—Dr. Sims went abroad to practise—The managers of the hospital contemplated closing it in consequence—I was finally allowed to continue my work on "probation," notwithstanding I had done most of the work for several years and had full charge for eighteen months, during Dr. Sims's absence.



IN consequence of appreciating the climate and bathing at Narragansett Pier, I became acquainted in 1861 with Captain Rodman, who at one time commanded a sloop which traded with Block Island. I lent him the money to put another story and to make other enlargements to his house, so that the next summer I took to his house a number of patients with a nurse. This became afterward the Revere House, and was

moved down to the coast from near the Presbyterian Church. For the past fifty years some one of the family has visited the Pier nearly every year. I was the first one to start the place as a summer resort and yet have never owned any property there, nor have I been a penny the better off for my interest in the place. I mentioned my plans to my friend, Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, on my return to the city, and as he wished me to take care of his children, he went to the Pier to make the necessary arrangements for the summer. On his return he detailed to me the following amusing account of his experience.

On inquiry as to the best man for his purpose, he was referred to Mr. “Smith” by name, we will say, as the original is still living. After talking over the matter, he made the most amicable arrangement. He then stated to Mr. “Smith” how pleased he was, but being a business man he would reduce their agreement to writing and after both had signed there could be no misunderstanding. This was done, and as “Smith” was about to attach his signature, his “better half” appeared, and seizing him by the arm, in a most tragic manner said: “You old fool, you are not going to sign that thing, are you? Don’t you know if you sign it you will have to do what you said you would?” Necessarily, Mr. Roosevelt made no further attempt to become a sojourner at Narragansett Pier.

It has often been a source of thought to me as to what it was in the salt air and the surroundings on the seacoast to make so many people lie. It must be the experience of every one as to how little dependence can be placed on the word of the average boarding-house keeper, especially if she be a woman, or on any renter of row- and sail-boats, fishermen and others, who pass their lives without change on the seacoast! This has been my experience at home and abroad as to the want of truthfulness among these people.

For seventeen years I rented a house on the present site of the Casino, where I kept open house for the young people. I had a family of fourteen persons during the greater part of the time, and we often had twenty persons in the house at every meal. There was an extra supply of mattresses and blankets kept in the garret, and so long as a place could be found on the parlor floor there was still room for another, and upstairs there was some mysterious way of disposing of the young women. There was something going on all the time to keep up the fun and frolic. The charades were always good, and I have seen several impromptu fancy balls gotten up at Narragansett Pier, where the costumes could have been more expensive, but never more clever, nor could the individual characters have been better sustained. The last one in which I recollect having taken part was given at the Massasoit twenty-five years or more

ago, and I decided to go as an "Unprotected Female." Taking a sailboat I went to Newport to see an old friend, Miss Jane Stuart, a daughter of Gilbert Stuart, the portrait painter, and the last of her family. Her grandfather settled above Narragansett at the head of Narrow River, where her father was born. Miss Stuart entered with great interest into supplying my wants, and she turned out a brown silk dress and a Leghorn straw bonnet her mother had worn in the early part of the last century, with a pair of embroidered linen mittens, which were to take the place of dress sleeves, which had only a puff at the top stuffed with hair, and from her studio she produced a wig. She moved the buttons or hooks and eyes so that the lower part of the body of the dress could be secured around my waist, and to cover the uncovered gap between my shoulders she got out a small old red Canton shawl, the ends of which were to be crossed on my breast and tucked under the belt. She found in the garret a trunk about three feet long and log-shaped, covered with a spotted red and white horse skin and ornamented with large brass nails. It was the same style of trunk I recollect seeing as a child, which my mother had taken with her on her bridal trip, holding a little more than an extra large dress-suit case of the present day, for the ladies' dresses of the period did not take up much space, as they were cut on a sufficiently scant pattern to "cling to the person."

I found in the garret an extra large blue cotton umbrella, which had belonged to her father, heavily mounted with brass, and when rolled up was very baggy in the middle. Then with a bird cage I borrowed, and a dozen or more paper packages of all sizes, and with a thick green veil I purchased to hide my mustache and my identity, my "get-up" was complete.

I was supposed to be travelling, and to avoid being left behind I was in constant quest of information as to the time when the two-o'clock train would start, and as it was unsafe evidently to trust to the information of any single person, I endeavored to obtain what I could from every one. Necessarily I had to get persons to hold my bundles, and naturally I broke up every tête-à-tête in sight, and managed to worry every one I could, in my nervous efforts to leave nothing undone which might aid me in reaching my imaginary destination. I think I prevented everything like stagnation taking place in my neighborhood, and "I had a most enjoyable evening." I can recall those who took part and with so much spirit—nearly all have long since joined the majority, but no one showed more interest than my old friend Mr. Allan McLane.

My wife's sister, "Aunt Didy," as all called her, was a good soul and every one loved her. She used to keep the house for us and showed more skill, comparatively, in managing the commissariat in the absence of

market facilities, than a financier would have to exert in Wall Street. The only manner by which she could cater for us was to take her seat on the end of the piazza nearest the road, and capture everything passing in the way of food. Peach ice-cream was a great favorite with the young people, and they had it when in season nearly every day. But sometimes the consensus was to have it oftener, and when it was too late in the day to find the material without a forage. Often being tired out with arranging for the day, Miss Duncan, naturally, was not enthusiastic on the subject of peach ice-cream, and especially when in her favorite rocking-chair, and when she might wish to take a nap or recite her rosary.

For some reason unknown to me, Miss Duncan at times was no longer enthusiastic over the tune of "Old Dog Tray," and this is a reasonable supposition for any one to hold, since she was never heard to hum or whistle the air when alone! Whenever this lack of interest was detected or imagined to exist, about eight or ten of the young people would join hands around Miss Duncan, and especially when there seemed to be on her part a lack of avidity in reference to peach ice-cream. Before entering into the most interesting feature of the occasion and the one least so to Miss Duncan, some attempt at negotiations might be made, but then, as if prompted by the evil one, or by some one else not interested in the preservation of her sanity, she would be prompted to shut her eyes to the consequences. They would then begin to sing "Old Dog Tray, ever faithful," etc., at the top of their voices, going round and round, first one way and then the other, back and forth, and widening the circle and then contracting it, until the monotony of the procedure was enough to turn her head, at least if she had vanity enough to suppose that it all was intended as a special compliment. She would hold out as long as she could, but there is a limit to human endurance, so that at last, when in a condition almost fitted for a lunatic asylum, she would yield. The compromise would rest on the youngsters getting the material from the neighborhood somewhere, and for some hours all hands would thus be kept employed and quiet.

We must now retrace our steps for a few years, as I have not been able to continue the narrative in close chronological order.

I had been closely attending to my business and seeking to obtain a support for my increasing family, and had given little heed to the political storm which was gathering over the country. Suddenly I was forced to realize that we were in the throes of a revolution and that no longer was a compromise possible, as I had been hoping would be the final settlement of our political difficulties.

It was not that I had failed to take any special interest in the political condition of the country, for I was keenly alive to it, but from knowing

what the consequence might be in case of a civil war I was misleading myself by hoping against hope. Any change at that time meant so much to me that the incentive was all the greater, before any change, to avail myself of the experience I was then gaining in a new field of study at the Woman's Hospital. My instinct was already beginning to impress me with the belief that, under favorable circumstances, this special work might be closely associated with my future success. The unexpected issue of Mr. Lincoln's proclamation on April 19, 1861, calling out the troops for three months' service, roused me at once to action. I now realized that we stood on the brink of a vortex, the result of which was beyond the foresight of all, and that the time had come when every man in the country was called upon to act. A civil war had begun. I will not term the movement a rebellion. The use of the term denotes ignorance of the formation of the United States of America. When the thirteen colonies were acknowledged free and independent by the British Government after the Revolution, each was separately recognized as a distinct country.

Thirteen sovereign States leagued and formed the Federation, which existed until it became necessary, in 1787, for a more concentrated form of administration, in the management of the affairs relating to all the States in common, and the Constitution was formed. But only after much difficulty and many compromises did these States agree to yield certain individual powers for the common good, in the formation of the Constitution, which was but a Power of Attorney to be intrusted to an Administration. Each State, however, as a party to the compact, reserved to itself all and every other power not designated. It never was intended by the parties forming the Constitution that *A United States Government*, nor more than an Executive, should have any existence within the United States, or within three miles of the coast. Beyond this distance and abroad the world over, the power of the Administration, as the United States Government, came into being to protect the rights of every citizen of either and all of the thirteen States, and this is the only instance or provision where the Administration is empowered to come in connection with any individual. The government of the people was reserved by the States and each one managed its own internal affairs, within its recognized limits. The Administration at Washington, except in its foreign relations, was never considered to possess any of the attributes of a Government before the Civil War, and was only termed the Administration. For a Government always has the right to exercise a voluntary and discretionary power, which the Administration, or now called the United States Government, could never legally exercise. Each power delegated to the Administration was distinctly designated and the extent

defined without discretionary power, and the Supreme Court was alone empowered by the Constitution to judge as to what was constitutional. This is the true history of the formation of the Constitution of the United States.

The United States Administration exists to-day as a full-fledged Government, with almost unlimited power, gained by usurpation in every branch of the Executive and at first as a claimed necessity during the Civil War. The anomalous condition of centralization of usurped power exists in the Executive dominating legislation and as the leader of a party. Thus constituting the *factor* a Ruler, with more power, as President of the United States, than the Executive head of any other supposed constitutional form of government ever dared exercise. Yet the Constitution of the United States is supposed still to exist in all its original integrity!

The conflict between States all having equal rights and power cannot, therefore, be designated a rebellion. It was a civil war, and only a question of time, we can now see, as to the beginning of a conflict, which could alone finally settle certain conditions existing almost from the beginning of the country.

No one to-day can understand the influence exerted at the beginning of the Civil War by the doctrine of State Rights, and especially among all of Southern birth. On my mature judgment I was opposed to breaking up the Union, even as a last resort, and that point had not been reached, for I knew the Southern leaders held the advantage throughout the country from a political standpoint, as the Democrats were greatly in the majority until they became divided among themselves on the question of slavery, but the war was inevitable.

The South in the abstract, I believed, was right as to the provocation calling for a separation, but before that point had been reached I believe the South should have claimed the right to the flag and the Constitution to save the Union, as the law was with the South, while a large minority at the North were the original disunionists.

The claimed right of secession had its origin in Massachusetts, and it must always be an inherent right of the people, but one always to be held in check by expediency. After all, the only bond of union, when divested of sentiment, is that of interest, which necessitates the exercise of mutual concession.

The claim of State Rights also had its origin in New England, but was afterward more fully developed in the Southern States, but this was entirely distinct and had no necessary connection with the right of secession.¹ Now, at the end of half a century, it seems, if viewed from the

¹ I have had occasion to investigate this question of late and the following may be of interest to the reader (taken from my work, *Ireland under English Rule*, Second Edition,

standpoint of either section, that it was the inscrutable will of Almighty God to do away with that frightful political incubus, slavery, and finally to unite the people in all sections of the country, to a degree which could never have been accomplished otherwise. As a Southern man, I detested Mr. Lincoln, but he became finally, in my estimation, one of the greatest and purest of patriots, and he accomplished, for the future welfare of the country, more than any other individual ever did with the exception of Washington.

At the breakfast-table on April 18, 1861, I read Mr. Lincoln's proclamation and immediately decided as Virginia, my native State, had seceded, to follow her guidance and destiny, although I had no political sympathy with the movement. I thus followed the course of General Robert Lee and many thousand others, in response to an influence the existence of which can not be appreciated to-day.

A steamer was to sail for Charleston, South Carolina, at four o'clock. I engaged my passage, and while on my way to the bank to draw some money, I was obliged to stand on the opposite side of the street until the Ninth Massachusetts, an Irish regiment, and the first to volunteer, had passed on its way to the front.

The steamer was seized by the Government as it was casting off, and I had just time to catch a train going south from Jersey City, and it was the last through train until after the war.

We passed through Baltimore at daylight on April 19th, the anniversary of the battle of Lexington, where the streets were filled with people determined to arrest the progress of the expected Massachusetts regiment, which had been detained in Philadelphia on account of the threatened demonstration. At Lynchburg, Va., I was arrested and called on to identify myself, after showing me a New York paper of the evening before where one of my relatives of the same name had subscribed five hundred dollars for fitting out the Seventh Regiment. Fortunately I was able to find among the physicians several to whom I was personally

Vol. II., page 240): "After studying the many peculiarities of the Irish people, the writer has become impressed with the belief that, among other characteristics developed in this country from the influence of the early Irish settlers, we owe to them the origin of the claim of 'State Rights,' once so prominent a political factor. The Celtic Catholic Irish, from their long clannish surroundings, were the only people who could have applied this claim, as there is nothing in connection with the English, Scotch, or any other European people settling in this country, which would have given any foundation for it. The doctrine of 'State Rights' is said to have had its origin in Massachusetts, and became more developed in the Southern States, where the prominent advocates were certainly of Irish origin. This tenet, now considered a political heresy, but one which will always exist, certainly flourished in sections of the country known to have been settled chiefly by Celtic Irish. The western part of Massachusetts, as well as New Hampshire and Vermont, and down through all the mountain ranges to western North Carolina and eastern Tennessee, were settled chiefly by Catholic Irish, during the seventeenth and part of the eighteenth centuries."

known, and who were able to show that I was a native of the State and not a Republican in politics. As soon as I was released, I took the next train going to Montgomery, Alabama, then the seat of government of the Confederate States. On reaching Montgomery and before seeing my wife's relatives, I proceeded to the War Department and sought an interview with President Davis, with whom I had some acquaintance. I was unable to see him as he was attending a meeting of his Cabinet, but after some delay I had an interview with Mr. LeRoy Pope Walker, the Secretary of War. After hearing what I had to say, he excused himself and entered a back room, leaving the door partly open. I thus overheard Mr. Davis say: "Thank Dr. Emmet, and tell him his place is back in New York with his family. We have more doctors than we know what to do with, and more men than we can at present arm." Having discharged what I considered my duty, I have since many times thanked my good fortune in connection with Mr. Davis's decision.

The estate of my father-in-law, Mr. Duncan, had just been settled and the money was on deposit in the bank, but finding that I could purchase no exchange on New York and that I would have to lose ten per cent. on London, and could not possibly run the risk of taking the money back with me, I decided to leave it. I thus parted with the portion of my wife, and her sister, who was living with us, leaving it in the charge of one of their brothers to be invested and cared for until more peaceful days. The result was that after the war I received Southern securities enough to make the most complete collection in existence of Confederate bonds and money, and it now forms part of the "Emmet Collection" in the Lenox Library.¹

I had to return north up through Tennessee and Kentucky and was in Nashville when the State, as the last, joined the Confederacy. The passage was a tedious one, but it gave me the opportunity of seeing the great Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, through which I walked one night its entire length without any fatigue, as the atmosphere is so dry and pure. The Green River, after disappearing on the surface of the earth, runs through this cave for about three miles, along which a boat can be rowed. It again disappears from the cave to appear on the surface above and continue its course to its mouth. This river has a number of fish

¹ In this connection I will state as a matter of interest that I have in my possession the original seal of the Confederate Treasury Department, which stamped every bond issued by the Confederate Government. Having investigated the subject, I find this is the only seal of the Confederate Government in existence. I purchased it from a New England soldier on his way home, who was among one of the first to enter Richmond after it was evacuated, and at the Capitol building finding this, mounted as it had been for use, with a brick had knocked the frame to pieces, and on reaching New York and being out of money parted with it to me. It should now be in other hands.

in it without eyes, thus illustrating a common occurrence in nature of non-development of an organ after some generations of disuse. So long have these fish been without eyes that no vestige even of the bony socket remains.

From a short distance within the entrance of this cave the side and top were covered for miles with a countless number of bats, which must come to this place from a great portion of the world to hibernate. They were found there when the cave was first explored, and they had gained access through some unknown aperture. In the autumn they begin to arrive during the night, like the migration of birds, and at some time in the spring they suddenly wake and all disappear in a night. It is impossible to form the slightest idea as to their number, for they attach themselves to each other, and in several places I gradually worked my walking cane in between them to the full depth without reaching the wall to which those who came first were attached. They seemed to be in a state of stupor, and seldom made the slightest movement when handled. It is difficult to understand the extent to which instinct must direct such a movement in the absence of all reasoning power, and from the want of brain development in such a creature as a bat. But how much more difficult is it to understand how the diminutive humming-bird can reach, from every part of the temperate portion of the earth at the proper season and with unerring instinct, a limited area of country in the upper part of South America, where they spend the winter and again scatter over the earth in the spring!

I finally reached home to the great relief of my brave wife, who had kept her courage up although unable to hear from me and had to remain for weeks in ignorance as to what course I was to follow. What our future was to be, in the uncertainty, had during my absence seemed to her impenetrable beyond the seeming certainty that my professional career had ended. I soon got to work again, however, and in a few days was in the old rut attending to my business, taking no part in politics, or even to the expression of an opinion, unless some one sought it. The feeling ran so high that during the whole war I was never in the house of a Northern man, outside of my family connections, unless my professional services were desired. And yet I had many staunch friends among the Republicans, who looked after my welfare. As the law required, I reported previous to each draft that I was eligible, but I never was drafted, and gaining possession afterwards, for the historical value, of these draft records, which had been thrown aside as waste paper, I found some friends had each time placed a mark before my name to indicate I was exempt. Several days before the bill for the last draft was presented in Congress, I received a letter from a Republican member, notifying me

that soon there would be a sweeping draft made in the city of New York, so that I had better put a voluntary substitute in the army beforehand, and I acted on his advice. Through the city authorities a substitute was obtained, under the alleged name of Manning, for whom I paid eight hundred dollars and was within a few months repaid by the city. As it was reported to me, my man, for whom I was not responsible after he had enlisted, had deserted before reaching Elizabeth, N. J., I had no cause to be dissatisfied with the result.

During a great portion of the war every letter addressed to me was delivered with one end cut open, after it had been read by the police, and I frequently was warned that all my servants had been tampered with and that everything I said or did was reported. As a consequence I kept in my safe two thousand dollars in gold, at a great privation to myself, that I might at a moment's notice be able to escape if necessary. I was termed a "Copperhead" because I was not a Republican, and yet I respected scrupulously the acts of the authorities, and no one in the land grieved more than I did over the situation, or had a greater love for the country as a whole. I did not differ greatly at the time with the grand incentive which prompted the organization of the Republican party, for I was on principle opposed to slavery, but I held the Southern people had the right, according to the Constitution, and that right must be respected. I was, however, bitterly opposed to the illegal indifference shown by the Republican leaders in the early part of the war for all law, and their perfect disregard of every interest but that of party gain, and no people suffered more than the New Yorkers, as the majority were Democrats. The first draft was held with closed doors, in the second story of a house on Broadway, on the east side, between Twenty-eighth and Twenty-ninth Streets. Persons claimed to have been drafted were arbitrarily seized in the street without warrant, thrown into prison, or sent to the front and made to serve in the army, and their families remained for months in ignorance of their fate, and I personally knew of several instances where their fate was never known. The husband of a wet nurse employed in my house was a workman in a factory on the east side, with seventeen other Democrats and one Republican; to my knowledge the eighteen Democrats were all drafted and the Republican was the only one who escaped; and I heard of other like instances, but had no personal knowledge of the facts. A number of Catholic clergymen were drafted, while, so far as my knowledge extends, no Protestant clergyman was disturbed. In the convent of the Paulist Fathers, who took no part in politics, two or three were drafted, and I believe had to pay for substitutes. In fact, everything was done to exasperate the people in New York and to force them to an outbreak. The whole action was against the Irish people,

who were Democrats almost to a man, and yet had from the beginning promptly volunteered for the army.

There were more individuals of Irish birth or of Irish parentage who served in the New York regiments, than the total number of any other nationality. If my memory serves me, the Sixty-ninth Irish Regiment, for instance, recruited its ranks over twice, if not three times, the original number which enlisted at the beginning of the war. If the comparison be based on the individual politics and the proportion to the population of the city, the number of Democrats who served through the whole war, from New York, will be found to exceed greatly the proportion or number of Republicans.

My experience during the three days of the "Draft riot" I shall never forget, with my private hospital full of patients, many of them after serious surgical operations and who could not be moved, and with a sick child which I wished to move to the country, but my wife decided her duty was to remain with me, and I could not leave the city. The streets were then paved with cobble-stones, and these were quickly taken up to arm the people. The Irish were undoubtedly the instigators of the riot, for they had been exasperated to a sufficient degree, and the result was anticipated, but they did not take part for more than twenty-four hours, but in that time they succeeded in whipping out the police and the soldiers brought against them. The cobble-stones from the street were carried to the roofs of the houses in the tenement districts, and were thrown from that height by the women and children. The women whose husbands had been taken away from them to the war entered the fray below barefooted, having taken off their stockings, and in the toe of which a cobble-stone had been forced, making an effective slung-shot, which from its length could be used beyond the reach of the policeman's club, and was an irresistible means of defence against every other weapon but firearms. On Broadway at Twenty-eighth Street and across from the south corner of the street, I was told a barricade was formed as high as the second story in less than half an hour, against the expected arrival of a body of cavalry. One omnibus after another was seized in Fifth Avenue and elsewhere, and turned over on the side and filled with cobble-stones and dirt from the street to make the whole solid.

Early in the afternoon Archbishop Hughes issued a circular and had it distributed over the city, calling upon all Catholic men and all others interested to assemble in front of his house on the northwest corner of Madison Avenue and Thirty-seventh Street, opposite the present residence of J. P. Morgan. At the appointed hour thousands assembled and to an extent far beyond the reach of his voice. He was seated on the balcony alongside of the front door and was evidently very feeble, and

he died within a few months. He claimed his authority to be heard, at least by the Catholic people. He stated that there had been grievous cause of complaint, but that he had the assurance of the United States authorities that they should cease. He called upon every Catholic to return home immediately, to remain indoors and take no further part in the disturbance, and as a penalty, if his commands were not followed, he would instruct all the clergy to deny the rights of the Church to all who might be injured thereafter while taking part in the riot. As he spoke some one would repeat what he said, and thus all present and beyond the sound of his voice were fully informed as to what the Archbishop had commanded. The crowd dispersed in an orderly manner and the Irish people of the city took no further part in the disturbance. But immediately the city was filled with thieves and disorderly persons from Philadelphia, Boston, and the surrounding country, who kept the city in a state of disorder for about two days and nights longer, before they were driven out. From the top of my house I counted no less than five different incendiary fires at the time started for the purpose of robbery, and the mob burned a number of police station houses.

Archbishop Hughes had just returned from having undertaken a secret mission, at Mr. Lincoln's request, to counteract the double dealing of the English Government, which was at the time intriguing with the French to acknowledge the independence of the Southern Confederacy. Through this influence every power of Europe was secretly opposed to the Northern side, with the exception of Russia, which country at a critical time sent a fleet, ostensibly on a friendly visit to the city of New York, but the secret history, as I was informed at the time, was that the Russian Government had put the fleet at the disposal of the United States Government in case England succeeded in her machinations. The Archbishop was probably the only person in the country who could have checked the move on the part of the English Government, as he happened to have been a personal friend of Louis Napoleon. He arrived at the critical moment, and possibly the Emperor may have obtained secret intelligence of the action on the part of Russia. However, Archbishop Hughes succeeded in gaining an ally for the United States Government, and checked a movement which would have assuredly brought about the recognition of the Confederate States. From the consummation of this intrigue, England, doubtless, expected in time to conquer both sections, and finally thus to regain her old colonies.

The United States Government did not long keep the promise to deal fairly with New York, or the authorities at Washington had their hands too full in conducting the war, and soon the political hacks were again at work. During the election day when General McClellan was voted for

as a candidate of the Democratic party for President, everything was done that ingenuity could devise to force the Democrats to the point of resistance. During the day a gunboat was stationed at the foot of many of the chief streets, with the guns run out and ready to fire. In Madison Square there was picketed about a thousand cavalry and a large body of troops was secretly stationed during the night at strategic points throughout the city, and the whole placed under the command of the redoubtable General Benjamin F. Butler, a noted collector of Southern bric-à-brac, and a man who reached the limit of his capacity and usefulness to the country as a bully over defenceless people. About the only person in the army on either side whose patriotism I doubted, was this man, from being in the South at the time of the Charleston Convention, and knowing as I did how he labored in the Southern interest to bring about the condition which he knew must lead to just the status which he afterward claimed to be disloyal.

I registered before the election, and when I gave my name I saw that it was spelled properly when written, and I had the "e" made plainer so that it would not be mistaken for an undotted "i." As it was known that the number of places for voting had been greatly reduced in certain districts where the largest Democratic vote was usually polled and that the polls would not be in the control of either the State or city authorities, I determined to vote early. As soon as I ate my breakfast I got into line, then more than two blocks away, and hour after hour passed from the delay created at the polls, with every pretext. At length, about one o'clock, I reached the polls, and was first asked my name, although I was personally known to every man in the room; then I was asked to spell it, which I did, and immediately it was suggested that I should be arrested for attempting to vote under a false name. I insisted on seeing the record, which was reluctantly shown me, and stating that I had been careful to see that my name was properly spelled at the time I registered, and I pointed to the man who had charge of the books at the time and showed that no one could deny from the appearance of the record produced that it had since been tampered with. The "e" was changed to "i" and an extra "t" had been added and in different ink. On this showing the arrest did not take place. I was notified, however, that as a *doubt* existed as to my identity, I could not vote unless I first procured a bondsman to give security that I was Thomas Addis Emmet, M.D., and this was decided notwithstanding, as I have stated, I was known personally to all in the room. I had then to go out and hunt up a bondsman; this I succeeded in doing, and after being in line until after five o'clock I was at length just in time to deposit my vote for General McClellan, having been occupied from before nine in the morning until nearly five

o'clock in the afternoon with a determined effort to exercise my right. On going out into the street I saw that nearly all in line were Democrats known to me, and they would be deprived of their vote from want of proper polling facilities and premeditated delays to intimidate every man whose position was not as fully established as mine was. I knew of several persons whose vote was challenged, and who were carried off by a policeman and locked up until the polls were closed, and then discharged, having been thus prevented from voting the Democratic ticket.

I saw more lawlessness and despotism practised under the plea of exigency and necessity for saving the country than the most despotic ruler of any country would have dared practise. That the country was not lost, rested not with the claimed salvagers, but with a merciful Providence, in prompting those who suffered to exercise a degree of forbearance which alone saved the country.

A wife of one of the Assistant Secretaries at Washington was under my professional care at an early period in the war, and to the end. Through her influence I was able to send hundreds of blankets, shoes, and many other things, including money, to the Confederate prisoners throughout the country. By some means it became generally known among those interested that I had this influence, and at length it became burdensome to regulate the proper distribution of money and clothing which was sent to me by strangers. I had a brother-in-law in Wheeler's Cavalry who was taken prisoner somewhere in Tennessee, when Hood was ordered by the Confederate authorities to make a raid to check Sherman's advance in the South. He was taken to Fort Delaware in perfect health, although for months he had lived in the saddle without any regular rations beyond sharing with his horse the corn, which he parched, and an occasional chicken, when he had the good fortune to pick one up. I obtained a pass for my wife to visit her brother, and in a few days after her return I was informed, by a letter from one of the prisoners, that he had died suddenly. I then wrote to the commanding officer who in return informed me, through his secretary, that if I did not know the fact, he wished to inform me that he had something of more importance to do than to know if James Duncan of -- -- Regt. of the Confederate Cavalry was dead or not. I immediately replied that he was mistaken in a knowledge of his duty, that it was not only within the range of his duty to know if James Duncan was dead, but his business was, in addition, to respond to any reasonable request for information; I moreover stated that if I did not hear within a week I would report the matter to Washington, and then I called on my old patient to arrange the matter for me. In a few days I received a most satisfactory report, showing that my relative, Mr. Duncan, had not died, but another

prisoner of the same name, and it was accompanied with a kind offer to aid me in any other matter within his power, and I made good use of him afterward. Mr. Duncan while a prisoner suffered greatly from privation and from want of food, both in quantity and quality, which the Government had doubtless liberally provided for, but it was robbed. As the war advanced the prisoners became more and more under the charge of political hacks, who passed for military men, but who managed through influence to get into some bomb-proof position and held it for all they could make out of it. When the truthful history of the Civil War comes to be written, it will be shown that all complained of at Andersonville existed before the end of the war in nearly every Northern prison, and that the Government was being regularly robbed. My brother-in-law was never well after his discharge and finally died from the effects of his experience in Fort Delaware. Poor Wirz was a martyr, and like Mrs. Surratt was sacrificed to appease misdirected public sentiment. I knew Wirz personally to be a kind, humane man and he lost his life for a condition existing at Andersonville for which he was not responsible. Secretary Stanton officially made the United States Government responsible for every death and privation suffered by the Northern prisoners at Andersonville. The original records are still preserved in private hands, I am told, showing that the Confederate authorities offered to give up without exchange the prisoners held at Andersonville, as the Confederate Government could neither feed them, nor supply them with medicine. This offer Mr. Stanton refused as a clever piece of statecraft, to be used for political capital in the approaching Presidential election and to embarrass the South as much as possible. When the last of these unfortunate prisoners did come into the hands of the Government, striking photographs and a stirring narrative filling several volumes were issued by the Government officials to inflame and influence public opinion, without stating that the soldiers in the Confederate Army, as the United States Government knew, had received the same food and supplies as were issued to the prisoners at Andersonville, and in some parts of the country they were at times without any regular rations.

Shortly after my return from the South, Dr. Sims went abroad to determine as to the advisability of settling in England or France to practise his profession on the reputation he had already established in this country. The fact was known to me that his practice in New York had not been increasing for some time. He, as a Southern man, had not been prudent in the expression of his views and as a large proportion of his practice had always been from the South it naturally decreased, and ceased when the war began. He was absent abroad for a year or more and met with a most flattering success. During his absence, with more

time at my command, I had doubled the number of operations and treated a larger proportion of cases in the hospital than had ever been treated before. Immediately on his return he began to make his preparations to live abroad with his family, and finally sailed as a pronounced Southern sympathizer.

As a curious feature of human nature I will state that on Dr. Sims's departure for Europe, the Lady Managers became so "demoralized" as to consider the advisability of closing the hospital, notwithstanding my record and the fact that Dr. Sims had done no work in the hospital for over a year; and taking the clue from those in authority, the patients all left the hospital, as if fleeing for safety.

Chapter XV

Several anecdotes showing the eccentricities of some of the members of the Consulting Board of the Woman's Hospital—A novel objection to the use of hoop-skirts—Celebrated black pills—Their efficacy explained on the theory of modern medicine—An old negro's objection to homeopathy—I wrote a eulogy on John C. Calhoun, as dictated—A new use for Spaulding's glue—Mrs. T. C. Doremus—Her work at the Hospital was never appreciated—Mrs. John Jacob Astor wished to build an addition to the Woman's Hospital, for the treatment of cancer—The cause of Dr. Sims's resignation—Mrs. Astor and her two sisters, Mrs. Gen. Cullum and Mrs. Judge Peabody, founded the Cancer Hospital, now called the Memorial Hospital—I was the first person consulted as to their plans, and urged by them to take charge of it—My reasons for not doing so—Their wishes were not carried out by the erection of the Memorial Hospital—Dear old Margaret Brennan, the first nurse of the Woman's Hospital—The women of the world do not know the extent to which they are indebted to this good woman—She is most worthy of a lasting monument—Mischief-makers between Dr. Sims and myself—Before his death he was fully satisfied that he had been misled—Unable to see him before his death—I had the honor and satisfaction of being selected to deliver his eulogium before the New York Academy of Medicine, Jan. 3, 1884—Annoyed for many years by the ungenerous interference with my work, as Surgeon-in-Chief to the Woman's Hospital—The Lady Managers were influenced by the views of certain physicians who were not directly connected with the institution—Delay in getting the appointment of my assistants confirmed—Made the acquaintance of Dr. Josiah Nott, formerly of Mobile—Mrs. Owzé and Mrs. La Vert, two remarkable women formerly of Mobile—Mrs. Owzé's death in the burning of the Windsor Hotel fire—Trouble in getting the appointment of Drs. Nott, Clymer, and Lent confirmed as my assistants—The printing of the Report and By-laws by the Lady Managers not a success, an amusing mistake—Placed at the head of the Woman's Hospital at the age of 33—Made a Manager of the New York Institute for the Blind—Much in relation to myself I find difficult to place in the table of contents—Began to teach—My clinical lectures were attended by physicians from all parts of the world—I applied the laws of mechanics to plastic surgery.



NLY on probation was I allowed to continue my work, and would not have been able to accomplish anything had I not taken, from time to time, from my private hospital, patients I needed to operate on and who were willing to go, as under the circumstances they were treated free of charge, consequently I held my position and kept the hospital open at a great pecuniary loss to myself. At length I was formally appointed Surgeon-in-Chief, and was then able to firmly establish my position.

During the term of probation the Lady Managers saw to it with a watchful eye that I attended to my business and to a degree which greatly embarrassed me in the proper discharge of my duty. A favorite

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method was to insist that I should seek advice from the Consulting Board of Physicians and Surgeons. These gentlemen became, according to the by-laws, members of the Consulting Board *ex-officio*, as president of the Academy of Medicine, the County Society and other positions, and there was no branch of medicine or surgery of which they knew less than the diseases of women, for which only I would need their services.

One day a policeman picked up in the street a woman in a state of collapse, who spoke a language unknown to me, and who was suffering from a serious disturbance of the bowels. She was in too weak a condition to be transferred to a general hospital, and I had been watching her closely for a day or two and having her carefully nursed to regain her strength. The president of the Executive Board of Managers at length came to me and asked me how this woman was getting on. Her reply was: "You must have a consultation, doctor, as you acknowledge she is very low. I passed Dr. — as I was coming here, and if you will appoint a time, I will make the arrangement with him." When the consulting physician arrived, with very much the general bearing of *Dr. Pangloss* in Colman's play, *The Heir at Law*, he was told about the case from my standpoint, and then we proceeded to the bedside. After the routine of counting the pulse and examination of the tongue, he turned to me with the inquiry, "Did you bleed her, doctor?" I replied, "No, doctor." "Did she get any calomel?" I answered I saw no indication for any medicine, but had her nursed carefully to bring up her strength if possible. He threw up his hands with the exclamation: "Then God be with her," and left the room. I followed and opened the front door for his exit. The market boy happened to pass in with a basket of peaches, and as I had lost my lunch waiting for the consultant, I took several and was eating one as I passed the patient's bed. She seized three I had in my hand and had swallowed one almost whole before I could make a movement. My first impulse was to take the others from her, but her action was such that on the instant I was convinced it was due to a craving of nature, and putting my hand in my pocket I gave her another. When I returned half an hour later, she was sound asleep. Shortly after, a policeman came in to learn of her condition, as there had been a search for her, and I learned she was a Dane, and had but recently landed after an unusually long voyage, attended with much privation. It then became evident that her case was one of obscure scurvy, where her gums had shown no special indication of the disease. A few days after, my friend the Lady Manager, who had procured for me the consultation, stopped me and said, "Now doctor, you see the advantage of older and experienced counsel, for that woman has improved every moment since Dr. — saw her!" I expressed my great satisfaction

at the woman's recovery, but gave her no further explanation, as it would have been a waste of time, and my relation with her remained undisturbed; in fact, my apparent acquiescence in her good judgment doubtless secured for me afterwards the appointment of Surgeon.

Dr. Pangloss was, however, not altogether a bad practitioner, as he was strong in the faith that the greater part of the ailments of man were due to overeating and to erroneous diet. But he was a poor business man, so that his good wife had to keep the books on information from the driver, and from noting the calls at the houses for his services. She would always answer the ringing of his office bell, and having noted the summons, if the doctor was in, she would call out, "Mary Ann, bring the doctor's hat, his gold-headed cane, and the box of Triplex pills." The old doctor after the "consultation" took quite a fancy to me, and would occasionally honor me with a visit, which I always enjoyed, as he possessed an inexhaustible store of crude undigested facts, and he had a most extended acquaintance among distinguished men at home and abroad. One day he called and was in an unusual state of perturbation, for he was, as a rule, most genial. As he entered he said, "Damn those hoop-skirts!" As I received no explanation and there was nothing in the neighborhood leading up to hoop-skirts, I supposed the old gentleman had failed in some commercial enterprise for their manufacture. It being about noon, I prescribed for him his accustomed toddy, to which he made no objection; in truth I may state he accepted with marked avidity. As soon as the toddy had reached the right spot, he turned to me and said, "Young man, there was a time when I could look about me in church on Sunday and form some idea as to what my income was to be, but since the invention of these damn hoop-skirts I can form no opinion. I am out and about attending to my business, and the first I hear is that Mrs. ——— or Mrs. ——— gets into the straw, and as I cannot be found some young whipper-snapper is called in, and gets the case, damn them!"

The poor doctor was certainly impressed with the conviction that he had a grievance.

This advocate for the use of Triplex pills was not the only dispenser of special pills who practised in New York during the early part of the past century. *Dr. H——* was a contemporary, but an older man than the avowed opposer of hoop-skirts, yet the younger man copied many of the eccentricities of his senior. *Dr. H——* was a man of more depth and observation, for he was a noted practitioner of medicine in his day. I can recall seeing him in my early life when I was about seven years of age, and he had become obese and lethargic both in body and mind, so that I never saw any evidence of his earlier talent. He was particularly famous for a little black pill, the composition of which

no one knew, as at that time physicians generally compounded their own medicines. I have been told it was then very common to hear one person advise another to get from Dr. H.—— one of his little black pills. He doubtless had been a man of close observation, and gave little medicine, recognizing as he did the fact that nineteen out of every twenty sick persons will, through the efforts of nature, get well by being kept in bed under a restricted diet, but then it requires the expert to know in time the twentieth case, and to know how to treat it. But, as is very often the case, the doctor did not practise what he prescribed, and was himself a heavy eater. In accord with nature, after a good meal it was his custom to keep his seat, to chew the cud as it were, and he often occupied his time, as if for the want of something better to do, in rolling up with his fingers any bread crumbs which may have been left. I remember his coat was a peculiar cut, probably one fashionable in his early life, with very long sleeves so that the cuffs were always turned back for five or six inches. Towards the end of his career it was found that he had a receptacle in these cuffs where he carried his celebrated little black pills. In later years, hearing of these famous pills, I made some inquiry, and came to the conclusion they were simply bread pills. The rich ebony color was explained by one of my aunts who said, "When the doctor was in practice, I often wondered why he did not wash his hands as they were always filthy." With the moist condition in which his hands would be likely to be after his exercise of feeding, the dense and noted color of his little black pills could be thus accounted for.

The germ theory on which the modern practice of medicine rests depends greatly on the game-cock-like destruction of one set of microbes by another. As our worthy doctor's hands were always in a condition far from being sterilized, they may have furnished a more ferocious set of microbes than the average, and this circumstance may account for the great efficacy of Dr. H. ——'s little black pills.

The little black pill would not have answered for an old negro man I once heard expressing his opinion of homœopathy: "I don't bleve in dis here new fashioned stuff. I likes sarching medicine, like calomen and jolop and senney and salts, and like dem dat's got a grip to dem!"

Another of the Consulting Board with whom I had to consult, or rather to pay him the compliment of an invitation to a consultation, was a noted surgeon and a man of ability in his special line. He was an old friend of my father and they had studied medicine together, and he was a surgeon in the old City Hospital, or New York Hospital as now called, then situated in Broadway, opposite Pearl Street, on four or five acres of ground, with a number of the primitive forest trees about it. I decided to make an effort to obtain a position in this hospital, and just

before my examination for graduation I came on from Philadelphia to take the necessary steps. Learning that this gentleman had the nomination for the next vacancy in the City Hospital, I called on him and introduced myself. As I entered his office he was walking up and down the room and he evidently paid no attention to what I had to say, but putting a pen into my hand he pushed me into a chair and said, "Write." He then proceeded to dictate an eulogy on John C. Calhoun, who had been a fellow student at Yale, and which was to be read before one of the collegiate societies. After three hours' work of repeating and rewriting, he accomplished what he wanted, and conducting me to the door said, "Come back and breakfast with me to-morrow, and I will hear what you have to say." I arrived on time, but he had evidently forgotten all about the invitation for breakfast, and after telling me that he did not have the nomination I was bowed out. The old gentleman knew nothing of abdominal surgery, but he had the instincts of a sagacious man. I recollect being present at a consultation called by Dr. Sims shortly after the hospital was opened. There was a case in the hospital of a pedunculated fibroid tumor, which Dr. Sims proposed to remove by opening the abdomen and ligating the pedicle to remove it. After Dr. Sims had explained the operation, all the Board, with the weakness of human nature, except this gentleman, voted in favor of the operation. He, however, voted, as he stated, against it on general principles. He acknowledged that he knew nothing about fibroid tumors, in fact he doubted if he had ever heard of one before, that he had every confidence in Dr. Sims's skill, possibly he might succeed, "but if he did, every young doctor in the land would be opening the abdomens of all the young women to see if they had fibrous tumors!"

When he met me in consultation he frankly acknowledged that he had no knowledge of the condition and as I was in the position to assume the responsibility I must do what I felt was best under the circumstances. The old gentleman resigned shortly after, and I had heard nothing of him for years, when a mutual friend told me of the following circumstance. He was supposed to have been in his dotage for some time, when one day he appeared with his intellect perfectly clear, a not unusual circumstance in old people a short time before the end, as the last flicker, before the extinction of a burned out candle. The family was delighted at the restoration, and after he learned that one of the family was sick in the house from typhoid fever, and that they were all anxious, as the patient had reached the stage of ulceration and the accompanying diarrhoea, he expressed a desire to see the case, and without notifying the attending physician he was allowed to prescribe and administer three doses which it was supposed he had compounded. It was found he had given three

tablespoonfuls of Spaulding's glue, which had just been introduced but for another purpose!

There were two persons in connection with my early experience in the Woman's Hospital, and both of them beyond doubt will be placed at the right hand when they receive their final reward for their good work in this world. One was Mrs. T. C. Doremus, a sincere Presbyterian, who did the chief work in the beginning and continued to give her support to the hospital until her death. For years Mrs. Doremus was nominally at the head of the Board of Managers of the hospital, but leaving credit and honors to others she made it her special work to look after the supply of food and delicacies for the patients. I would meet the dear old lady, on my arrival in the early morning to see some special patient, and she would often say, "Doctor, we have not an ounce of food in the house, nor a penny to purchase any, but I must be off and get something for dinner." I would laughingly reply, "Well, Mrs. Doremus, with nothing how are you going to manage and get something?" She would answer, "Friend, the Lord will provide what we need." Soon I would see her at prayer behind a door in some corner, and then she would go out with her face beaming with good-will and charity. She had a large acquaintance, and would not go far before she would meet some one who would give her what she needed and she would fill her basket to be sent back by the butcher boy, with a full supply of all we required until next day. This mode of living from hand to mouth, as it were, went on at times for weeks, and the existence of the Woman's Hospital I believe for years depended chiefly on the efforts of this noble woman, for which she received but little credit from those associated with her: in fact every effort was made to force her to resign. Mrs. Doremus had accomplished more for the welfare of the hospital than all of the other members of the Board of Managers together, and without wishing or seeking credit.

We have had several other like instances of injustice in the management of the Woman's Hospital. At a subsequent period Mrs. John Jacob Astor, who lived at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-third Street, was indefatigable in her work at the Woman's Hospital, and she was particularly anxious to have it the recipient of a permanent endowment, in relation to which I had the honor of being consulted before her husband learned of her wishes. She wished to erect on one of the unoccupied corners of the grounds a building to correspond to the Wetmore and Baldwin pavilions, and that it should bear my name. I respectfully declined the honor as being an inappropriate one while I was living. For reasons confided to me, Mrs. Astor wished this building devoted exclusively to the special study and treatment of cancer. I am at liberty at least to state the chief reason which prompted Mrs. Astor to propose

building the "Emmet Pavilion," at the Woman's Hospital, for the treatment of cancer. She was a member of the Board of Lady Managers after the change in the medical management of the hospital in 1871, and when Dr. Sims again became one of the visiting surgeons. He had persisted in treating cases of cancer in his wards, on the ground that a disease from which so large a proportion of women died should be treated in a hospital devoted to the diseases of the sex. In consequence he was forced to resign, as the Board would not yield the point and allow patients in the incipient stages to be admitted.

Mrs. Astor was under the impression that the reason for refusing admission to these cases was due to the want of accommodation and proper facilities for treatment. After having given all due thought to her charitable purpose her plans were submitted to the Board of Governors of the hospital. The managers of the Woman's Hospital declined to accept Mrs. Astor's offer, and she at least felt that the refusal had not been a gracious one. The fund to have been used for the purpose had been formed by Mrs. Astor and her two sisters, Mrs. General Cullum and Mrs. Judge Peabody. These three ladies died before their wishes had been carried out, but the fund was left in trust to build a special cancer hospital. In time the building was erected, but it was not placed in the hands of medical men who had either the time or training for special work of this kind. It was the wish of Mrs. Astor and Mrs. Cullum that I should take charge of the hospital when it was built, but I declined as I considered my first obligation was to the Woman's Hospital, and if I had time to serve both, I would have declined, as I felt I was wanting in both the special knowledge and special training necessary to carry out their wishes. I do not know that any effort was made to establish an exclusively cancer hospital; at least any case from the beginning, as in a general hospital, was received if able to pay the board. As the name "Cancer Hospital" was objected to by the class of cases received, it was changed to the Memorial Hospital, a term well fitted to commemorate if not a breach of trust, certainly an absolute miscarriage in carrying out the wishes of the founders.^{*}

Dear old Margaret Brennan, a zealous Catholic, stood at my elbow for nearly forty years in the Woman's Hospital as chief nurse. While yet under thirty years of age, at the opening of the Woman's Hospital,

^{*} The last report of the New York Skin and Cancer Hospital contains the following statement: "Remember that 3488 persons died from cancer in Greater New York in 1909, and that none of the general hospitals admit cases which are considered incurable, and it is evident that a large number must die each year without the care and treatment which they should have. It is also apparent that the few places to which the indigent poor can go and spend their remaining days in comparative peace and quiet, other than the Almshouse Hospital, can accommodate only a small proportion of the number afflicted."

she was the first employed as chambermaid and nurse. But she showed such aptitude that in a short time she was given the position exclusively of nurse. She was a most remarkable woman, who could neither read nor write and yet never was known to have made a mistake or forgotten an order. She was always cheerful, and her degree of tact and ability to encourage the patients I have never known equalled. With her and in the early days of the hospital, I gained results in plastic surgery which in later years I found impossible with any trained nurse. She could give a glow of immaculate cleanliness to a surface in preparation for an operation I have never seen equalled. She served God every moment of her life in her vocation as a nurse.

All who have ever visited the Woman's Hospital in former days can recall her placid face, as she stood hour after hour holding the instrument immovable. I have sometimes seen a slight movement of her lips, and have said to her in an undertone, "Margaret, whom are you praying for now?" Her answer was, "For you and everybody," which was literally true, as her whole thought was for everybody but herself.

For faithful and untiring service, skilful nursing, close observation, and observance of detail, the world, or rather every woman in it and for all time is and will be indebted to Margaret Brennan for an unrecognized debt of gratitude, and to an extent which can never be appreciated, as to how much she contributed toward the development of gynecology.

As soon as Dr. Sims went abroad, mischief-makers, jealous of both of us and friends to neither, began to make trouble between us, which to my sorrow was never fully cleared up on account of their persistent enmity toward me. It is an obligation to be charitable and to aid others, but it is inscrutable that the risk has always to be run in making enemies by placing any one under obligation to you. Those who have worried me the most through my professional life have been without exception individuals who were under the greatest obligation. Mark Twain has written:¹ "If you pick up a starving dog and make him prosperous, he will never bite you. This is the principal difference between a dog and a man." This is not doing justice to the dog, as I have never known one to forget a kindness; a man seldom remembers one. I was informed by a mutual friend that Dr. Sims, a few days before the sudden illness which caused his death, expressed the wish to see me and to tell me how much he regretted that for years he had been misled, and that he believed I had always been honest in my relations with him. To my sorrow, at the time I was absent from the city and did not return until after his death.

I attempted in every paper I have written to do justice to my old

¹ "Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar."

friend and to express the great obligation due him. During our joint service of five and a half years at the Woman's Hospital, my relation with Dr. Sims was as close as that of a son. If he had not given us certain instruments which opened the way for investigation, with a knowledge of the use of silver wire and his perfect technic, I would never have been known to the world in connection with gynecology. But it was part of the policy of those who wished to underrate my work to give Dr. Sims undue credit, in attempting to show that I had done nothing. Beyond the limit I have stated as to time, our work afterward lay on different lines and was viewed from different standpoints, without the slightest connection one with the other.

I had the gratification to have been selected by the Academy of Medicine to prepare a memoir of Dr. Sims, which I read before that body, January 3, 1884.

During nearly the whole period while I was at the head of the Woman's Hospital, I was annoyed by interference and delay in the appointing of my assistants. In accord with the by-laws I had the nomination and my selection was to be approved without question, unless the managers could state some good cause for not doing so. There was an incredible amount of work to be done in the hospital and we were always short-handed, as the accommodations for the house surgeons were very limited. I had certain nominal friends who unfortunately were the family physicians of many of the Lady Managers, and they were always seeking among the managers to criticise and to pass judgment, *in a confidential way*, on those I selected for my assistants. As the Board of Managers met but once a month, whenever the nomination was not acted on promptly, but returned stating it had been ascertained the nominee had no knowledge of the specialty, it meant that I had to do the extra work for the ensuing month, as my assistants were all too busy to do more. The managers, of course, could never know that this was only a subterfuge to give me trouble, as my assistants were there to learn. This underhanded work was not prompted by the instincts of gentlemen nor in the interest of the hospital, but was both cowardly and malicious, and I should never have been subjected to the annoyance as I was year after year without being able to gain in my own defence positive proof of the actors. In the autumn of 1865 Dr. Josiah Nott, of Mobile, Ala., settled in New York to begin life again by the practice of his profession at about sixty years of age, having become impoverished by the war. He was a native of South Carolina and had gone to Mobile on account of his health, where he ultimately became the most prominent physician in the city. He was accompanied to New York by several of his family, and among them was his sister-in-law, Mrs. Ouzé, who had probably as

extensive an acquaintance and as many personal friends as her towns-woman, the noted Mrs. Dr. LeVert, the widow of a prominent physician in Mobile, and the daughter of George Walton, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence from Georgia, and who came to New York about the same time as the Nott family did from Mobile.

These two ladies were remarkable women, and although they were past middle life they were so bright and attractive in their manners that they would be immediately surrounded by men of all ages at any assemblage, and in greater number than any girl could bring about her. My acquaintance with Mrs. Dr. LeVert was slight, although I had met her just after my marriage and with my wife had been present at a large entertainment given by her, when she was prosperous. She was left after the war in almost destitute circumstances, and on coming North had attempted to gain a support by lecturing. As she was so attractive and had so many personal friends, I have been told she could go to any hotel and remain as long as she wished and no charge was ever made her. After a few years and only seeing her from time to time, she passed out of my knowledge about 1870, and I am ignorant of her after history, but I suppose she must have died, as she became of a very full habit in after-life.

I had never met Mrs. Ouzé before she came to New York, but she was a friend of my wife's mother, I think as old schoolmates. For many years we saw a good deal of her during the summer, at Narragansett Pier, and my wife kept up the friendly relation in town. Mrs. Ouzé's death was a most heartrending one, as she was burned to death, with so many others, when the Windsor Hotel on Fifth Avenue was destroyed, March 17, 1899. The loss of life was not as great as it might have been if the fire had occurred at night. But all the ladies, at least, were in their rooms after lunch, resting or preparing to go out for the afternoon. The fire spread so rapidly that the first intimation of danger many received was the appearance of the flames in their rooms.

Dr. Nott was personally a very attractive man and I became much attached to him. He was a bookworm and with his taste for historical matters, we had much in common, notwithstanding the great disparity in our ages. He was a man of literary habits and the author of a number of articles on medical and scientific subjects. He made a world-wide reputation from being the author of *Types of Mankind*, which he wrote in conjunction with George R. Gliddon, in 1854. In 1848 he published a book denying that miasma was the cause of either yellow fever or malaria, and so far as I have any knowledge on the subject my impression is that he was the first to claim that the mosquito was the agent by which yellow fever was propagated and in this book his views were elaborated. After

forming Dr. Nott's acquaintance and appreciating his intimate knowledge of the practice of medicine, I decided to offer him a position at the Woman's Hospital, which would give him in New York a professional standing at once. Although he knew but little in connection with the practice of gynecology, I felt that his personal reputation would be of advantage to the hospital. He accepted gladly the position and felt under the greatest obligation for the compliment I had paid him.

I sent his name to the Board of Lady Managers for confirmation, which in accord with the by-laws was intended to be but a matter of form, yet in consequence of the uncalled-for interference of one or two members of the profession, who happened to be the family physicians of some of the Lady Managers, and who volunteered their criticism on Dr. Nott's fitness for the position, a delay of several weeks occurred. I finally obtained a settlement of the matter by attending a meeting of the managers and carried my point only after giving a free expression of my views. But the doctor held his place but for a few months, as the managers were so blindly prejudiced by the representations made as to keep him constantly annoyed by the espionage to which he was subjected. If he was a few minutes late he would be promptly requested, through an official communication, to be more punctual, and so with every other issue raised, while the other surgeons were not interfered with. Complaints, it was represented to him, were being made by his patients as to his rough manner and want of dexterity, all of which were but fabrications, as he held the reputation of being an expert and successful surgeon, and he was in manner one of the gentlest and kindest persons I ever knew. He suffered from the intrigues of those who had been unable to get from me a position as surgeon in the hospital, and hoped with each vacancy they might be benefited. I was literally helpless and had no relief for myself but to resign, an act by which the hospital would not have been aided, and I would have been found wanting in my duty. Women without reasoning power and as partisans, holding the management of the Woman's Hospital at this time, demonstrated that they are not, as a rule, fitted by nature for such a trust.

When I began the study of medicine in 1845, Dr. Meredith Clymer was a man in middle life and a professor in the Franklin Medical School of Philadelphia, which had been recently established and with its faculty would have eventually been successful if it had not had the Jefferson Medical College and the Medical School of the University of Pennsylvania as competitors. Dr. Clymer had already written his classical work on fevers, which gave him an extended reputation at home and abroad, and he was considered one of the best practitioners of medicine in the country. During the Civil War he was in charge of different military

hospitals, and after the close of the war he settled in New York, where he began to practise with as much zeal as a young man. I met him socially shortly after his coming to New York, and in consideration of the difference in our ages, I appreciated the compliment in his having so frequently sought my company. He had many idiosyncrasies and made few friends, as he was very free in his criticisms. We, however, remained on most friendly terms for several years, and I profited greatly by his friendship, as I was seldom in his company without learning something. He frequently visited the hospital to see me operate, but seemed to take no other interest in the specialty. One day he surprised me with the request that I should give him a position as one of my assistants, although he was old enough to have been my father. As there were always a number of patients in the hospital requiring the special attention of a practitioner of medicine, and it was a tax upon the time of the surgeons to give this, I made a place for him.

I stated to the Board of Lady Managers my special purpose in his appointment and that the doctor's reputation was so extensive that his connection with the hospital would be of great benefit. The members of the Board all seemed to appreciate fully the advantage from his appointment, and I anticipated no difficulty in his confirmation. But, unfortunately a week intervened before the next meeting, at which nothing was done, and on inquiry I was met with a number of absurd reasons given why Dr. Clymer was not a proper person for the position. After five weeks' delay I notified the managers that if the appointment of the doctor was not acted on at that meeting, my resignation would go into effect on the following day. During the interval Dr. Clymer's manner changed and he avoided several efforts I made to explain the situation, so far as it rested with me. Our old cordial relations were never re-established after he entered upon his duties. After a few weeks he resigned, having been forced to do so by being constantly annoyed under one pretext and another, by some of the Lady Managers.

After his resignation all intercourse ceased, as he made it evident to me this was his wish. I learned afterward that he had been assured by some "friends" that I never intended him to get the position, as I wished it for some one else.

By the same underhanded course and intrigue, I was deprived of the services of Dr. Lent, of Cold Springs, N. Y., who was a valuable assistant to me, and he was forced to resign as he was not allowed to attend properly to his duties. Thus, for ten years was I subjected to this petty persecution which was maintained without intermission and with the expectation that I would eventually resign as Surgeon-in-Chief. But failing in the purpose, Dr. Sims, as one of the Governors, and reap-

pointed at my request on his return from Europe, at length was made a tool of, to influence the Board of Governors as to the necessity for a change of the organization, from a Surgeon-in-Chief which I held, to a Board of Visiting Surgeons, and by this change a position in the hospital was secured for himself by the chief mover.

I would have resigned at the beginning of the annoyance if I had consulted simply my own convenience or interest, but I had made up my mind to remain at my post, as a matter of duty, and to continue so long as I could render any service; and this course I held for nearly thirty years from that time, without the slightest consideration given by myself to my personal feelings or interests.

I had been in the habit of making out the yearly reports for the Lady Managers and having them printed, but did so only because I had had more experience. At one time by the same outside influence, some of the managers were prompted to believe that I had too much to say in everything, and that it would be the proper thing for them to appoint a Committee on Printing and have it prepare the report. So the committee was appointed, and I knew nothing of the matter until I was shown a copy of the newly-printed report with an air of great triumph, as if to say, "You see, we can get on perfectly well without your help."

I happened to open the report among the by-laws and the first thing which caught my eye was: "No more than two Lady Managers shall talk on the same subject at the same time!" I showed that no change had been effected as the whole Board could still talk at the same time, as the members had always done, but only two could now talk on the same subject at the same time; unless a selection was made for two to speak on one subject, all could speak together, but each must have a special theme. The pamphlet was snatched out of my hand and the whole edition was suppressed, so that only the printer and myself, outside of the committee, ever saw a copy of this by-law. The world, therefore, must remain in ignorance of how many other literary curiosities were contained within its pages. After the next meeting I was requested to supervise the printing of the report "as usual," which I did without comment, but I received no notification that the by-laws had been amended.

I was elected for the year 1866 to serve as a member of the Board of Managers in charge of the New York Institution for the Blind, a work which interested me greatly, but after an active service during the year, I was forced to resign as I could not find the time to discharge properly the duties of the position.

I must now write more especially in relation to myself, a distasteful subject and one most difficult to present without being misunderstood.

At the age of thirty-three I found myself at the head of a hospital

established for the treatment of certain surgical cases and, in addition, its wards were filled with women suffering from various diseases of the sex of which little or nothing was known. I was placed in the position of being a pioneer and the opportunity was thus given me, which had been afforded to no other man, to develop such extensive resources. The necessity for observing two conditions was impressed upon me at the beginning; I found I could not successfully do general practice and practice gynecology together. I thus, as a generally-educated physician became the first specialist, while there had been before me many Especialists, who from taste, or from the force of circumstances, had gradually given more attention to the treatment of some one special class of diseases than to another. Yet all of these physicians would attend an obstetrical case, or take charge of the treatment of any other condition, if it was advantageous to do so. I was at that time in a good general practice among some of the best people in the city, when I became convinced my work did not give as satisfactory results as formerly, and from some cause my surgical work was not always what it should have been. I promptly decided it was my duty to give up general practice and to attend no obstetrical cases, and this I promptly did, notwithstanding I thus lost the greater portion of my means of support. I also gained the mistrust of the profession generally, in thus, as it was claimed, putting myself on the level, as it were, with a quack, who from necessity held his position as to the treatment of *one* disease from want of the necessary training and knowledge to treat everything. No one seemed to recognize that the unusual hospital advantages which I had experienced, and this advantage alone, had fitted me for being a specialist.

The other essential for successful practice was absolute cleanliness, but of this need I will again treat.

Believing myself to be by nature as free from vanity as human nature will admit, it was natural that, under the circumstances, I should have been early impressed with the conviction I had before me the special work which I was sent into this world to develop. I believed I was in a position which could not have come to me through accident, nor through merit, as I had so far in life accomplished nothing to deserve it. I took to myself no credit for the faculty I possessed by which I was never at a loss as to the mode of procedure, nor for the successful results in operating on lesions which had previously baffled all surgical skill, and on cases, the nature of which I had never seen before. My success only increased my conviction as to the responsibility of my position for this special work. I cannot be accused of making a misstatement as to the readiness with which I operated, a fact established years ago, for on my success from *the first case* was based to a great degree my reputation

as a surgical expert *at the beginning*, and before I had had any special experience.

As it could never have been intended that the information I was rapidly gaining should remain with me alone, I naturally soon realized that my chief duty was to teach, and to spread abroad, as far as possible, the knowledge to be gained in the hospital.

I naturally shrank from lecturing and more from that than from any other duty, as I had never been able to utter half a dozen words consecutively in public without suffering from stage fright. I, however, started three clinics a week and got a blackboard at hand, although I knew nothing whatever about drawing but what came to me naturally. At that time I was so driven with my work that I had no time for what is generally considered necessary, to study the peculiarities of a case beforehand, yet frequently I had never seen the special case to be operated upon when I took my seat. As I have stated, I was never conscious of being at a loss, and I would perform the operation and then go to the blackboard and demonstrate every feature as clearly as if I had been perfectly familiar with every step beforehand. I developed at once the faculty of being able to draw rapidly what I was describing, so that my hearers saw every step of the operation, and then the knowledge was impressed by having it described and again demonstrated by my drawing.

These clinics were the first of the kind and I kept them up until the end of my service. All who attended were supposed to be physicians already in practice, and who could make immediate use of what they saw and heard. I believe no one in the profession ever had the like opportunity afforded them for clinical teaching as I had, nor so great a number of listeners, who put in practice his teaching intelligently and without delay. A revolution was effected in an incredibly short period and these clinics made the Woman's Hospital known throughout the world. They gave a special reputation to the hospital which was unique, but one which has not been maintained since with original work by those who have succeeded me. One circumstance in particular I accepted as proof that I had made my work a success, as they were attended by physicians from all parts of the world, and this encouraged me to continue my efforts at every sacrifice. So anxious was I to spread a knowledge of my experience to the utmost, that for years I gave private instruction, as it were, without compensation, but at a great pecuniary loss. Physicians would write that they had such a case under their charge, on which they must operate, as it would be a loss of prestige for them to send the patient to me, or any one, and they would ask for special advice. I never hesitated to make the offer that if they would come to New York I would have some cases and demonstrate to them

all the steps of the operation, until they had acquired the necessary experience. If I had not had the desire to do this work for the love of God, I would never have continued my efforts for either the thanks or the credit I received in return for the sacrifice made. I cannot recall a single instance among hundreds where any frank, honest, and public acknowledgment was ever made as to the source of their information. The successful result was always published as if it had been the work of an expert, and frequently credit was thus given to others for original work, who had been entirely ignorant of the subject before obtaining my assistance. Many made the knowledge gained during their visit to the Woman's Hospital the basis for a claim as a specialist, and the foundation for a successful practice. The common claim of those who seemed to have gained the least advantage was that they had studied under Dr. Emmet. I fear I was thus indirectly responsible for the mal-practice of many a quack. A few years ago I may have laid myself open to the charge of egotism, but now I write in no such spirit. Against my wishes, and only at the desire of others, I have undertaken to give a truthful history of my experience so far as the weakness and the conceit of human nature will permit. My life's work has long since ceased and fortunately I am able to realize that its history is no longer personally a part of my being.

There was one dominant sentiment which ruled every action of my professional life, and one which cannot be understood by others, unless they are convinced that each and every one is sent into this world to save his or her soul, by making good use of the opportunities always presenting; and this belief alone made me indifferent to gaining thanks or reputation. The same influence made me as indifferent to ingratitude, to calumny, and to every effort made to lessen my usefulness by underrating my work. All of these had but little effect on me, when my conscience prompted the assurance that I had faithfully discharged my duty and made the best use of my opportunities.

I, therefore, do not write in any spirit of self-glory, but in the hope I will receive hereafter my reward and this will more than compensate me. In this spirit I have long since ceased to hold ill feeling toward any one living or dead. Those who in the flesh were the most worthy of my consideration have passed away, and they are now beyond my judgment, so that I can well afford to be charitable.

It is now necessary for me again to refer to my experience at the University of Virginia to make clear some of the difficulties I managed in after-life to overcome, and to show that even with my limited tuition there it proved of the greatest benefit. Mathematics was the special stumbling-block in my career at the University, and I can now realize

what advantage I would have gained from the aid of a tutor as is furnished to-day at our universities. I certainly am not totally deficient in the mathematical instinct, although I have never learned the multiplication table, at least not having acquired it in early life, I have made no effort to accomplish it in later years, as by some mental process of my own I am able to get at what I need. After I had been some years in practice, and a married man with children, I managed to find time to go over a college course with private teachers. Mathematics did not interest me, as a whole, but I found the study of geometry very fascinating. That I learned to cipher is shown in the series of statistical tables which I prepared for my work on *The Principles and Practice of Gynæcology* on which special work I spent nearly two years, and made every calculation myself. These details go to show, I think, that defective teaching at the beginning is generally the cause of failure, even with the most stupid child.

The course of lectures on Natural Philosophy, as delivered by Prof. William B. Rogers, was the only one which interested me. Consequently this line of study occupied much of my attention when years after I went over the college course. I thus learned to test every operation in plastic surgery by some principle of mechanics and from my knowledge of opposing forces to be overcome I was frequently able to judge of the value of any procedure devised by myself or another without having actually to perform the operation. In my experience no plastic operation has ever been performed so as to be of any practical value until it could stand a mechanical test. I will state, in addition, my conviction that no one in plastic surgery has ever been a successful operator, nor able to repeat to advantage the successful work of others, without possessing a mechanical instinct. This statement will doubtless be criticised, but by no one able to recognize, after a surgical procedure, the difference between a successful result and a failure.

Chapter XVI

The most important public service, from a professional standpoint, ever rendered by me has now been forgotten—I was instrumental fifty years ago in improving the physical development of the young women of that generation and to the present time—I compared their condition to that of a well-cultivated celery stalk, a condition obtained by the exclusion of sunlight in its needed action on the skin and one of disease, by making the blood “watery”—Male patients were never attractive to me—Very successful with women and children—Difficulties in my private hospital—An interesting case cited—The prevalence of hysteria produced a condition worse than that in a lunatic asylum—An early contribution to surgery was to teach the necessity of cleanliness—My success in plastic surgery applied to the curing of vesico-vaginal fistula and in afterwards pointing out the cause—One of the most loathsome of injuries, and one then of frequent occurrence, is now seldom met with even in the simplest form—Introduced the scissors instead of the knife into surgery—History of the destruction of the Government archives, moved from Washington on the approach of the English during the War of 1812—Destroyed to make room for an army bakery during the Civil War—History of the destruction at Halifax, Nova Scotia—Of the papers of Major John André, who was Adjutant-General of the English Army—Also the loss of Aaron Burr’s papers—A great loss to the world, as Burr was never understood and unjustly treated—Persecuted by Hamilton who forced the duel on him—Francis L. Hoffman, a friend of many years—Meeting for the first time Theo. Bailey Myers—Our close intimacy—Our historical collections are to remain in close relation and to occupy adjoining alcoves in the Consolidated Library, New York—Some notice of an old friend, David McN. Stauffer—Our relations of years broken up by his marriage—My advice to his wife—His work on the early engravers of this country.



It is a remarkable circumstance, that what I myself consider to have been the greatest and the most far-reaching professional service ever rendered by me to the human race should have been forgotten, and be unknown to the present generation.

I was the first to offer a protest against the general method then followed with young girls, as they were passing into womanhood, and to have been the direct agent through my patients in bringing about a revolution throughout the country in the physical development of the mothers of the present generation. This may seem to be a big claim for any one individual to make, and yet it is true and can be substantiated. I now never see a

young girl with a deep chest, head and shoulders taller than her mother, with big hips and a sturdy step, but I feel like congratulating her on having escaped a more barbarous martyrdom, with far more evil consequences to the sufferer and others, than the binding and arrest of development in the feet of the Chinese women.

When I had gotten my private hospital in working order, as early as 1862, I was surprised to find so large a proportion of my patients were anæmic women in their adolescence, undersized, and with their nervous systems in a shattered condition from overstudy, and especially from prolonged practice in music and singing, to the absolute neglect of their physical development. A young girl was tortured into being made "ladylike," and in shaping her waist into a form God never intended any woman to have who was to exercise her province in populating the world.

Of course every physician then in practice recognized the existing condition of anæmia, and after exhausting every effort and failing to change the condition by the administration of iron and tonics, he would gradually abandon the case. I can now recall how many of these young girls among the so-called better classes became chronic invalids and bedridden, while their somewhat stronger sisters who escaped at puberty had not much more in store for them in after-life, from their first experience in child-bearing.

By examining the blood with the microscope, I found there existed comparatively but a small number of red blood corpuscles in all these cases of anæmia. By a process of exclusion I soon came to the conclusion that the condition was due to a want of sunlight, as every woman carefully covered up all portions of her body by clothing, gloves, and veil. In making the girl "ladylike" this precaution of excluding the beneficial effects of sunlight produced the diseased and unnatural result, as with a well-cultivated celery stalk, which is an abnormal condition, where it is made tender and watery by being buried up in the earth to exclude all sunlight. These poor girls were subject to constant attacks of hysteria, or "the vapors," as their grandmothers termed the condition, coming on from the slightest provocation. In my private hospital I was obliged to keep two or three supernumeraries who were known as "fit nurses," whose business was to hold these patients during convulsions, to guard them against any injury.

There are many medical men now in practice who have never seen such attacks of hysterical convulsions which, at that time, were of almost hourly occurrence in my private hospital.

I had rooms arranged on the top of the building where these patients, in a nude condition, would lie hour after hour, for days and sometimes

for weeks, with the skin exposed to the action of sunlight, receiving no other treatment than frequent rubbing of the body, with some unguent, to improve nutrition and bring the blood to the surface. This course had to be continued until there was a sufficient increase of the blood corpuscles to warrant an attempt at building these cases up by the use of iron, tonic, and a course of proper exercise, without risk of deranging the digestion and causing other disturbances.

Beyond what might be termed a picturesque effort to play battledore and shuttlecock, or the taking of a short and stately walk once in the twenty-four hours, no other exercise was attempted. Shortly after I began to call attention to this condition some one introduced the game of croquet as I was told at the time in consequence of my teaching, and soon after the tennis-court came into use for women, which was certainly an innovation.

The number of young women suffering from causes due directly to neglect of their physical development has been reduced at the present time to a very small number, in comparison with what existed sixty years ago. On the other hand, with the physical development of the young men it would seem that both the average height and weight has been reduced by cigarette-smoking, although I have nothing more than my observation to prove the assertion that the habit is becoming as serious a one as the use of opium with the Chinese.

A revolution was accomplished in less than ten or fifteen years, by impressing every mother coming under my care with the responsibility resting upon her to give due thought to the welfare of her daughters, and for her to enlist the aid of every mother within the circle of her acquaintance.

As every edition of my book on *The Principles and Practice of Gynecology* was reprinted in England, and the work was translated into German and French, there was probably not a physician in practice throughout the world, making any effort to inform himself, who did not become familiar with my views, and to some extent he put them into practice. But what I taught was so self-evident and simple that, as is generally the case, the views were accepted without question, put into practice and their source soon forgotten, as if they had always been familiar in practice to the public.

Any of my readers who may be interested in this subject will find in the first chapter of my book sufficient to fully verify all I have claimed, although I have not entered there fully into details, as at the time of writing the revolution had been already accomplished and there was no need to do more.

In private practice I cannot claim to have had much in common with

my male patients. I found it difficult to keep up my interest in a nervous and complaining man, who was seldom willing to wait patiently for the usual course, but seemed in fear, although he might not always express it, that there was something in his peculiar case which had been overlooked and might cause a serious termination. To attend a sick child was my delight, as they could never mislead me by drawing on their imagination as to their symptoms, and it was always comparatively easy for me to detect the cause. I had a remarkable influence over a young child. Many times I have, in early hospital and private practice, taken a child from the arms of a nurse or mother, exhausted after a prolonged effort to quiet it, and have handed the child back in a few moments fast asleep.

The practice in my private hospital, when I commenced treating patients there, had much in common with a lunatic asylum, and many times to overcome outside influence, exerted by friends, I have had to make a great effort to get a patient sufficiently isolated for her to become as a child in my hands. In some respects the power gained was not unlike that obtained over a wild beast, except that in one case the domination would be due to fear, while with my patient, as a rule, it would be confidence in my skill, with the desire to please me and to merit my approval from the effort she would make to gain her self-control. I have at times been depressed with the responsibility attending the blind influence I have often been able to gain over nervous women under my care.

About 1867 a young woman from Boston was brought to me on a stretcher, and she had been confined to her bed for some four years, and had become a skeleton in the house, from the amount of attention she required, as she was unable to feed herself or move without help, and could only sleep at night with the gas burning brightly, and with some member of the family to sit up with her. Moreover, she was so wilful that to annoy and mortify those present she would commit the grossest breach of good-breeding with a fiendish delight. Her condition was worse than that of insanity. Her chief amusement was to wet a portion of the sheet in her mouth, then bite a hole in it, or tear it with her finger-nails and then suddenly stick her big toe in it and tear the sheet from top to bottom. She was a daughter of a noted lawyer, and probably had never received the slightest instruction or check from either father or mother. Her father in giving me the history of her case stated that he thought I ought to know it, but "the fact was before she got sick," he thought, "*she had been fussing too much with this God business!*" I found that neither she nor any member of her family had ever been in a church (at least, during her life), but her mother before marriage had been a "Brownite," whatever that belief might constitute! Have we

not missionary work enough in our midst without there being a need for our missionaries to seek the antipodes?

I soon satisfied myself that this girl had nothing the matter with her, beyond the injury to her general condition from the long confinement to her bed, but was sadly in need of moral training; and nothing but a keen sense of duty prompted me to undertake as unpromising a task as ever fell to my lot, for she was repulsive in appearance, and there was not a redeeming feature in her case, bodily or morally.

Her father, mother, aunt, and several other members of the family were anxiously waiting to hear the result of my investigation. They had come prepared to spend the winter, with the exception of her father, and to be on the spot while the patient was under treatment. This circumstance embarrassed me more than the condition of the patient, but I quickly determined on the course to be followed. I told the father that I had found out the difficulty, but that it was not necessary I should enter into any further particulars, and to enable me to carry out my plan, he and his family must return home by the next train, and without taking leave of the daughter. If they did this, I felt certain that I could cure her, and if unwilling, they must seek the advice of some one else. As I went on attending to my business, they remained staring at me in a state of surprise and great indignation, and did not make up their minds as to the course to pursue until the last moment, in time to take the train. I went up to see her afterward, and found her lying with her eyes closed as I had left her. I remarked, "Well, you are now fairly in the hands of the Philistines, for your father, mother, and aunt, and all of them have returned home without even bidding you good-bye, and I have now got you entirely in my power." I saw that I had made an impression, but she soon recovered herself. I told her all in the house were but parts of a machine with no thought beyond carrying out my instructions. That I was a very devil when roused, and bade her look at me well and see if she did not think I was fearfully in earnest. I noticed that her eyelids slightly parted, as curiosity tempted her to see if I was really what I represented myself to be. I continued, and stated that as long as I had my own way I was as gentle as a lamb, but I would give her fair notice that she would live to regret it if she ever deviated from my instructions.

"To-morrow," I said, "at ten o'clock, I will begin to see the patients in my office, and you must be dressed at that time. I will call for you, and if you are not dressed I will play the lady's-maid, and with no light hand, for it will be a very busy part of the day with me. I shall remove that nightgown and put on your flannels," etc. I then slowly enumerated, in order, every article of female dress I could think of. This was

too much for her, and she opened her eyes, saying, "You are a brute, sir." I directed that her meals should be placed alongside of her bed, that she might feed herself, but I believe she ate nothing. She was told until she could be civil she would be left to herself as far as possible. At nine o'clock her gaslight was turned out, and she was heard sobbing several times in the night, as the nurse passed back and forth in the passage-way.

In the morning, I learned from the nurse that she evidently intended to have it out, and that nothing could be done with her but to leave her alone. At ten o'clock I entered her room, but her courage had failed her at the last moment on hearing my footsteps, and she was wildly trying to pull on a stocking under the bed-clothing. I saw at a glance that I had conquered (at least, I thought I had). I spoke to her kindly, bade her lie down, and said that I was glad to see she had made up her mind to help me, and as she was still fatigued from her journey she could rest until the next day, but that she must then be up.

No sooner had I left the room than she had made up her mind she would conquer. She began by spitting in one nurse's face, biting one in the shoulder, and nearly taking off the finger of another. She was put in a straight-jacket, when she began to scream at the top of her voice, so that the door was closed and she was left alone. I went in several times and tried to talk to her, but she only made a louder outcry. When lunch was taken up to her and an attempt was made to feed her, she made every effort to spit in the face of the nurse, so no attempt was made until next day to give her any food. Late in the evening I received a telegram that the mother had died suddenly on reaching home. She probably had some heart trouble, and the indignation I unfortunately roused when I would not sit down and talk the case over with the family for an hour or two, and my insistence that they should return home, doubtless had a bad effect on her, but I was never able to get any details of her case. I went in to tell the young woman, thinking that it might make some impression on her, but she seemed perfectly indifferent. We went through a struggle on her part of tooth and nail for a week, during which time I had her dressed by force every day, and often before she could be gotten out of the room she would tear into shreds every particle of clothing she had on her body. I had her taken down to the parlor, and when her turn came she was carried into the office, where I devoted about twenty minutes every day to a good talk, hoping by what I might say to make some impression on her.

One morning I went into her room, and not finding the nurse there, I was going out to call her, when the young woman for the first time addressed me personally, with "Why do you not cure me as you do the

others?" My answer was: "My poor child, I am almost in despair in regard to your case. I certainly have done everything in my power to obtain some influence over you, and I have thought seriously to-day of writing to your father to take you away." In a kindly tone of voice for her, she said, "What am I to do?" My answer was: "I do not know, unless you get out of that bed and on your knees ask God to give you grace to help me and those about you in our efforts." I was nearly out of the door when she cried out, "Do you mean it?" My answer was, "Yes," when the wind slammed the door. It seemed as if I had lost my temper with her, and my first impulse was to return and make an explanation, but a moment's reflection satisfied me that she would mistake my purpose.

During the day she was quite friendly with the nurses, and the next morning I found her dressed with their aid and waiting for me. She met me with a smile, and said, "I did what you told me and I want you to get a priest for me, as I am sure your religion must be a good one when it has made you so patient."

I said, "No; if you were a Protestant, as you naturally should be, I would gladly send for any clergyman you wanted, but I do not combine proselytism with the practice of medicine."

In a few days she was out riding in a carriage; soon she was able to walk out, and at the end of a month she returned home well. She became very much attached to me in a few days, and I never had a more tractable patient.

When this case came to me there was but little more than the instincts of the animal left for me to work upon, for she was not moved through any sense other than fear, as she acknowledged afterward that she thought I looked as if I would spank her. I was aided through the helpless condition she felt herself in, alone among strangers, and through fear of punishment she was conquered. Such a case would have been hopeless in any effort to have treated her at home, or with any different surroundings. After she had once yielded, and all were then kind to her, it was not necessary for me to tell her to make the exertion, for she knew that I wished it, and this excited a desire on her part to prove herself worthy of my confidence. In a kind manner I quietly pointed out to her from time to time certain serious defects which it was necessary for her to correct. The effort then made by her to carry out a purpose in overcoming her temper, and subjecting herself to this self-discipline, brought out all the good traits of her character.

I refer to this case in my book, but I have elaborated it somewhat, so that the reader might be able to form some idea of a portion of the work I had to deal with, day after day, and for so many years of my

life. The strain on my nervous system for such a length of time, together with that attending the performing of so large a number of the most difficult operations a surgeon could ever be called on to perform, influenced the moulding of my character, and through the grace given me I was taught perseverance and indomitable self-reliance. This case has impressed me the more in consequence of the after-history, it being the only one, to my personal knowledge, where I was the direct or indirect cause of conversion to the Catholic Church.

This young woman on returning home at once saw Father Fulton, who was then in charge of the Jesuit College in Boston. He instructed her and received her into the Church. On informing her father of the step she had taken, he turned her out of his house without a penny. She obtained the means and came to New York, where some friends got her sewing to do and other employment to afford her a subsistence. About two years after she learned her father had suffered from an attack of apoplexy, was paralyzed both in limbs and speech, and in this helpless condition he was left entirely in the charge of his servants. She immediately returned to take charge of him, but he resented her attention with paroxysms of rage whenever she came near him. She, however, persevered, and in about a year he was able to get about, but he never fully recovered his health. Through her influence, he became a most humble and devoted Catholic, and died in the faith. She soon followed him, having sacrificed her own health from the continued confinement necessary in caring for her father during several years, when he was helpless. A good and holy woman was called at her death to receive her reward.

In fifty years we have so far advanced in civilization that such cases, then so frequent, of nervous derangement resulting from neglect of the physical development of young girls, in the effort to make them "lady-like," or tender and "white blooded" as a celery stalk, are now no longer found.

I can claim that my earliest important contribution to surgery was practising and teaching the great necessity for cleanliness with regard to both patient and instruments, and this I taught to a degree the necessity for which none of my professional friends appreciated. My work on gynecology gives full evidence of many remarkable results obtained in abdominal surgery with the assistance of Margaret Brennan, the nurse, at a time when we had nothing but the skilful use of ordinary turpentine soap and hot water for preparing the patient or the instruments. All who are familiar with my teaching at the Woman's Hospital from the earliest period, have heard me reiterate in my clinics as an aphorism: "*The death warrant of many a patient is carried under the finger nails of the*

operator." Before I ever heard of the existence of Lister, I taught this, and yet no man has ever appreciated more than I have the value of his work in educating the world as to the importance of asepsis.

When the first Woman's Hospital building was opened, under my charge as Surgeon-in-Chief, in 1868, at Forty-ninth Street and Park Avenue, New York, I had a steam or Russian bath in operation for the purpose of cleansing and in this room every case was prepared for a laparotomy by several baths, and with the free use of turpentine soap. In 1872, from misrepresentation to the Board of Governors by medical men outside who wished to destroy my reputation, and get a position in the hospital, the Board of Governors saw fit to change the system of management from a Surgeon-in-Chief to a Medical Board. When the new organization had been perfected, none of my colleagues appreciated the necessity for any such preparation for an operation as I had employed for years. At the first meeting of the Medical Board all voted against me when it was decided by them to tear out the Russian bath to make a reception-room for the patients of the outdoor clinic.

My original work in connection with gynæcology and many surgical procedures is on record among my numerous writings, where the student can obtain any needed information on this point so that it is not necessary for me in a work of this kind to enter into further details. No portion of my work, however, ever gave me the same satisfactory assurance, by the results, that I had not lived in vain as the history of certain lesions to which I will now refer.

Dr. Sims made it possible by his teaching to close every vesico-vaginal fistula whenever it was possible to bring the edges of the opening together free from tension. But I developed the plastic method by which the cases then considered by Dr. Sims incurable, in consequence of the great loss of tissue, were finally cured. Dr. Sims, after going abroad at the beginning of the Civil War, never had the opportunity to advance beyond the work which he described in his remarkable paper read before the New York Academy of Medicine previous to his departure. I afterward cured all the supposed incurable cases sent me, and hunted up all the cases which had been refused admission to the hospital in the past, but I found it difficult to transmit my experience to others, as so few had the necessary mechanical skill. This would have been a lamentable result but for the fortunate circumstance that I was eventually able to demonstrate the cause, and by the removal of the cause the injury has now become of rare occurrence and simple in character. I presented a paper at the meeting of the American Gynæcological Society in 1879, at Philadelphia, and this was published in the Transactions for that year, showing the cause of the injury and the mode of preventing it. This

paper revolutionized the then accepted obstetrical practice of the world, and ergot itself has ceased to be used. Over fifty years ago this frightful injury was so common in occurrence that the Woman's Hospital was established, as I have already stated, for its cure, and now if a case occurs it is almost always the result of neglect.

I introduced the use of scissors into the surgical work of gynæcology as a substitute for the knife, and I devised all the different forms now in use, although others, ignorant of my work, have gone over the same ground since. Without the aid of these instruments there would have been but little advance made in plastic surgery, or in the cure of the injury I have just referred to.

Shortly after the beginning of the Civil War one of my patients, already mentioned, and wife of one of the assistant secretaries in Washington, returned home on a visit. When she came back to me she showed me a dozen or more letters, written by Washington, Franklin, and several other well-known officers, written chiefly from the winter-quarters at Valley Forge. I expressed my surprise that she should have them, as they all related to the public service and belonged in the Government archives. She told me that on her way to the Capitol a few days before she had to pass between a dozen or more tobacco hogsheads filled with papers so that they hung over the sides. Seeing the name of Washington on a letter, she asked the foreman of some work going on if she could have it. She was told yes, and that she might take as many as she wished as it was a lot of rubbish which was to be destroyed. I immediately wrote to her husband and learned from him that in making room in the basement of the Capitol for a bakery, to bake bread for the Army in the neighborhood, these hogsheads of papers had been removed and, on the report that the papers were of no importance, they were all one night dumped into the Potomac River. On further investigation it was found that these were the Government archives which Mr. Madison, as President, had hastily packed in these hogsheads when the English were advancing on Washington during the War of 1812, and were sent into the country for their preservation. After the English had burned the city and had been driven off, these papers were brought back to Washington, and when the Capitol had been rebuilt they had been temporarily stored in one of the basement rooms and had been forgotten!

As a collector of autographs, I have known of several other instances where papers of the greatest historical value have been ruthlessly destroyed. About the same time, the late Sir Edward Cunard of New York, and head of the Cunard Steamship Company, gave me three letters written by Major John André, while Adjutant of the English Army under the command of Sir Henry Clinton. In connection with his busi-

ness, Sir Edward was on a visit to Halifax, N. S., and called to see some gentleman late one Sunday evening. After some delay, he was shown into a back room where he found his friend in his shirt sleeves and very much heated, before a large fire. He apologized for keeping him waiting, but he stated he had been nearly all day burning a lot of papers which had been stored in one of the upper rooms since the American Revolution when his grandfather had had some connection with the English Army. There were three letters remaining on the hearth when the burning was interrupted, and Cunard seeing the signature of André put his foot on them as his friend was about to seize them with the tongs. He asked to keep them, with the intention of giving them to me. The regret was expressed that he had not known of the trash being of any interest to any one, as he "had burned up thousands of letters in the barrels, signed by this man, André, who could have done nothing else but write his name"!

When New York was evacuated after peace had been declared, many thousands of Loyalists left the country in transports and settled in Nova Scotia, where the English Government assigned to each a portion of the public lands. After André's death no doubt his official papers were placed in charge of some one to be transmitted to England, but in the confusion which must have attended the evacuation and the removal of the troops, some of which on leaving New York were stationed at Halifax, these papers were landed there to be forwarded at some future time and were forgotten.

One of these letters was about the last official letter André could have written, and to the commanding officer of the block-house above Paulus Hook, and now Bull's Ferry. This position had been attacked a short time before by a party of Americans under the command of General Anthony Wayne, who failed in carrying the position for want of artillery. The Americans, however, carried off to the American Army a large lot of cattle which was the subject of the poem by Major André, called the "Cow Chase," in which he wrote:

"And now I've closed my epic strain
I tremble as I show it,
Lest this same warrior-drover Wayne
Should ever catch the poet."

The last canto of which was published in *Rivington's Gazette*, New York, on the day André was captured at Tarrytown, while returning from Haverstraw, where he had met General Arnold and arranged for the treasonable surrender of West Point to the English. André was tried and condemned to death as a spy by a board of officers, but

Wayne, one of the board, could have known nothing of the poem at the time.

In the destruction of public papers, the loss is often great from an historical point, but the hiatus could generally be filled from other sources, as it was the general custom of the time to keep a copy of every letter written in an official capacity.

But the saddest instance I have ever known was in the destruction of Aaron Burr's papers—a man who lived before his time, misjudged, and more sinned against than sinning; who, suffering from injustice during the greater portion of his life, was too proud ever to give an explanation in vindication of his course, and finally all his papers, containing much in relation to himself, were destroyed, leaving the world in ignorance as to his purpose through life.

During the Civil War the price of rags for paper-making advanced to an enormous price, and consequently all old paper became valuable to regrind for making other paper. Burr lived for many years in the first house on the north side of Fulton Street from Broadway, although he happened to have died on Staten Island, where in his old age and poverty he was being looked after by some friends. After his death, this house was purchased by a man who kept there afterward a small eating-house, and his son and grandson after him, I have been told, carried on the same business. In one of the garret rooms were boxes filled with Burr's papers, and as the room probably was not needed, they were left undisturbed and their existence unknown. An old-paper dealer is always a valuable acquaintance for a collector, and during a casual visit to one he expressed his regret at having been too late in securing the Burr papers. They had been sold to a paper-maker in Connecticut, and were of sufficient bulk, after being removed from the boxes, to nearly fill the hold of a sloop. The factory was immediately visited, but too late, as the last portion of the papers had been ground up the day before without any one having been able to see them. In these, doubtless, was the material which would have fully vindicated Burr's course. He was a patriot during the Revolution, and he served throughout the greater part of the war. His connection with Blennerhassett was never understood. That his judgment was correct in the necessity, as he claimed, for this country to obtain control of the Mississippi River, was proved by the purchase of the whole Louisiana country. Hamilton feared Burr's influence and was jealous of his eminence as a lawyer. To-day we can dispassionately divest the evidence of all political prejudice and it is shown beyond question that Hamilton forced the duel on Burr, with the intention of getting him out of the way if possible, and Burr happened to have fired before Hamilton.

Shortly before the termination of the Civil War I had occasion to visit the Springler House on the west side of Union Square, above Fourteenth Street, and which had been recently opened. I there met Mr. Francis L. Hoffman, who had married a daughter of the founder of the Bradstreet Co., the first of the commercial agencies for rating the standard of all business men throughout the country. A very unpopular business it was at first, as one based apparently upon an unwarrantable spying into private affairs. But time has fully vindicated the business, and the system has proved of the greatest value to the business world.

Mr. Hoffman introduced me to the gentleman with whom he had been conversing, and I thus met for the first time Mr. Theodorus Bailey Myers, whom I had known by reputation for several years and often wished to meet on account of our similarity of tastes, but the opportunity had not occurred before. This was the beginning of a longer and closer intimacy between Hoffman, Myers, and myself, than is usual between individuals having no blood relation in common, and it was only terminated by their death. These two gentlemen had a remarkable knowledge of historical detail and especially of all in relation to American history. For years we generally spent Sunday afternoon together, and this was particularly true in reference to Hoffman and myself, while they frequently visited me several times in the evenings during the week. I was favored, as my library occupied the whole second floor in one of the houses of my private hospital adjoining my residence, where we were quiet with roomy quarters, and where the coming and going could take place at any hour of the night without disturbing any one. When we three met together with all the necessary books for reference at hand, we probably accomplished in a meeting more than any historical society, as each one would be familiar with details unknown to the others. Our reading and investigation were not always on the same line, and by thus drawing out these details we educated each other, and in the end each became possessed of a most extended knowledge as to detail bearing upon the history of this country. As every one is likely to develop a taste in a special line during the course of his studies, we were mutually benefited by becoming familiar with many facts we would never have acquired otherwise.

Ultimately, Mr. Hoffman was sent to take charge of the Philadelphia branch of his business, and thus terminated a relation, the recollection of which never recurred to my memory without increasing my heart's action with pleasure. After Mr. Hoffman changed his residence and from his death shortly after my intimate relation with Mr. Myers became closer than is usual between brothers, and it was seldom I did not have a visit from him during some portion of every day.

Incidents of my Life

I had already begun to arrange my collection into different series, and he was making every effort to supply the defects in his collection, and to adopt my system. We thus became as interested in each other's collection as if it were part of his own. As I had been years longer in forming mine than he had been, I was able to supply many of his wants, much to the pleasure and interest of each of us. In 1871 we travelled abroad for seven or eight months together with General G. W. Cullum, as I will relate shortly. But soon his health began to fail, which caused many intervals in our meeting, as he went abroad with the hope of regaining his health. At length his death came and with it a blank in my life for companionship, which has never been filled.

Mr. Myers's collection passed into the hands of his son, Lieut.-Commander Theodorus Bailey Myers Mason, who took the name of his maternal grandfather, an old New York merchant. Mr. Mason was a most promising officer in the U. S. Navy, but died in early middle life while he was in active service. After his death, the widow, his mother and sister, Mrs. Julian James, who were joint heirs, presented this remarkable and interesting collection, in many respects, to the Consolidated Library of New York. But, before it passed into the possession of the library, I had the satisfaction of being able to carry out many of Mr. Myers's wishes, and as a labor of love I arranged the whole collection in different series, and directed the binding of the whole. The collection contained an unusually good set of the signers of the Declaration of Independence and a most complete set of the autographs of the Dutch authorities in connection with the City of New York.

Shortly after our acquaintance, Mr. Myers decided to give his attention to collecting as far as possible on different lines from those I had already formed. Our close relation in life is to be maintained for the future as I learn that the "Emmet Collection" from the Lenox Library is to be placed in an adjoining alcove with the "Myers Collection," in the Consolidated Library, so that the two will essentially form a single and unique collection, and one unequalled as a whole in any collection.

I am unable to recall the circumstances under which I first met Mr. David McN. Stauffer, who, being, as I thought, a confirmed old bachelor, I had often congratulated myself with having secured for life a most congenial companion. For several years before he had any one to regulate his "time and going," we were on more intimate terms than I had ever been with any other of my old friends. As he and his good wife are living I am unable to express here in appropriate terms more than my kind feelings for both.

Mr. Stauffer served through the Civil War. Leaving home at an age when most boys are at school, he enlisted in a Pennsylvania regiment,

and as soon as his term expired he entered the U. S. Navy, and at the end of the war was in command of one of the small iron-clad vessels then in use. I must have met him very soon after the termination of the war, and he proved a most genial and talented companion. To his good taste I was indebted for many valuable suggestions while arranging my collection, and to his ready pen and brush for many a water-color or pen-drawing of some unique portrait or view, which now forms a prominent feature in the "Emmet Collection."

He was my companion on several trips abroad, and particularly in an extended one with my eldest son, Dr. John Duncan Emmet. We visited Greece, Egypt, Asia Minor, Turkey, about the Black Sea, through the Crimea, the Caucasus, and over the mountains into Russia. We had intended to visit Persia but were prevented from the prevalence of cholera about the Caspian Sea. This tour was made during the summer and we remained in perfect health throughout. I recall a most enjoyable trip in a launch down the Suez Canal on July 22d, with a more bearable temperature than is often experienced in New York at that season.

My trouble began when Mr. Stauffer and a number of other engineers visited the Isthmus to determine the proper route for the Panama Canal when this question was first agitated. Among those who accompanied the expedition was Mr. G. H. Scribner, of Yonkers, and his daughter. On their return the steamer was wrecked on the Roncador reef in the Caribbean Sea, where the *Kearsarge*, which sank the Confederate Cruiser *Alabama*, off the coast of France, was also wrecked and paid tribute to the dangerous currents of that neighborhood by leaving her frame there.

It seemed that among a number of passengers with the crew of the steamer, Mr. Stauffer was the only one who could steer or sail a boat. Through his direction, chiefly, the passengers were landed and a sufficient supply of stores secured before the boat went to pieces, and to his knowledge as an engineer the people were indebted to his finding the only source of fresh water they could obtain except from a passing shower.

When I learned that he had become engaged to be married to Miss Scribner, as the result of their experience on the Roncador reef, I felt at first indignant, as if I had a grievance and that my friend was likely to make the mistake of his life. But when I met the young lady, I could do no less than congratulate both, as I felt they were most fortunate.

At the marriage reception I had a confidential talk with the bride, taking the privilege of an old man whose interest in the happiness of both

herself and her husband was sincere. I told her that their future happiness must rest entirely with herself, that her husband's habits had already been formed and that she must yield and conform her tastes and habits to his, or that nothing but unhappiness could be in store for her. I stated, at her age it was but natural that she would wish to go out to dinner, the theatre, or somewhere every evening, while her husband would be tired from his business, and would wish to seek his pipe and get to work in his "den" on some of his hobbies for recreation. That she must have patience, and I would advise her at the end of the first dinner at home to take her husband's arm and lead him off to his "den," then take a seat by him after he had started his pipe, and make an effort to understand what he was at, and take an interest in his hobby. If she did this it would not be long before the suggestion would come from him to accept some of the invitations to dinner. She acted on my advice, and was soon deeply interested in adding extra illustrations to some book which she fancied, and the result has been that a more congenial couple I have never known. I told her a story of a gentleman of wealth who lived in England during the third decade of the eighteenth century, whose wife was much younger than himself. She gave thought only to her own tastes and took no interest in those of her husband. Her fault-finding was incessant at his spending so much time and money on a hobby in which he had been interested for a number of years. He was taken suddenly ill and on being informed that he had but a short time to live and not sufficient to arrange his affairs, he sent for his wife, and told her she had made his life a wretched one for years by her continued scolding and fault-finding without ever taking the trouble to inform herself as to the work in which he had been engaged; that he had not the time to make a proper disposition of his work, but would leave that to her, and if she did not do so, he certainly would make the remainder of her life a miserable one if it was possible for him to return after his death for that purpose. After the funeral she turned the key in the door of her husband's working-room and threw it in some drawer, and dismissed the whole subject from her mind. At length she was suddenly prompted by curiosity to see on what "the fool" had been so long wasting his time and money. The result was that she devoted the remainder of her life and a large part of her wealth in completing the work. He had written a work to show the gradual development of art in England, and had collected the original engravings to illustrate it. She eventually deposited the collection in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, England, where it is still one of the chief attractions.

After being many years occupied in his research, extending from our first meeting, Mr. Stauffer completed a work of two volumes, giving an

account of the early engravers in this country, which was published by the Grolier Club about two years ago, and it is accepted as the authority on this special subject—an interesting incident as to pursuits, and in connection with the story I related years ago to his young wife.

Chapter XVII

While passing St. Stephen's Church during a Mission, I was attracted by curiosity to enter—The most important step in my life—Detailed account and my reason for becoming a Catholic—Had married a Catholic—But was perfectly indifferent and had not been influenced—Before marriage I had decided that if there existed any authority for Christianity it could only rest with the Catholic Church—But its teachings did not appeal to me as I was not willing to accept things on faith which I could not understand—Sermon by Rev. Fr. W. H. Gross on the mysteries of the Church, and how they were to be accepted—For the first time I understood the subject and my duty—I found it the duty of every one to investigate and to ask for grace in the proper spirit—I returned to the church with my wife and was received into the Catholic Church in an hour, as I did not need any instructions—This occurrence took place over forty years ago and to this day I have never had the slightest doubt in my mind, or ceased to return thanks for the blessings conferred on me—Wrote a surgical work in 1868—For which I was made a member of the Berlin Obstetrical Society, the first professional honor I ever received abroad—Meeting of the American Gynæcological Society in Philadelphia, 1878, when I pointed out the cause of the frightful injury of vesico-vaginal fistula, and how it was to be remedied—Some reflections given on the present political situation and changes which have taken place within my experience—Overworked and was obliged to go abroad for seven months' rest—Accompanied by my friends, Mr. Bailey Myers and Gen. Cullum—How Mr. Myers was misled by a young woman—He possessed in common with Pickwick a want of the bump of locality and got into the wrong room—Sight-seeing in Ireland—Crossed to Glasgow—Went up the Caledonian Canal—Visited Fort George, Inverness, where my grandfather was imprisoned—Poverty of the Catholics at Oben, Scotland.



SHORTLY before the close of the war, on my way to the hospital, where I was due at two o'clock, I happened to pass St. Stephen's Church in East Twenty-ninth Street, where I had a pew. I was surprised to see quite a number of men going into the church at that hour, and not knowing of any repairs going on, for which I would have been called upon, I went in to inform myself.

The way of Almighty God is inscrutable, for I walked into that church to take the most important step of my life. My father had been nominally an Episcopalian, as his father had also been as nominally of the Church of England, and for the same reason. I am naturally of a

religious turn of mind, but beyond the existence of a sincere belief in God the Creator, my faith had been at a standstill since I was a child. My dear old grandmother, who brought me up, while professing to be a member of the Church of England, was a rigid Puritan in practice, and from her I obtained a knowledge of the Bible. After reaching manhood, I read everything I could obtain having any bearing on the subject, and weighed without prejudice the belief of the different Christian bodies yet I could reach but one logical conclusion, and this was accomplished, notwithstanding all the unfavorable impressions from prejudice I had received in early life. I was forced to accept the belief that if there was any foundation whatever for Christianity, the authority could only rest with the teaching of the Catholic Church, as the representative on earth of our Lord Jesus. The Catholic Church had its origin from the days of the Apostles, if Christianity ever had any existence, and it has remained unchanged except in discipline and development of doctrine. Nothing that our Lord ever taught, or that was ever taught with authority in His name by His disciples and their successors, could ever need to be changed or reformed. This being the truth I was forced to believe, whatever may be said or claimed to the contrary. The Catholic Church is certainly the only Christian body having the power to enforce its authority and the only one daring to do so as the representative of God, in matters of faith, and to exact obedience without question. It cannot be supposed that our Lord failed in His promise to be with a representative power on earth, "until the end of time," nor that His influence could ever lead to false teaching, needing at any time to be reformed. If this were possible there can exist no logical proof, nor a possibility even, for the existence of Christianity. This hypothesis would be unanswerable were it possible to divest human judgment of the inherited blind and ignorant prejudice which exists on the subject. Of course this argument may be denied and with many this will be considered sufficient to disprove the accuracy of my statement, but it cannot be logically disproved, if divested of sophistry and false premises. Errors in discipline may well occur in relation to God's human agency on earth, but the same delegated power would necessarily provide for the correction of these in due time by those in authority, as we know has been going on all the time from the beginning.

If, under the circumstances, I could think a reformation had been at any time necessary, I would embrace the Jewish faith. Our Lord was a professed Jew until His death, when Christianity had its beginning with the first teaching of the Apostles, with St. Peter as the Rock, the Foundation of the Church, and the first Pope, and all who were with him were inspired for their work, and commissioned to transmit their power

by Apostolic Succession. By the so-called reformers there has been given a human interpretation to the essential mysteries of the Church, and it seems incredible to one not in sympathy that any individual could read the Bible and be so blind as not to see that their teaching is not in accord with that of our Saviour, nor with that of His successors. As regards Transubstantiation in particular, something beyond the scope of human judgment to understand, we can but accept it literally as our Lord gave it; for, notwithstanding the populace complained it was a *hard saying*, it is the only instance where He refused to give any other explanation. Yet this has been so far *reformed* that only the second or accidental clause has been accepted nominally, where an act of simple remembrance has been substituted for a mystery of the faith. It is an illogical feature of the so-called reformers that an act should be performed in remembrance or commemoration of Transubstantiation, the mystic essence of our Lord's Supper, and at the same time deny the essential! Without Transubstantiation, the so-called Act of Remembrance becomes one without purpose, if judged in accord with our Lord's teaching.

God in His infinite power has allowed, as with the so-called Reformation, these great *sloughs* to be cast off from the body of the Church, from time to time, possibly to teach man the weakness of human faith, and the Church has always been the stronger afterwards.

History repeats itself, but the teaching is soon forgotten. The Arians were once numerous and formed a large portion of those who claimed to have been part of the Catholic Church. Yet, as the foundation of their belief rested no longer on a rock, they, as with other schismatics, were gradually brought back, and to-day there does not exist a vestige of their former power or influence.

Has not disintegration already begun in the hundreds of Protestant sects, who have each for themselves interpreted what constituted Christianity, and I may add, *Quo warranto?* Does not their widely different interpretation of itself show an absence of power and authority? The position would be untenable to claim that all, or even one possesses the truth. Which one among them has the authority to decide?

I can give the experience of an old man and state that when I was a boy there were very few Protestants who did not at least outwardly conform by regular attendance at some church, while the great majority of both men and women were sincere and conscientious in living up to what they believed. To-day the large majority of those who are nominally Protestants, in contradistinction to the teachings of the Catholic Church, are totally indifferent to all religious belief. Others render the service in the most perfunctory manner, as if the faith was not in

them, and all are ignorant that the Catholic Church claims to hold the proof that the "Reformation" was brought about more through human interests, than from supposed need or desire for spiritual change.

It is natural that I should wish all held in common with me the faith of the Catholic Church, but I have lived so much of my life with Protestants, so many of whom were bettered by their faith, that for the weal of the country I would rather see the indifferent ones all conscientious Protestants, living up to their belief, than to drift aimlessly through life as a derelict vessel at sea, with no master spirit to guide it. Without a strong religious faith no man is safe, nor can he resist temptation, and in time he must fall—consequently: every man to-day has his price, but has not yet been tempted. As a rule, the most ignorant Catholic has been taught the principles of the faith, and while many fall, from the weakness of human nature, the fall is entirely through the fault of the individual. The Catholic Church furnishes a perfect safeguard against mortal sin, and just in proportion as her precepts are made use of, which is something those outside of its fold cannot comprehend. But the mass of Protestants have no belief in common, and use the term Protestant as if it were an indication of their faith, while to one who is not a Protestant, it is indicative of nothing more than blind and ignorant hatred or opposition to the Catholic Church, and grounded on charges which have time and again been shown to be erroneous, and on proof which proves satisfactory to every one who seeks for the truth. To me, as a Catholic, it is no surprise that the world is so corrupt to-day, but a surprise it is that it is not worse. It shows that the grace of God is still with them from the teaching of the Catholic Church, and some day it will be the means by which their descendants, one and all, will leave the divergent course which others prepared in accord with their personal interests and surroundings, over three hundred years ago, and which are not tangible to-day. This influence will eventually bring all back to the Catholic Church, the only one of which we have any proof that it was God's work, under the New Dispensation.

Let the reader, if possible, divest the so-called Reformation of all personality and treat it as an abstract question, so that I may present the matter from another standpoint. From this point my first proposition will be that it is not possible for God to do wrong by false teaching, and that every act of His must be absolutely perfect and incapable of after defect, a proposition which should be unquestioned by any one claiming to be a Christian, or a believer in God alone. Among the Hindoos and other Eastern people, there are many profound and learned men in the law, as an abstract science. These men believe in the Almighty God, but, of course, have no belief in Christianity, yet from their legal

training they could decide a question in connection with Christianity, strictly on the evidence. Let us imagine that "the Reformers," who claimed a necessity for a reformation in the Catholic Church, for there existed no other, before taking matters into their own hands, had presented their case and cause of complaint to a court formed of these Eastern men—what would have been the result? If it had been in the power of the "Reformers" to show by their brief that Christianity was the work of God and that, if at the beginning, or at any after period, the slightest defect existed to be amended, it would have been held that the case could have no standing in court, on the plea that with any defect Christianity could never have existed as God's work. On the other hand, if it had been God's work, there could never have been a need at any time for "reforming" something which must always remain unchanged in its perfection to the end of time.

From my study of the teaching and acts of the so-called "Reformers," it was made evident that each was for himself with certainly no Christian charity or love for each other. Had these men reached any approach to the same conclusions and taught the same doctrine, their position would have been different. The disciples of Luther and those of Calvin certainly can meet on no common ground, but one based on ignorant prejudice and groundless hatred against the Catholic Church. When we appreciate the extent to which the pendulum representing present public opinion has swung in the opposite direction from the teaching of these men, and when we consider the countless number who have lost all faith in Christianity through their course, and sum up with a thought as to the bloodshed and suffering which has resulted in religious strife from their uncharitable teaching in the past three hundred years or more, we cannot believe that they were inspired, nor had any authority for their work beyond their own will and profit. When we go behind the teaching of these men there remains but one question to be solved: Whom did our Saviour promise to be with in spirit to the end of the world, and against whom should the gates of hell not prevail? From the unprejudiced investigator but one answer can be given, that it was to the Catholic Church, for no other body has ever dared claim, as the Catholic Church has, from the beginning to the present time, to have been vested directly by our Lord with the power to teach, as His representative on earth.

When the Holy Father defines a matter of faith, as the representative of our Lord, he must be accepted as infallible, or Christianity could not exist, and yet as a human being he is as liable as another to sin, unless he be protected from temptation by the grace of God.

So far I found it comparatively easy to study the subject from an

historical standpoint, and draw the deductions I have given, as I had no desire but to reach the truth, based on logical conclusions.

But when I tried to understand the "mysteries of the Church," coming from unquestionable authority on which all dogmas must rest and consequently they could be no other than true, for an expression which is not true cannot be a dogma, I was unable to understand them, nor did they in any way appeal to my judgment as being based on common-sense. No man appreciated more than I did the value of a religious life regulated by the proper degree of faith, and I have always respected a man, Jew or Gentile, just in proportion as he lived up to what he was supposed to believe. With regret I could find no resting-place, but I believed a merciful God would not hold me responsible for not possessing the faith or belief in something which I could not understand, and which did not even enlist my sympathy to the slightest degree.

I had married a devout Catholic, but I was perfectly indifferent as to her faith; had she been less zealous I would have insisted on the children receiving a religious training, as my observation had convinced me those who had received this training at the mother's knee were the most fortunate in after-life. For years my wife and I had lived together and she had never made the slightest reference to religious matters or attempted to influence me in any way. I went to church sometimes with her, but I am free to confess I never did so but for a purpose, when I knew that I would be undisturbed for an hour or more, and when I had a lecture or an address to prepare, or I wished to study out the steps of some operation. I could in church draw my head figuratively within my shell, and be as little influenced by my surroundings as if I were alone in a wilderness.

The grace of God prompted me to enter that church filled with men, and I was told they were attending a Mission, given by a young priest of the Redemptorist Order, Rev. Father Gross, who was subsequently made Bishop of Savannah and afterward Archbishop of Portland, Ore., where he died a few years after, I suppose from overwork. The pulpit was within a few feet of the door I had entered, and Father Gross had begun a sermon. I did not know what his text was, but he was speaking of the mysteries of the Church in relation to faith, and stated that we were not expected to try to understand them; that their acceptance without question was simply to test our faith as an acknowledgment of the authority of Almighty God, and of His right to exact obedience. That it was evident we should not comprehend them, as we would then be the equal of God himself, and superior to the angels in heaven.

I have never met with a better illustration as to the importance of a few simple words. For years had I attempted to comprehend the views

of learned men as to what was my duty in regard to this subject. To every one of the several thousand men who heard Father Gross's explanation, even to the most ignorant, this subject was made simple and clear. The man who is able to lay aside the consciousness of his learning and put what he has to say in as many words of one and two syllables as possible, is the successful teacher.

Thus in a few words I had my way made clear. I was ready to acknowledge God's authority without question; also that He could ask nothing but the truth; therefore, I was thus divested of all responsibility in accepting what I could not understand. History, tradition, and all circumstantial evidence made clear to me, as it would do to any one who honestly makes the investigation *for himself*, that the Catholic Church has existed unchanged in authority and in an unbroken line from the days of St. Peter to the present time; and that it could be the only representative on earth of the authority which our Lord promised to leave to His church as a teaching body, as His representative, and against which the gates of hell could not prevail; therefore, no further doubt existed in my mind. Notwithstanding all the misstatements and sophistry, which have been promulgated for several centuries past, I found the way as clear as I have indicated, so that no one could hesitate in accepting the lead given, provided the investigation was conducted with the grace of God, honestly, in quest of the truth. Every investigation must prove, however, a useless loss of time if it be undertaken in the same spirit which actuated an old planter living near Montgomery, Ala., and cited by him in vindication of his failure to "get religion." He lived in a good house which his father had built under the lee of an Indian mound, to shelter the house from the northern winds in the winter. The existence of this mound had become a grievance with him, as he wished to lay out his grounds in accord with some plan he had devised. Having heard somewhere that faith would remove mountains, he shut himself up in a room, with the outlook facing the mound, and offered up a vigorous prayer to God for its removal. When he had exhausted his efforts seeing the mound unchanged he rose from his knees with the exclamation, "I knew from the beginning it was all foolishness!" He who is unable to divest himself of a like preconceived conviction, as with the old planter, had better remain as he may be, and serve God to the best of his knowledge, rather than risk the loss of all faith.

We are, doubtless, commanded to seek the truth and to pray to God for the grace to direct us. If this duty be honestly and properly discharged, whatever may be the result, I believe that God will no longer hold the individual responsible. I have no desire to criticise the belief of any one, although I am convinced of the truth of my own, and I sin-

cerely thank God that I am only responsible for the justification of my own conscience.

As soon as the clergyman left the pulpit I saw him in the sacristy, thanked him for his sermon, and asked him when he could give me conditional baptism, as I wished to enter the Catholic Church. He said the step must not be taken hastily, and that I had first to be instructed. I stated this was unnecessary, as I knew everything which would be required of me; that I always decided and acted quickly in what I wished to do, and I again asked him when he would be at leisure. After asking me some questions, he stated he would be at my service in an hour.

I returned home, and told my wife, and asked her to put on her bonnet quickly, as we did not have much time to spare. She said nothing, but kissed me, and as she left the room her eyes were filled with tears of joy, and as she was absent longer than necessary to get her bonnet, she doubtless returned thanks for the answer to her prayers she had been offering for years. I was baptized, went to confession, and communion next morning, and from that time to the present and after an interval of nearly fifty years, I have never had the slightest regret. I know what is required of me, and as it is easier to obey the law than to transgress, I have no trouble, so that my life is gliding on to the close while I am contented with my surroundings, and at peace with all men.

From the time I took charge of the hospital in 1861, I had written a number of brochures on different subjects pertaining chiefly to the diseases of women.¹ In 1868 I published my first medical work on *Vesico-Vaginal Fistula from Parturition and Other Causes*, and this work established my reputation as a surgeon. For this book I received my first recognition on being made a member of the Berlin Obstetrical Society, and shortly after I was elected a member of the Medical Society of Norway. Since that time I have been made a member of every society in the world to which I could have any claim, with the single exception of the Obstetrical Society of London. I was nominated for this honor, and the committee had decided to vote favorably, as I was informed some years after by the late Dr. Playfair of London, who was a member of the committee. My nomination was withdrawn, however, the doctor stated, in consequence of the representations made by one of my supposed friends, from New York, who appeared before the committee and protested, he being himself a member, against my receiving the honor, as it was known that I, as a specialist, had never attended an obstetrical case with the exception of that of my own wife. Dr. Playfair wrote to me

¹ At the end of the Appendix will be given a list containing the titles of such subjects as I can now recall.

afterward that he had brought the matter to the notice of the members of the committee and they wished to bring the facts before the society, but I absolutely refused my permission, and with the statement I would not accept the honor under any circumstances, if conferred.

I presented a paper, as already stated, at the meeting of the American Gynæcological Society in Philadelphia, during the session of 1878, showing the cause of the injury above referred to and stating the means and mode of preventing it. During the discussion, my "friend" who had prevented me from receiving the membership from the society in London got up and offered a protest that I, a specialist, should be allowed to lay down an unfailing rule to be observed, when the subject had never been acted on by those who alone were competent to decide on its merits. He sat in front of me, and when he took his seat I said to him in a whisper: "Do you know that I had probably seen as many obstetrical cases before I ever wrote a prescription in private practice, as you have seen to the present time." On reflection, I came to the conclusion that my statement was an exaggeration. But at that time I was better informed on obstetrics than in any other branch of the profession, and but few men ever gained in a lifetime as much as I had done in my hospital practice. As he had been for years one of the most prominent consulting physicians in difficult obstetrical cases, his face was a study. The weakness of human nature first prompted me to rise and make this statement public, but I had no wish to hurt his feelings. If I had ever desired to do so, I certainly had my revenge as to his dying day he never forgot his course in London. Moreover, he knew that I had become acquainted with all the circumstances, and my forbearance probably only accentuated his regret for having, through jealousy, perpetrated the only act of meanness, and a contemptible one, I ever knew of in connection with him.

In the spring of 1871 I became overworked and was on the eve of a nervous collapse from brooding over the political condition of the country. I had heard from several mutual friends who were in close relation with General Grant (based upon what I supposed was good authority), that he expected to run for a third term, and that he had frequently stated he saw no reason why he should not be President so long as the *army wished him* to serve! Had this been true, it meant that after the third term had expired, and the people should express their dissatisfaction at his continuing in office, he would have made himself Dictator. It is possible, as General Grant became indifferent and finally yielded to the advice of his friends, that already his energy was becoming impaired by the insidious disease which caused his death, or he would not at least have abandoned his wish to serve as President for a third term.

With my experience during the war, and seeing everywhere throughout the country a total disregard for the law and the traditions of the country, as shown in the concentration of power by official usurpation, I had begun to despair of the Republic.

For one who has lived as long as I have, and has been as close an observer, and has seen no change in the past fifty years in the steady departure from the first principles on which this Republic was founded, it was but natural that I should have had little hope for the future. We are told the times have changed, that we have grown older and must have, as the people wish, full liberty to expand! This is not true, as it is equally as important to-day, under all circumstances, to preserve inviolate every safeguard for the preservation of the liberties of the people. Mr. Roosevelt needed no more power during his service as the executive head of the country to execute the will of the people when properly expressed by Congress, than Washington, if the purpose yet be to maintain a government "for the people, of the people, and by the people." The change is certainly a great one when the executive of the United States can speak of "*my army*," or "*my navy*"! as I have seen stated by the press. Does any one to-day stop to think how near we are to a Dictatorship? Officials in this country have long since ceased to regard themselves as the servants of the people, and I have heard the expression made not infrequently by those in power, "Damn the people." I am not expressing my views as a Democrat, in political opposition to the Republican party, for I find but few so-called Democrats to-day who differ in these respects materially from those of the opposite party. They have, as a rule, lost all knowledge of first principles, and are equally indifferent to the future welfare of the country, through the strife for wealth and self-aggrandizement.

Aubrey DeVere has written: "For a good government—a nation forms its institutions as a shell-fish forms its shell, by a sort of slow exudation from *within*, which gradually hardens as an external deposit, and must, therefore, be *fitted to the shape of that which it invests and protects*." Possibly our country is going through this change in forming a government for the protection of the people in the best form fitted to their future wants, and possibly, being blinded by early impressions, I am not able to realize the fact.

The people of a country are entitled to any form of government the majority may deem most conducive to their happiness and welfare, and I would on principle advocate any change to advance such a consummation. But unfortunately the people of this country are not the factors, for, as a rule, they are both ignorant and indifferent as to details in political matters, and know not what they are losing by their indiffer-

ence. Our form of government is being rapidly changed by designing political charlatans, who are working entirely for their own advantage. Sooner or later if the people do not rouse themselves in their might from their state of indifference, some one will find the opportunity to proclaim himself Dictator. Beyond this point we cannot speculate as to the future.

The office-holders under our present form of government hold the balance of power, and by their votes and at the dictation of self-interest, are able to keep the same party in power indefinitely, a condition of all others constituting the greatest danger to the country, as it checks all influence of the people in the government, and prevents the action of the only check which can exist for insuring an honest administration, by frequent changes of party.

We are a young people and will require at least one hundred years longer before we can develop our resources, and during that time we are likely to prosper under any form of government: be it Republican, and influenced by the voice of the people, or a monarchy, from some one making himself a dictator or king. But for myself, I confess to the existence of an all-abiding sentiment and wish for the preservation in all details under our Constitution of a unique form of government, which has seemed to me, since I could form an opinion, to have been the work of inspiration, and the best calculated in its conception to insure the greatest degree of freedom and happiness to the largest number of people.

Of late years my reliance has rested on the ruling of the Supreme Court, but my faith in this check has been weakened, as it has already been packed as a political measure by the appointment of a sufficient number of "true and trusty men" to declare by the ruling of the majority that paper money, but a token of indebtedness, and without intrinsic value, was a legal tender, notwithstanding the reading of the Constitution to the contrary. With a precedent established, a repetition is likely to occur under some other claimed necessity, for "saving the country."

I can, however, thank God that I had the privilege from early life of living under such a form of government, and as a good citizen by taking an interest in local affairs I was able to contribute my mite toward its preservation. I have never missed taking part in every election since I reached manhood, so far as I can recollect, and until the infirmities of age forced me of late to remain at home. When a young man, and as long as I could do so, I attended the primary meetings, using my influence to put in the best men. How many are there among the educated and men of social influence in the community who exercise the privilege to-day, and especially among the younger men forming the class who are to be the greatest losers by any change? It is only a matter of surprise that

the men to whom this work is now left do as well as they do. As an "old fogey" I can only accept the inevitable, since all responsibility has passed from me and those of my day, to another generation, and may God direct them in advancing the best interests of the country.

I consulted my old friend, Dr. William H. Van Buren, an ardent Republican, and one who had taken part from the beginning of the Civil War in the working of the Sanitary Commission, looking after the well-being of the soldiers in service during the war. He told me that doubtless I was overworked and as I had had but little rest in years, I must abandon my practice for six months; that I must remain travelling in Russia for a certain period, and on my return he would tell me why this was necessary. I acted on his advice and accompanied by the late General Cullum and the late Mr. Theo. Bailey Myers, the latter a friend of many years, we sailed in the old *Russia*, which required from ten to twelve days to make the voyage to Liverpool. Those who go abroad at the present time have little idea of the discomfort which had to be accepted without complaint in the small steamers of the day, and how much had to be borne with from the steamship men of that period, who were impressed with their own importance and with the idea that the passengers were under personal obligation for the transportation given.

There was but a single cabin in the ship, in the stern, and a small dining-room for the children and nurses, in which the passengers were to take their meals, and seek shelter with close packing in case of bad weather. The staterooms in this ship were in another part of the vessel, but up to about that time the staterooms all opened into this, the only cabin, so that proper ventilation was impossible. Within a few feet, it was possible for those seated on that side of the table to hear on the other side of the partition the laborious efforts of those suffering from seasickness. It was not allowed to smoke below, and at that time I think a larger portion of the men smoked than at present, and the only place for any shelter was in the "Fiddle." This was a small enclosure over the main hatchway, with one bench on which not more than six or eight persons could be seated, and all the other passengers who could not find standing room had to remain outside in the rain until a vacancy, or go below. Within this confined space in bad weather, as was the custom, the men on every change of watch were brought in, wet and dripping, to receive their grog. For the smoker to keep his feet dry, it was necessary to lift them with each roll of the vessel, as the swash from the last wave taken aboard flowed from side to side. In the partition between two staterooms there was but a single candle to light them, placed in a lantern, and every light had to be extinguished at ten o'clock. The passageways were dark even in the brightest day, and yet all were

expected to be able to identify the stateroom by a small tin sign tacked up over each door, with the number about an inch in height; and the staterooms were so narrow that while I was dressing, if seated on the upper berth, I had to keep one foot against the opposite side.

My old friend and roommate, Mr. Myers, had many attributes in common with Mr. Pickwick, and the most marked was his lack of the bump of locality. He, being a bookworm, had contracted the habit of not going to bed until the small hours of the night. On land I was always ready to keep him company but at sea I liked to be able to store my clothes away where I could find them in case of need, so I always got to bed before the lights were out. On the *Russia*, Myers had no other guide in the dark to his stateroom but to count the number of string-pieces overhead while feeling his way, but he often forgot and had to begin over again. One day at lunch, he confided to me that he had devised an excellent plan to guide him by fastening a cigar-ribbon across the string-piece at our entrance. I happened at the instant to catch the eye of a young woman seated opposite to me, whom I had known by sight since a child, but did not at the time understand what the expression implied. That night I had gotten to bed, without having my friend on my mind, but was suddenly roused from a sound sleep and my first thought was of fire; but hearing two women screaming I feared my roommate had gotten into trouble, so I rushed out in my night clothes to his rescue. Guided by the screaming, I found him standing in the middle of a stateroom, speechless, until I had dragged him into our room. Soon every one was roused and for a while we had "confusion worse confounded," by every one seeking information. One of the ladies who had been screaming at length rested from her labors, and stated that some man came in, and after running his hand over her had begun to pull the bed clothing off. With this explanation, it seemed natural that she should have resented such a degree of familiarity from any man on so short an acquaintance. But as there was no man in evidence, the stewardess began to question her as to what she had eaten for supper, to strengthen, evidently, a preconceived opinion that she had suffered from an attack of nightmare, and this diverted public opinion so that in a few moments all settled down again, returning to their nasal pipes.

Mr. Myers stated to me next morning that on entering, having been guided by the ribbon, he had run his hand over the bedspread to see if it had been removed, as he found it too warm sleeping with it, but that he had felt no one in the berth, and began to pull the spread off and to put it aside before undressing. At breakfast, the next morning, I saw at a glance such a mischievous twinkle in the eyes of the young woman opposite that I knew how the ribbon had been removed, and we had a

heartily laugh together without ever exchanging a word.¹ The inability of Mr. Myers to find his way in a strange place was to some extent due to his being very nearsighted, and it happened that I had frequently to hunt him up before I could go to bed, for, getting confused as to his locality, he was as likely to be found in the basement as in the garret. He had great faith in my power of getting about, and whenever he lost his way, he invariably seated himself and waited to be rescued.

We did the usual sightseeing in Ireland and I gained for the first time some insight into the condition of the people and of England's crime in the mismanagement of that country. I had been active, since a medical student, in every movement of the country for Ireland's benefit, but what I saw in Ireland during my first visit convinced me that my duty was to take a more active part and by doing so stimulate others to greater exertion. After my return and to the present time the affairs of Ireland have occupied my daily attention.

We crossed to Glasgow² and went up the Caledonian Canal, which had been recently built to Inverness, and the mode of travelling on the canal boats recalled a trip in early life on the Erie Canal, which, before the railroad was built, and for some time after, was the usual route to the Lakes and Niagara Falls. I was at Oban on Sunday, and was unable to find the Catholic Church, if one existed. A few years after, when on a visit with several members of my family, we did succeed in finding a small wooden shanty covered with tarred paper, in which were assembled not more than some twenty-five people, and they seemed in the most moderate circumstances. After the sermon the priest, who looked as if he spent most of his time in prayer and fasting, called the attention of his congregation to their suffering during the previous winter from cold, and to the necessity of making an effort in time to lay in a supply of fuel. He stated: "You know that I have had nothing since I have been with you and must continue in the same way; my clothing is still fairly good and I can go among you from time to time and get something to eat, but we cannot get the coals without money, and I therefore call your attention to it in time." The boy who had served the mass handed around his tattered cap to receive a halfpenny from each. I fortunately had thirty dollars with me in English gold, which I handed to the different members of our party and when they were dropped into the cap they seemed to be halfpennies, as the rest. After leaving the church, the boy came shouting after us, calling out, "A mistake! A mistake!" while holding in his hand the six gold pieces with his fingers tightly closed over them, and for fear that

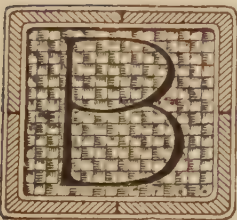
¹ After so long an interval I find myself in doubt as to the time, and believe the incident occurred on our return in the same ship.

they were not secure, he grasped the right hand in the left. On being told that there was no mistake, he stood speechless for a moment, with his mouth open, and staring at us. At length he uttered, "Bay it so," gave a low whistle and then started off on a run to the priest, never having seen, probably, so large an amount of money before. I have been glad to learn that these poor people have become more prosperous, and the Marquis of Bute has since built them a church.

My object in going to Inverness was to visit Fort George, on the Moray Firth, where my grandfather, Thomas Addis Emmet, and his wife, and a number of leaders, were imprisoned several years by the English Government, after the troubles in Ireland of 1798. An officer was detailed to show us over the fortress, but after so long an interval it was impossible to locate the special-casemate which they had occupied. We were kindly invited by the officers, on account of General Cullum being with us, to remain and dine with them. One of the "crack" English regiments was on duty there, and one noted for its magnificent service of plate, which we saw on passing through the dining-room where dinner was to be served. We declined the invitation in the uncertainty of getting back before morning and on account of the distance of eleven miles to drive on the moor after dark. On our return, we drove over the site of the battle of Culloden, which was in the immediate neighborhood.

Chapter XVIII

Our route from Edinburgh to London—Poole, the London tailor—The seat of the trousers he furnished his patrons at that time presented a remarkable feature—A dinner in Paris, given us by some of the descendants of Lafayette, Rochambeau, and other French officers who served in our Revolution—Something about the St. Bartholomew massacre, not in accord with the accepted history—My experience on the spire of the Strasburg Cathedral—A prediction made in case of accident on the Rigi Railroad—An interesting incident at Interlaken, from Geneva to Vienna—Met a Russian official, a man of great intelligence, then on his way to Siberia by order of his government—Reported the coming of an American general with his staff, who were to enter Russia by the Volga—Gen. Cullum sick at Budapest—Changed route and entered Russia from Poland—Received every courtesy on the frontier—We were expected—Treatment of an Englishman in contrast to our reception—Arrived at St. Petersburg—Taken by a police agent to a marriage reception in high life—Shown every day objects of interest, to impress us with the wealth, strength, and growing importance of Russia—Saw a review of 80,000 troops from the Caspian, they had built a railroad from the starting-point, and all of which was taken up on the return—Changed my opinion of the Russian soldier—Russia's management of her army—Supported at a less cost than any other country—Russian-Japanese war—Cause of Russia's failure—Condition of the Trans-Siberian Railroad—The Czar seemed a kindly man—Was misled by foreign criticism as to the supposed needs of his Empire—Russia had then the only government fitted for her people—We are conceited in believing our civilization should be accepted by the world as the standard—Home Rule has existed in Russia for over one hundred and fifty years—No poorhouses in Russia—Every family is supposed to have a farm, which is kept for centuries as the headquarters for those who fail in obtaining a living elsewhere—The opportunity is there given by their labor to make a fresh start—Trouble with the Jews did not seem to be on account of their religion, but they will not live in the country, or cultivate the land, but by usury get possession of the land of others, and thus give the police a great deal of trouble—My opinion of the Russian people from what I saw of their habits and interests—Their views as to education—My own views as to the benefit of the public schools as conducted in our own country—Some deductions bearing on the existence of unrest among our people at large—Professions all overcrowded by those who are unfitted for professional life and could only succeed at a trade—It is the amount of brains God has given a man and his progenitors which determines his success in life and education alone cannot gain it—Both mechanical and professional efficiency are inherited,—Left Russia for Finland—Met an old Russian Admiral—Remarkable man—Did not accept my fish story—Correspondence with Admiral Tryon, of the *Camberdown*—His opinion of his grandfather, Gov. Tryon of the American Revolution.



BETWEEN Edinburgh and London we spent several weeks by stopping over at some desirable place every day and driving to the east and west within a reasonable distance, to see all of interest. By this method we saw a larger section of the country, and more of interest than a stranger could see travelling only by railroad.

The most notable event in London was my detention for nearly a week to get a suit of clothes for travelling, from the famous Poole. The trousers were a curiosity, for after drawing them up as far as the waist-band could go under my arms, there yet remained about the seat a superfluous degree of space into which a good-sized watermelon could have been carried. In those days, I parted my hair behind, and altogether was rather sensitive of my back effect, so that I travelled over Europe devoting a great part of my time to pulling down the rear end of a rather short sack coat to cover the duck-tail-shaped droop in my trousers.

We crossed to Paris and had a large dinner given to us and to several other New Yorkers by the descendants of Lafayette, Rochambeau, and other French officers who served during our Revolution.

One of the gentlemen present from New York and now gone to his final rest, peace be to him, had given me a great deal of annoyance from time to time, as he imagined himself an authority on the subject of Transubstantiation, and I being a Catholic, he considered me a fair subject to be talked to, while his ignorance was only equalled by his conceit. During dinner, at which twenty-five persons were seated and all were at least nominal Catholics, except five Americans, this individual called to me from the other end of the table to look at a medal he had obtained in Rome, after the capture and sacking of that city by Garibaldi, "and it would tell me all about the massacre of the Huguenots on St. Bartholomew's Day."

I had become very rusty in my Latin, but having been a numismatist at one time of my life and he being ignorant of both Latin and the subject, I had the advantage. This medal, of the previous existence of which I knew nothing, showed that it had been struck off by the contemporary Pope to commemorate the escape of the French king from being *murdered by the Huguenots*, thus substantiating the claim made by the Catholics and showing that accepted history is not always truthful. It showed that the Huguenots had intended to massacre the Catholics by a surprise, and had suffered. I do not consider, from a moral standpoint, that either party in France at that time would have hesitated to take any undue advantage of the other; it only happened that the Catholics on this occasion had acted in self-defence! But as there are so many individuals, blinded by religious prejudice, who would rather believe in the massacre of the Huguenots by the influence of the Catholic Church than to learn the truth, as the house, built over a hundred years after the massacre, is still shown from the window of which it is claimed the king fired upon the Huguenots, it is likely the old story will continue to be perpetuated. After so long an interval the matter

can never be settled by any evidence which could be accepted from a legal standpoint, as to which party commenced the massacre, for there exists nothing but that based upon tradition. On two points, however, the proof is positive that religion had nothing whatever to do with the outbreak, for it was purely political on both sides. Under the circumstances the lack of Christian charity can alone prompt the spirit to misjudge the Catholic Church and ignore the exasperating political provocations offered by the Huguenots, who certainly never gave any evidence of having become more spiritual in character from a change in their religious belief.

We left Paris for the Rhine, and at Strasburg I had an interesting experience. I had followed the Franco-Prussian War very closely and wished to study the general plan of the fortifications thrown up by the Germans, of which there had not yet been a reliable account published and, unfortunately, we had not the time to drive around them. While on the top of the Cathedral I saw that if I could ascend the steeple I would be able to accomplish my purpose. But, unfortunately, the police had forbidden any attempt to make the ascent, as a short distance up the circular stairway the outer carved-stone enclosure had been shot away on three sides, in consequence of the steeple having been used by the French for an observatory. There remained only a round iron bar, about the diameter of the arm, built into the solid stone pillar, on which the stairway was placed. On the roof of the Cathedral there was quite a large house which could not be seen from the street, in which lived the workmen engaged in keeping the church in repair. On the chance of not being seen by the police, I engaged one of the men to go with me and point out the different positions, and one of our party, I believe, went up part of the way.

Our ascent was made by climbing up from one iron rod to the other and we had to keep as close as possible to the pillar as there was nothing outside of us. The steeple not only swayed from side to side as a tree blowing in the wind, but it had also a twisting motion caused by one side being thicker than the other part. After going up some distance, the guide called out to me in broken English that his stomach was "getting loose," and he returned.

At that height, of about 500 feet, there was an unbroken view of the country to the Black Forest in the south, eighty miles away. I was able in a few moments to get a good idea of the besieging line and to have the whole impressed on my mind.

We arrived in Lucerne on the day after the railway up Mt. Rigi was opened. I was interested in seeing it as I had passed up the one on Mt. Washington, in the White Mountains, the first ever built, but I did not

have the opportunity of examining it. Between the cog-wheeled track there was a continuous serrated iron plate over which, in the ascent, was dragged an iron ratchet bar. There was a crowd of people standing about, and I happened to say aloud, something I had never known myself to do before, "Suppose that ratchet should break?" I recognized a countryman, before seeing his face, as he touched me on the shoulder and said, "We would be in hell in about three minutes." I felt like asking him to speak only for himself, and while I was not willing to accept his place of destination in case of accident, it was evident under the circumstances we would not stand still. My informant had been sent over from the United States to superintend the building of this road, as he had been connected with the one in the White Mountains.

I had a bedroom at Interlaken on the second story and just over the main entrance of the Hotel Victoria. At the foot of the bed there was a large, double French window. Looking from the window, the most prominent object was the Jungfrau, some twenty miles away, with more than half of its surface covered with snow and a glacier. On my arrival I was fatigued after crossing the mountains in a private conveyance, and retired early. I slept soundly, without waking, until I was startled by a flash of light in my eyes, such as a boy will cast with the reflection of the sunlight on a piece of looking-glass.

I saw at once that it came from the top of the mountain, and knew that it must be near daylight, for the rays of the sun had just happened to strike the face of the glacier when the angles of incidence and reflection were in coincidence with the position of my eyes. When I was awakened, the room was in profound darkness, but I witnessed, as the earth rotated, the light gradually creep down the mountainside and into my room when it was suddenly broad daylight. This phenomenon, a simple enough result, would not likely ever be repeated from a like co-ordination of circumstances.

We left Geneva to visit the Exposition then being held in Vienna, and from there we expected to go down the Danube and enter Russia from the east by the Volga River, as my medical friend wished me to do. The only other person in our compartment, in addition to our party, was a gentleman we supposed to be English, who at once engaged us in conversation, and proved to be a remarkably intelligent and well-informed man. He was particularly well informed as to the United States, understanding the difference between the State and Federal Government, and was familiar with the special work of our public men.

During the day, General Cullum mentioned that he was a personal friend of President Grant, and that he carried an open letter of introduction from Grant to the American officials abroad. Our travelling companion

had mistaken us for Englishmen, and when this letter was mentioned he expressed the greatest desire to see Grant's autograph, which, as he stated, he had never seen. It was shown him, and I saw that he was eagerly taking in the contents to ascertain who we were. In a moment he jumped up, hugged each one of the party, with a kiss on the cheek, and then began to damn the English people and the government, for which he seemed to have the greatest contempt.

He was a Russian, who had never been in England, and we learned afterward that with only a grip-sack he was then on his way to Siberia, by order of his Government, to save his estates, having left his family in Geneva. He had been holding for many years a responsible position connected with the financial affairs of the country, and for this service the Czar had granted a leave of absence for three years to travel abroad. During his absence it was found, on examining his accounts, that he had made good use of his opportunity; as seems common in Russia where the disgrace seems to lie in being detected.

So perfect was the system of the country in connection with the police, that this gentleman, although in disgrace and on his way to Siberia, reported the coming of an American general and a personal friend of President Grant, with his staff, on a visit to the country, the purpose of which, he probably also reported, he was unable to ascertain. Notwithstanding we crossed the frontier a month later than we expected to do, and fully a thousand miles from where we stated to him we would enter Russia, we were at once recognized and addressed by name.

Having seen the Exposition at Vienna, and having made a number of excursions to neighboring places of interest, we passed down the Danube by boat to Budapest. To our surprise we found a number of persons were dying daily in the city from cholera, and that the disease was epidemic lower down the river. The General was seized within twenty-four hours after our arrival with some premonitory symptoms, and as he was an old man and suffered greatly from the heat which then prevailed, I at once decided to change our plans and go north through Hungary and cross the frontier into Poland. It was a tedious trip, and if we had not been informed as to the necessity for taking both food and water with us we would have suffered greatly, as we found not the slightest provision made anywhere for the comfort of the passengers, who received the same care given to the freight, and we were likewise left locked up. About the only thing I saw of interest, by the way, was twice on the same day, a man ploughing, with a woman and a bullock under the same yoke, and the ploughman seemed, with his whip, to get quite as much work out of one as the other! I also saw a woman, with her skirts drawn up between her legs and secured by a rope around her waist so as to leave her legs bare

up to the middle of her thighs, draw a large boat up the stream by means of a rope over her shoulder. The black mud was nearly up to her knees, while a man, lying on deck under an umbrella, would lazily keep the boat out in the stream by an occasional touch of his foot to the tiller! Truly the English-speaking part of the world is a woman's paradise and some of the dissatisfied advocates of "Woman's Rights" among us would be edified by a visit to this portion of the East.

At the frontier station, our keys were handed back to us without any examination of our baggage. We had to wait on the platform while the cars were being searched and the other portions of the baggage examined. At length, only the trunk belonging to an English commercial traveller, was left and this had evidently been kept to the last for some special purpose.

Everything was slowly taken out of his trunk, which was turned over and sounded, as if looking for a false bottom. Then the conductor would call out something as if it were, "All aboard," and the engineer would give a blast as if in response, to excite the poor man to the greatest degree of worry for fear of being left. This was kept up for fully half an hour by taking his trunk away somewhere, as if to have it more thoroughly examined, leaving all his things lying around on the platform, and the officials pretended they could not understand him, when nearly every one seemed to have some knowledge of English.

On our way through Poland to St. Petersburg we stopped several times, and almost before we could light the gas in our rooms a member of the police would call for our passports, and until they were returned, we could not leave the hotel without danger of being arrested. We had to pay a fee of about sixty cents for a written permission to remain over one day or longer, as it suited the police. We now began to realize that we were under continual espionage.

The evening of our arrival in St. Petersburg, after having dressed for dinner, we were taken out immediately to St. Isaac's Church by a member of the secret police, to witness the marriage of some person of importance. Afterward we accompanied him to the house where the bride was receiving. This was done evidently to impress us with the wealth and magnificent display of diamonds and dresses of the women. I had, however, frequently seen at home an equally great display, and in comparison with what can be seen in New York at the present time, what I saw was not by comparison remarkable, either for good taste in dressing or the wealth exhibited.

But what did seem strange and disagreeable at first was that no one took the slightest notice of us, and it seemed as if we were invisible.

Nearly every day for the six weeks we were in Russia the same man

generally called to take us from one place to another to see the government monopolies and manufactories of different articles, their ship-building and facilities for making arms, and wherever in private works anything could be shown to impress us with the strength and power of the government. At the same time, it was evident the desire was to show us every unofficial courtesy, as, on account of Grant's letter, it was supposed we had been sent officially by the United States Government on a tour of observation through the country. This was kept up to the hour of our departure, and although we were sailing under false colors, through no action on our part, it was greatly to our profit. We thus saw many things which no amount of influence could obtain for the ordinary traveller, and at the same time free of cost, as our transportation was always provided for.

One day we were taken out of town, about twenty miles, to a review by the Czar of about 80,000 troops, which had come up from about the Caspian. We were told that 60,000 infantry and 20,000 cavalry had built a railroad over the whole route for transportation of their supplies, and on their return everything would be taken up and returned to the depot from which they had been taken, every fence that had been moved would be mended and returned to its place, and the ground restored as nearly as possible to its original condition, and that this was all done as a military exercise.

We were taken onto an artificial mound, within thirty feet of where the Czar and about fifty of his staff in the costumes of their different countries were standing, and where we could see everything; but no one took the slightest notice of us. For several hours these troops were being manœuvred by signal and commands repeated along the line, over a level, grass-covered plateau about five miles square, prepared for the purpose and with only a single accident from a stumbling horse.

From what I witnessed on this occasion and have seen and heard since, I was obliged to change my opinion entirely regarding the Russian soldier. I had considered him only as a part of a despotic organization, where he rendered an unwilling service in a perfunctory manner, and as by nature stupid and more or less of a lout in all his instincts. This is the impression the world has received from reading English books, and it is an erroneous one. The result of my personal investigation is to believe that the best and the most efficient soldier, out of our own country, is, on an average, to be found in the Russian army. The mental capacity among the Russians varies as among any other people, and there is always a number too stupid to learn little more than the ordinary drill, and this faculty is only acquired after great labor. But among those capable of acquiring more, they are in the end able to turn their hands

to almost any work, and consequently their service is maintained by the government at a less average cost than the expenditure of any other nation of Europe, and as a whole the army is almost self-supporting. The government owns the railroads, and its soldiers are detailed to equip, run, and keep in repair everything in connection and to construct the rolling stock. The Russian soldier then made all his own munitions of war, clothing and outfit of every description, and was often detailed for cultivating the land, and in this respect contributes toward his own support, but to what extent I am not informed. In other words, the Russian Government by its system is able to get more from the labor of its soldiers, during the period of peace, at a less cost and to keep its army in a state of proficiency at the same time, than any other nation.

It seemed as if there was no soldier in Russia who was a non-producer, and all are engaged in some pursuit within the individual's capacity, and at the same time the military demands are maintained.

The financial credit of Russia has been for many years at a discount but this has been, I believe, due more to faulty methods than to any consideration as to the resources of Russia for future development, which are boundless.

Notwithstanding Russia was overpowered by Japan in the late war, the maintenance of the strife for so long a period and at such a distance from the base of supplies in itself demonstrated the wonderful reserve strength of the country.

The Trans-Siberian Railroad was but a single track, built by contract and in the most superficial and fraudulent manner, so that the government, after the commencement of hostilities, was obliged to rebuild every foot of it, and with the additional amount of sidetrack necessary, it in reality must have built more than a double track throughout. To have accomplished such a feat with an ordinary traffic over a road of such great length was in itself a remarkable undertaking. But in addition to this was the transportation of all the supplies from day to day, with the munitions of war as needed, for so large an army, and at the same time a heavy passenger service in addition was maintained in the conveyance of recruits and the return home of those invalided, and to do this during the whole course of the war was an achievement no other nation of Europe could have accomplished as well. Within a reasonable period there will be built by the government a Trans-Siberian railroad, perfect in construction and with a capacity for meeting any demand, together with depots along the line for storage of supplies, arms, and all needed for a well-equipped army. With my knowledge of Russia's resources, I am inclined to believe that the result of the next war with Japan will be different. Before war is again resorted to, it is possible

Russia and Japan may become close allies, with the former as the dominant power, or Russia must hold Japan as a conquered country. The two countries combined could divide up Asia and defy the world.

But we must return to the review. During the interval for lunch I saw the Czar go into a marquee, and as he bent over to kiss his daughter, who afterward became the Duchess of Edinburgh, my heart was lightened, for I saw the father had on a pair of Poole's trousers, with even a more generous and baggy expression of the duck-bill droop from the excess of cloth than I had been favored with.

The Czar seemed a very kindly man as shown by his manner when he was among his family, where it was not supposed he could be observed, and when he addressed his young aides, having a fatherly joke with them all. His fate was a sad one and undeserved, for he certainly made an honest attempt to improve the conditions of his people to a modern standard. From his fate the question of advisability presents itself as to what is progress. The standard in one country must certainly be a process of rubbing the hair the wrong way to enforce the same in another, where the necessity for change is neither appreciated nor desired. This poor man, in his effort to reach a standard in accord with the criticism and ignorance of the outside world as to the needs of the Russian people, undertook what he could not accomplish.

That the Czar made mistakes in his attempt to improve the condition of the country in accord with foreign criticism and without due thought as to the actual need, cannot be denied, and in his efforts he often proved that he was no better fitted for such changes than his people.

I will give an illustration showing how differently a circumstance may be regarded, with the same amount of intelligence. On two occasions I witnessed in Russia what seemed to me a brutal piece of tyranny, while the actors accepted the issue in the most matter-of-fact manner. The Czar at one time apparently conceived the idea of making the different nations under his authority a single people by mixing them up. I saw in Warsaw, and somewhere else in the interior of Russia, but where, I have now forgotten, between five and six hundred men brought from some distant section, as I was told, having wives assigned them by the police in the most business-like manner. The couple thus joined and who had never met before, had given them a certain number of acres of land on which they were expected to settle down and rear a family! So far as was evident to a looker-on, there was not the slightest objection made by either party. An expression of sentiment from our standpoint would certainly not have been understood and out of place. Yet we would not hesitate to judge in the matter, and thus show that we are

the most conceited people in the world through our rash judgment of everything which does not accord with our views and customs. Would we have contributed to the future happiness of these people had it been within our power to have gotten them to appreciate the situation from our standpoint, due to sentiment and our form of civilization, or could we have produced any other effect than one of dissatisfaction with their lot?

At length the time came for leaving Russia, and I must confess, with all my liking for the Russians and appreciation of their kindness shown us, I had reached a point some time before, where I had become fully satisfied with my own country, and with all its defects. I became tired of seeing the same people about us day after day, trying to hear every subject of conversation, and watching every step we took. It became monotonous, after a time, on opening your door suddenly to stumble over some one on his knees, and with his eye to the keyhole, and to hear the bits of plaster falling between the stud walls of your room and knowing, although one could not see it, that some one was making a hole from the next room, to enable him to keep his eye on you.

But Dr. Van Buren was wise in sending me to Russia when I had begun to despair of the Republic. This practical experience was more convincing than any amount of argument.

At the same time, this experience did not lessen my liking for Russia and the people. It only taught me the fallacy of our judgment in trying to expect the world to conform to our ideas and standards of civilization. The Russian form of government did not suit my idea as to personal freedom, but at the same time I was impressed with the fact that our government would never answer for the Russian people.

With the Russian people there is nothing in common resembling a nationality except among the officials, the army, and navy, for there are eighteen or twenty different nations included in Russian territory having nothing in common with each other, and ready at all times to cut each other's throats, if not restrained by the powerful influence of the government. The government is autocratic in its relations with the country at large, and yet it is the only one known to me where pure Home Rule exists, with regular local assemblies to provide for the affairs of the district, in relation to taxes, repair of the roads, care for the public buildings, for licensing local traffic, providing for the insane, and all other affairs which should not come under the supervision of the general government. Few understand that in Russia what might be termed the legal rights of every one, from the humblest to the highest born in the country, are carefully guarded. There are no poorhouses in Russia, as the government for over one hundred and fifty years has provided each family in mod-

erate circumstances with a certain number of acres of land, which are not intended by law ever to be sold but to be kept as a headquarters for the members of the family to return to, in case of being deprived of a means of support elsewhere, and there to remain at work until able to begin life anew.

The trouble with the Jews has not been due apparently to any religious prejudice unless there has been a change since my visit over thirty years ago, but to the fact that the Jewish people of late years will not live in the country, nor cultivate the soil, but have sold their farms, and with the money settled in the towns and gone into business. They lend their money to the neighboring families at a high rate of interest on the installment plan, which in the end the peasant is not able to pay, and under a foreclosure the property, at a great profit, passes into the hands of the usurer.

The government officials are thus kept constantly annoyed by having to provide for those who have been evicted and are without means of support, until the government can resettle them, and to do this often they have to be transported to a great distance before the necessary amount of unoccupied land can be obtained.

As I was informed, and credibly, I believe, the people thus have almost an unlimited charge of their local affairs and were contented until led astray by foreign ideas, for which they never can be suited. So long as an individual attends to his affairs and lets politics in relation to the general government alone, he is free to exercise quite as much liberty of action as is enjoyed in any other country. While he cannot leave his neighborhood without the permission of the police, the police do not keep any special supervision over one known to be law-abiding. But with the slightest political transgression, the government is merciless, and this is for its own protection.

There have been various changes attempted of late in Russia, and some may not be in accord with the statements I have made, but I have given a true version of the condition as it existed thirty years ago and more, during different visits I have made in the past.

The Russian people of education are certainly as refined as can be found anywhere, and their expression of feeling seems more sincere than with the Frenchman. The Russian of lower rank may not find a daily bath as conducive to his health and comfort as I would claim, and in consequence I might wish our intercourse should not be conducted at close range, but on the same principle as I would claim a right to the bath, would I leave it for him to decide when to take one, or not at all. The lower classes are not a brutal people, but kindly in their relation to each other. The degraded brutality to be seen any day in London

and the treatment of women there is never seen in Russia, however low in the scale of humanity may have been the fall, and I have been told wife-beating is a thing unknown in the country. The Russian can get as drunk as any one, but he does not get drunk to beat his family, or "to run amuck," and when he has reached a certain point he quietly goes to sleep.

I once met a Russian peasant near Novgorod, who had obtained a good knowledge of English, but was unable either to read or write; he was, however, a very intelligent man and I had several hours' talk with him. I asked why the Russian people were allowed to remain in such ignorance and not, at least, be taught to read and write. He told me that the government had nothing to do with such matters, and that it rested with the choice of the people themselves. He stated that so far as he had any knowledge of his people they had been in his station of life and contented to remain so, as God had not given them the brains for doing anything else but cultivate the land. But he had never known a boy in Russia brighter than the average who did not manage to better his condition by rising in the army, or in some other way by aid of the government. For the average peasant he considered a school to be a useless expense, and only a means to make the young people dissatisfied and to tempt them to get into political trouble. It struck me that he took a very common-sense view of the situation.

From my standpoint, I have for many years regarded our public-school system as fallacious and to a great extent an unnecessary burden to the community. I am willing that every child should be taught to read, write, and to cipher so far as the child shows any capacity. Beyond this it is certainly no progress to try to give every child, without reference to its mental grasp, the same superficial education of our public schools, without knowledge in detail on any branch even in the rudiments, by the aid of which it could obtain a livelihood, with, as a rule, no other result than to cause dissatisfaction with his or her station in life. The public-school education has been the chief means of causing a distaste for a quiet country life, and less and less land is being cultivated by our native population, both the men and the women seeking excitement; the men to gain as much money in the least time and by the least honest labor as possible, and becoming in time not over scrupulous as to the method. Search the records of the penitentiaries, and more of our native-born men, educated in our public schools, will be found there in proportion to those of foreign birth and those uneducated.

The girls become ashamed of the old people at home, and are off to the city, leaving home with the hope of being able to gratify a taste for gaudy finery. If what I have been told by the police authorities be

true, the number of young girls who go to the devil to gratify their taste for excitement and dress is appalling.

I believe the public-school system as it exists at present will prove a curse to the country. From this conviction Catholics have to pay the double tax, for maintaining the public schools and their church schools in addition for their own children, and the sacrifice is made as a matter of conscience.

No one in the humbler walks of life has any reason to feel an injustice has been inflicted, or that any one or any system can be blamed that his position was not higher, for the station in life of the child is generally determined by the mental capacity of the immediate ancestors. The self-made man often comes from the lowest walks of life, and his advance in the scale reaches the exact level of his mental capacity, and if he remains in good health nothing but intemperance can retard his advance, which must be due to his own efforts.

The importance placed in this country on educating the masses has certainly not operated in all respects for bettering the condition of the child, and I claim the general result has proved one of detriment to the country at large. The want of a general education does not offer the slightest impediment to the advance of any individual, as the need is always supplied in after-life just in proportion to the wish and capacity for acquiring it. With all the cant which exists to-day on this subject, and held by those who do not do their own thinking, it will be held that I am opposed to "giving the poor a chance." This is not true. I judge from personal experience and would wish every child to receive from the public school at least as much as I had, from force of circumstances, to depend upon, when I was thrown on my own resources—being able to read and write, with some knowledge of ciphering. This is enough to build on, if more is needed in after-life. An acquired education, obtained by the efforts and need of the individual, is generally far more extended than the average one gained from childhood, under apparently more favorable circumstances. Every profession is crowded at the present time in this country with half-educated persons and many are totally unfit for their special work, every one of whom, if they possessed the capacity, would through instinct recognize the need of more, and would have supplied the deficiency. Yet the mere literary knowledge does not insure success in life. Some of the most learned cannot earn a support as some inheritance is needed in addition. If a change could be made fully one third of our professional men would be more useful to the State and themselves as efficient mechanics or tillers of the soil, where they could command in after-life a more honored and successful position. I am more familiar with the medical pro-

fession than any other and know that many among the physicians have been placed in a false position with the hope of "bettering their condition" in life. They were misled to gratify new and artificial wants, which in the end must prove, if ever gained, to be in no way a betterment or necessity, adding nothing to their comfort by the additional cares which have to be assumed. Where social aspirations have been excited, the failure is likely to be the greater, since it requires, it is claimed, fully three generations of prosperity and training before any family can command as a right a social position, and one free from the ridicule which is always meted out to those who have become suddenly rich and have not yet learned to know what to do with their hands or money. The struggle is properly left open to all who wish to engage, and where talent commands success the acquirement is praiseworthy, but for all to make the same effort, amounting in this country actually to an upheaval of society, means nothing but disappointment for the many.

As regards pecuniary success in the medical profession, the prosperous mechanic has by far the better prospect for making a provision for his family after death than the average physician. This confining to some extent of trades and professions to families, as a question of political economy, has an important bearing in the development and prosperity of a country. In Germany, where such questions can generally be settled by the statistical bearing, it is found that mechanical as well as professional talent is hereditary to a great extent. It is shown in Germany, so far as I can recall the exact figures, that the son of a man whose family, for instance, have been needle-makers for generations can be taught to make nearly half as many more eyes or grind the points of more needles than it is possible for the son of a carpenter to be taught to do within a given time, and the same general bearing is true of all other mechanical pursuits.

Without wishing to be personal, but as an example, I will cite my own case as coming of a family of physicians and surgeons who, for over two hundred years at least, had their brains developed and trained in one particular line of study; so that when one of my sons graduated in medicine I presented him with a medical work written by myself, one by my father, one by my grandfather, and great-grandfather. The work by my great-grandfather was on *Some of the Diseases of Women*, written in Latin and published in 1742, with two editions translated into French and one in English, within the following ten years. I have nothing written by his father, but, according to tradition, he was noted in Tipperary, Ireland, as a surgeon, and for his successful treatment of fevers. Consequently, I believe that I was better able, as a pioneer and a practitioner of my profession, to gain more knowledge as

an accurate observer than would have been possible had my father's ancestors followed any other pursuit than a professional one. In conclusion, I will state a fact that is well known to me, that when a man expresses an opinion on this subject not in accord with the popular one, it is usual to charge him with selfishness. This is not true, for I wish advancement and prosperity to every one who is sufficiently endowed mentally to maintain the position, and I have never neglected to aid any worthy young man, who has ever come under my observation.

I left Russia by steamer for Finland and Stockholm. The steamer only proceeded on her way along the Finland coast between sunrise and sunset, coming to anchor, and the officers and men turned in at bedtime by the clock, notwithstanding it was then daylight during the whole night, with the exception of about half an hour of twilight. It was amusing to see how the instincts of nature prompted every bird, fowl, and animal to gravely turn in for a night of sleep after the supposed hour for sunset, and to turn out again at an imaginary sunrise. We found it impossible to sleep, and would go ashore and wander around for the greater part of the time when according to custom we should have been in bed. We made a stop at Helsingfors, and I was surprised to find so many of the men and boys speaking English. On inquiring, I was told, from some cause and from an unknown period, the people of that place had traded with Hull, England, where it was customary for the young men to seek employment at some time.

On board the steamer I met a remarkable old gentleman, who still seemed to be an admiral in active service, although he had reached a very advanced period of life. So long as we were in Russian waters he always appeared in full uniform. He spoke English perfectly and was the president of the Russian Geographical Society. As all of our party at that time were active members of the New York Society and held a roving commission of introduction to like societies, the admiral was quite friendly and seemed to take a particular fancy to me. The old gentleman always took his exercise for about two hours on deck, just after breakfast, and if I did not join him he sent one of his aides with the request that I should do so. Geographical subjects have always been of particular interest to me, and as he was very inquisitive about obtaining any information in relation to this country, I was fortunately able to gratify him. He was so remarkably well informed, as a rule, that I was surprised at the abrupt termination of our acquaintance. In conversation I mentioned the fact of the frequent disappearance of large rivers along the watershed west of the Mississippi River, and that it was generally supposed that they emptied into the Gulf of Mexico, as at a number of points the water is generally found fresher and in a state

of constant agitation. I mentioned the Green River in the Mammoth Cave, on which I had rowed about three miles, as it passed through the cave to appear again above ground and resume its course. I also mentioned the fish found in the cave being without eyes, and found nowhere else in the river, where all trace of the bony eye-socket had disappeared. He looked at me for a second or two, and coming to the conclusion that I had been telling him a "fish story," he coldly remarked, "It may be so, it may be so," and turning on his heel, he never spoke to me again. As the old gentleman was a midshipman in the Russian Navy when Nelson bombarded Copenhagen in 1801, he must have been nearly ninety years of age at this time.

When in London on my way home I tried to hunt up Admiral Tryon of the British Navy, to whom I had a letter of introduction. I found he was absent and in command of the Mediterranean fleet, at that time, where he shortly after lost his life from some error in the mode of manœuvring his ships, and the *Camperdown*, his flagship, was accidentally rammed and sank, while he made no effort to save his life, in consequence of his mortification and sorrow for the loss of life his mistake had caused.

I wanted to see him about his grandfather, who was Governor of North Carolina and New York before the Revolution, and during the war had a command of Tories with which he laid waste the Long Island shore and Connecticut in a barbarous manner, and burned several towns in the interior. I wished to get a copy of a likeness of Governor Tryon to complete the series of Colonial Governors of New York. I wrote, stating my desire, and in time received a very characteristic letter from the honest old sea-dog. He stated there was no likeness of his grandfather in existence, and he was thankful for it, as he had no wish to perpetuate his memory, for he knew of nothing in connection with his career in this country to his credit, and he thought the sooner his grandfather was forgotten the better!

Chapter XIX

Return from Russia—Thankful to Dr. Van Buren for the experience—Interesting visit from the late Charles O'Connor, then at the head of the New York bar—His account of the action of the Orangemen in New York on July 12, 1824—They marched to Greenwich Village to rouse the Catholics—They were successful in receiving a thrashing—Many Irishmen were arrested and imprisoned until the trial two months after—Indignation of Thos. Addis Emmet, on learning the circumstances—He gave up his other business and defended the prisoners—All were acquitted—Mr. O'Connor gave the history of a silver pitcher from which he was then being served—He was requested after the trial to get up this testimonial for Mr. Emmet—Mr. O'Connor gave a very humorous account of the experience a clergyman had with his cook, on his inquiry relating to "The bell, book, and candlestick"—As an honest man, he made a public apology, in acknowledgment that he deserved what he received—Mr O'Connor stated that the degree of bigotry and prejudice in New York against the Irish Catholics was not equalled elsewhere—My grandfather was so outspoken on the existing condition that it attracted the interest of every one, and was the beginning of more tolerance among all classes—On my return from Russia I devoted myself with greater zeal to teaching and writing on the subjects which I was rapidly developing—Began to write my work on *The Principles and Practice of Gynecology*—Found many difficulties to overcome—The work done chiefly late at night—Fun and frolic when I had time with the children in the morning—My wife's efforts to get me to bed at an early hour—When completed the work was dedicated to the memory of my father—Publication declined through the advice of a supposed friend—Member of the Irish Relief, or Mansion House Committee of the United States—Henry C. Lea, of Philadelphia, offered to publish anything I wrote and became the publisher—Bad effects of tobacco—Difficulty in breaking the habit—Received the Degree of LL.D.—Condition of Ireland considered—My services given at an early period of my life to the work of aiding Ireland.



T length I reached home, in perfect health, and I sincerely thanked my friend Dr. Van Buren for sending me to Russia, and I appreciated all the more my own country with all its faults.

One of the first persons who called after my return was my old venerated friend, the late Charles O'Connor, then at the head of the New York bar.

His visit is impressed on my mind from the interest he took in what I told him about Russia. He dined with me, and during the dinner his

attention was attracted by a silver pitcher from which he was being served, and he related to me and the family the following anecdote, as he termed it, a portion of the unwritten history of New York:

From my work on *The Emmet Family*, the following is taken:

On the 12th of July, 1824 [he stated], a procession of Orangemen marched out of the city with banners flying and the band playing "Croppies Lie Down," etc., to the little hamlet of Greenwich Village, then in the country between the present site of Jefferson Market and the North River. This village was settled at that time almost exclusively by Irish Catholics, who were chiefly laboring men. Mr. O'Connor stated that these people were obliged to live together to a great extent for their own protection, as a large portion of the New Yorkers were at that time very bitter and prejudiced against all those who differed with them in religious belief. The Orangemen marched deliberately to this village for the purpose of irritating the inhabitants, and succeeded so well that they received a most humiliating thrashing. As the fugitives were driven into the city, the worthy Sheriff proceeded to swear in a special posse, and on reaching Greenwich every man who could be found was arrested. On the following morning a hundred or more Irishmen were arraigned on the charge of rioting and disturbing the peace, with almost a certainty of conviction before them. During the following September term these men were tried on the charges cited, and the judge, hearing the testimony and not apparently supposing that there could be another side, was about to pass sentence.

Mr. Emmet (my grandfather) who was then living in the country, and who had not heard of the difficulty, at that moment happened to come into the courtroom. Mr. O'Connor stated that it would be impossible to give any idea of Mr. Emmet's indignation on learning the facts of the case, and that some of these men had been imprisoned for six weeks or more. On the opening of another court in the same building, he expected in a few moments to appear in a noted case, but he threw aside his engagement that he might defend these men. So freely did he speak of the disgraceful state of intolerance which then existed in the city, and of the great injustice suffered in consequence, that the judge, on hearing the facts of the case, forthwith discharged the prisoners without even a reprimand.

Mr. O'Connor went on to say that a few days afterward it so happened that a clergyman connected with one of the churches of the city gave a thought to his cook's religious status, and then learned that she was a Catholic. Possibly with a special interest to her spiritual welfare, he descended into her kitchen and commenced operations with the inquiry: "Biddy, let me know about your bell, book, and candlestick." "Troth an' I will," was her reply; so putting her foot against her broom and breaking off the handle, she seized him by his white cravat and tallied the blows over his head and shoulders with "This is for the bell; this is for the book; and this is for the candlestick." Finally he managed to escape into the street with Biddy after him. This

publicity put the laugh on the clergyman, and in a few days the whole incident was illustrated by the issue of a series of caricatures. The clergyman, as an honest man, publicly acknowledged that he had been in the wrong, and had deserved his punishment.

In consequence of Mr. Emmet's defence of the men from Greenwich and because of the incident of Bridget and the clergyman, a true sense of justice seems to have been aroused in the community and a more charitable tone developed.

As regards the silver pitcher, Mr. O'Connor said that he was at the time an office-boy of about twenty years of age, and had just begun to read law during his spare moments. A committee of the Greenwich men waited upon him, with the request that he should take charge of some money which had been collected to purchase a testimonial for Mr. Emmet. Under his supervision this silver pitcher was made in New York and presented to Mr. Emmet. The following appropriate inscription was engraved upon it:

"Presented to Thos. Addis Emmet, Esqr., as a slight testimonial of their respect and admiration for the patriotism and talents displayed in his gratuitous defence of his Exiled Countrymen from the assaults of Irish Orangemen in America, by the Irishmen of the Village of Greenwich, whose cause and principles he advocated on that occasion in the Court of Sessions of New York for September Term 1824."

In addition, I give the following: Mr. Charles G. Haines's *Memoir* of Thomas Addis Emmet closes with the following reference to this event described by Mr. Charles O'Connor.

In a recent case in our criminal court for the City of New York, Mr. Emmet had an opportunity of explaining the broad principles of that grand revolution in which he embarked. The United Irishmen and the Orangemen who had emigrated to this metropolis had a tremendous battle upon old party grounds. They appeared in our streets in the upper part of the city with their ancient badges of destruction. Terrible assaults and batteries were committed, but no lives lost. . . . Mr. Emmet appeared in court as the counsel of his ancient associates, and we may well imagine in what manner he touched on that portion of Irish history that recalled to his mind the days of his suffering, persecution, and imprisonment. For two hours he spoke on this topic; and as the younger Lyttleton said, when he first heard Lord Chatham—"he made my blood run cold and touched the deepest recesses of my heart." The Irish population had gathered in court and with silent awe they heard their great countryman pour out his soul on the degradation of the country which they had abandoned. However, both parties did not feel the pride which was manifested by the famous Lord Lovat, when he was tried for his life and found guilty. Mr. Murray, afterward Lord Mansfield, was then Attorney-General, and conducted the prosecution—the trial having taken place in England, not Scotland. The eloquence of Lord Mansfield requires

no eulogism at this late day. He broke forth on this occasion with great power. After he had concluded, Lord Lovat, who was proud to see a Scotchman at the head of the English bar, remarked that "it was worth being executed to hear such a speech from one of his countrymen."

Mr. Haines was unable to appreciate the true merits of the case, but fortunately the judge was able to do so clearly, as shown in his ruling, and in the unconditional discharge of the prisoners.

On my return home from Europe I began with greater zeal to teach and to write frequently for the medical journals on various subjects connected with the specialty, and these articles were issued in pamphlet form for a more extended distribution, not with the object of gaining practice nor reputation, for I had acquired both; but to extend my experience to the greatest number, and this I did at a great expense. With a directory of the names of all the physicians in the United States and with a special list of the more prominent men abroad, these pamphlets were systematically sent so as to be fairly distributed among those who would be likely to make use of the teaching. In addition, I gave close study to a special operation, which had already been ten years under observation, for the prevention of epithelioma, a form of cancer, following an injury, from which more mothers have died, with many years of bad health preceding, than from any other disease, with the exception of consumption. From the success of this operation in my hands it became known all over the world as "Emmet's operation," and an article I wrote on the subject was reprinted in the Chinese characters for circulation in China and Japan. In accord with my observation, the operation has proved as perfect a protection from the occurrence of this fatal disease as vaccination is a protection from small-pox. Yet the advantages are already being forgotten, or are not put into practice intelligently by those coming after me.

In my experience, success cannot attend any undertaking without acquiring an accurate knowledge of all details. The members of the medical profession of the present day, in keeping with the general public desire for immediate results, are not willing to give the necessary attention to detail, hence the results have not always been satisfactory to the operator nor to the public. Much harm has resulted from the operation by not having been promptly performed, or, in countless instances, it has been done when the patient should not have been subjected to it, or the expense. Charlatans have urged the need of a pretended operation as a cloak for exacting an unearned and extortionate fee. I have sometimes felt that I have been the indirect cause of more harm than good. It may be intended that some one, on what I have taught, may at some future day be able to give a simpler and better method.

Thomas Addis Tamm, M.D.
From an oil portrait by Archer, 1882



no eulogium at this late day. He broke forth on this occasion with great power. After he had concluded, Lord Lovat, who was proud to see a Scotchman at the head of the English bar, remarked that "it was worth being executed to hear such a speech from one of his countrymen."

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Soon after my return from Europe I began to write a systematic work on the diseases and surgical operations relating to women. In my private hospital I kept a case-book containing a record of every patient admitted, and the details of every case were recorded by myself. As all of these patients were intelligent and educated, they easily understood the necessity for assisting me by giving accurate knowledge.

All other previously-published records were taken from public hospital records as given by ignorant persons, as a rule, and who frequently gave false and misleading answers from ignorance, or from being prompted by a shrewd desire to mislead a supposed degree of inquisition, the importance of which they did not understand. In other words, the great value of the records from my private hospital was due to the circumstance that they were taken from those who, when necessary, frankly stated their inability to answer accurately any special question; while the uneducated never hesitated to give such an answer as they might imagine was desirable and would do so without reference to the truth.

Having no desire to prove anything but the truth, I proceeded to place each symptom or circumstance connected with any special disease or lesion under an appropriate head. When I had finished my task, for I could not intrust this work to any one else, I had tabulated the natural history of each disease, showing the average frequency of every feature. To use a simile, although not strictly applicable, it was not unlike the course taken on entering an unknown harbor, and finding the channel by placing the sounding on a chart at regular intervals, and thus when the whole space had been gone over, the course of the channel would be always indicated. Then, when writing, after each feature had been given in detail, all would be illustrated by giving the details of such cases as may have passed under my observation, with the result of each case in recovery or death. No work of the kind had ever been written before on this plan, which was original.

Nearly every page of the work was written at night when I should have been in bed, and it was necessary to take this time, or the work would never have been written. To write the book at all sacrifice I considered as much a duty as the conducting of my clinics, or any other plan necessary for teaching, otherwise I would have failed in reaching many whom I could reach in no other manner. I began my task with the determination to carry it out to a successful end, but the difficulty was to begin the work, as I found no time after I had rested from the fatigue of the day, and in consequence of the difficulty the undertaking seemed an impossible one. At length I made a beginning and started my work, as I have described building my boat at Ward's Island, from

the middle and by building out to each end. I had had no experience in book-making, so I decided to take one subject after another, as I felt like writing on any special line, and then I intended to put them together as chapters in such order as might seem advisable. But the main point was to keep steadily at work. I would begin my work by writing a sentence or two, or try to decide how I should begin, and due thought could only be given to the subject by lying back in my chair and possibly closing my eyes at the same time, but always with the same result, as I would be found the next morning asleep in my chair by the housemaid when coming in to dust the room. After this had occurred several times, I happened to recall the experience of the elder Agassiz which I had heard at Dr. Dunglison's table many years before, as I have already noted.

I procured a stool without a back and with the seat just large enough for me to balance my body when awake, then as soon as I nodded, I fell off onto the floor. After having picked myself up several times, the desire to sleep got jarred out of me, and I was then ready to work until the last moment, when I could be sure of at least five hours of uninterrupted sleep, which would be sufficient to enable me to get through the work of the next day. Fortunately I had acquired the habit of being able to sleep anywhere and to forget myself in sleep as soon as I closed my eyes. I would then sleep from three to eight o'clock.

After that time, when the nurses were at their breakfast, it was as impossible to restrain the children within bounds as to stop the course of a mountain stream. They would come to the door and fall in line, under the pretence of consulting their mother on some all-important point, and speaking very low, so as not to wake me. As I would always be roused on hearing them escape from the nursery on the story above, I would be prepared to receive them with my eyes shut and lying on my side toward the door. Suddenly I would begin pretending to snore at my highest key, and with the issue of the first note there would be a shout of delight and a rush would be made to the bed, as experience had taught them the fun was to begin. All would get astraddle, from my shoulders to short of sitting on my feet; the youngest was entitled to the first seat and to be thus out of danger. I would pretend to be asleep for some time, but a supposable condition only with all the noise and bouncing up and down of each child on me. But the greatest fun was supposed to be when I would suddenly pretend to wake up and turn over so as to give each one a toss off onto the bed. Soon their mother would be fairly crowded out of bed or the noise would become too much for her, and she would escape to her dressing-room. For nearly an hour I had to sing negro or Irish songs, tell stories, give them an occa-

sional toss when not expected, and the benefit of any horse-play I could conceive of, all of which was enjoyed to the utmost by them, as well as by myself, for I seldom had time to see them at any time during the day but at lunch, whenever I was able to be in time. Before nine I had to get up and dress, breakfast, and be in my office at ten o'clock to begin the day's work.

After I had gotten fairly started upon writing the book, my wife, with more judgment as to the consequences than I had shown, made the attempt to get me to bed earlier, for fear that I would break down and be unable to continue my work on so little sleep. But failing to accomplish anything by reasoning with me, as I had only laughed at her, she determined to accomplish her purpose by appealing to my sympathies. Her whole life was spent in thought for others, so she determined to make a sacrifice of her own sleep as a means of softening my heart. At bedtime, to accomplish her purpose, she would take a seat in my library, close at hand, and although nearly overpowered with sleep from the fatigue of her duties during the day, she undertook to wait for me until I was ready for bed, and hoped that her mute appeal would be more effective than her words had been. As I knew what would likely happen, I went on with my work. In a few moments, I would know from her breathing that she was asleep, and I would throw something over her until half past two or three o'clock, when I would be ready for bed. On waking her and pretending she was keeping me up, it would be difficult to find words to express her disgust at her inability to keep awake. After several trials and with the same result, she would come in, with a sad expression, say good-night and leave me as incorrigible.

At length I finished my work, after five years' labor under pressure, and but for my indomitable will-power it would never have been accomplished. It has been a characteristic trait from childhood with me never to abandon anything undertaken, if the end could be gained by any continued effort on my part, and I seldom become discouraged. I arranged my subjects in chapters as I expected to do at the beginning, but I found it made a crude arrangement, not unlike simply piling one stone on another, for there were corners and spaces between, which needed to be filled with literary material and pointed up. In other words, I was obliged to write on to the end of each chapter and to the beginning of the next, until I was able to blend them. This required a great deal of labor and occupied more time than would have been necessary if I had made a table of contents at the beginning and systematically written in accord, from the beginning to the end.

At a rather later hour than usual I finished, by writing the dedication, as follows:

Incidents of my Life

To the
Memory of my Father
JOHN PATTEN EMMET, M.D.,
Many years Professor of Chemistry in the University of Virginia,
who died in 1842;

AN HONEST MAN,
Esteemed by all who knew him.
To his example and early training I owe my success in life;
In youth I have aimed to merit his approbation;
In manhood I have striven to be worthy of his good name.

No honor, nor any other circumstance in connection with my professional life ever gave me the same degree of pleasure and satisfaction I felt when I finished this dedication, realizing as I did the pleasure my father would have felt had he been with me in the flesh. The impression was an irresistible one to me that he was present in the spirit at my side, and in response to the impulse I turned my head to greet him.

The manuscript was offered to a New York publisher, who promptly returned it in a few days, tersely stating that the work was not desirable for publication. As I had doubted my ability from the beginning, through lack of literary training, to write a book of sufficient merit to meet the public demand, and as I had conscientiously exerted every effort within my power to overcome the difficulties, I accepted the publisher's answer as conclusive and put the manuscript away to be forgotten.

Many years after, I learned that the manuscript had been submitted by the publisher to the editor of a medical journal in his employ for his opinion as to its merit, and the decision had rested entirely on his statement that the work contained nothing new, and that there was no demand for a new book on the diseases of women. Consequently it was declined. This man had been under the greatest obligation to me; he pretended to take the most enthusiastic interest in the development of the book; on his advice I went to the publisher and until his death he professed to be a friend! Peace be to his ashes and may this and many other efforts on his part to injure me be forgotten.

After a delay of a year or more, Henry C. Lea, the publisher, of Philadelphia, wrote to me stating that he had learned I had written a book on the diseases of women, that it had been declined, and that he would be glad to publish anything I wrote on the subject.

I gladly accepted his offer. The most laborious part was to get the statistical tables properly printed, and this required, if my memory is correct, nearly six months before the plates could be electrotyped and the regular printing of the book begun.

This work, termed *The Principles and Practice of Gynæcology*, was published in 1879, and went through three editions in this country within fifteen months, and each edition was rewritten. All three editions were reproduced in London, and translations into German and French were printed in Leipzig and Paris. I have been informed that one was also made in Spanish, but the manuscript was lost by some accident.

This was a very profitable undertaking for all but the author. As my publisher assumed all the risk and cost of publication, I only received thirty-three cents a copy, while the work sold at five dollars. I received about what repaid me for the outlay necessary in having copying done with researches and translations from the German and French medical literature, for information as to what had been done abroad, and for the proofreading for which I had no time. The English, German, and French editions were piracy, and I was favored with but a complimentary copy of the German one.

Whatever may have been the value of the work it was essentially original from cover to cover, and it embodied the experience of the best part of my professional life. It was published, unfortunately, just before the full development, or adoption, of the aseptic treatment as applied to abdominal surgery. In this respect the work was considered by some not full enough in detail, and yet I am still of the opinion that I taught the essentials. I was judged not to be sufficiently advanced in my teaching, as I did not fully endorse all the surgical procedures of the period, but time has certainly sustained my judgment. A fourth edition of this work was never called for, and fortunately, as I might have laid myself open to the charge of plagiarism. For everything I taught and originated of special importance has gradually become absorbed into the practice of the profession during the past twenty-five years, and incorporated into every new book as common property, so that the origin of much, except with the student of medical literature, has been lost so far as it will bear any relation to my name. I simply place the fact on record and without complaint, as I can truthfully hold that no part of my life's work was done with the object of adding to my personal reputation or profit. My desire was that my experience and teaching should do the greatest amount of good, and I am thankful that to so great a degree my efforts have been successful.

One of the first letters I received congratulating me on this work was from an old friend, Dr. John Scott, an Englishman by birth, of San Francisco, a man of neither originality nor bright mind, but noted for his good judgment and reliability, especially from a professional standpoint. His judgment was:

You have made the whole subject of the diseases of women too plain, and omitted to point out that success in this branch demands far more general knowledge than is needed by the general practitioner, and infinitely more dexterity than the average surgeon possesses. The result must be that every brainless man in the profession, who was unable to earn a living, will be convinced, on reading the book, that he was especially qualified by Nature for a gynecological specialist, and you have laid open the way for profit to every quack in the land!

Solomon himself could not have given utterance to words of greater wisdom, as the result has shown. But I must plead guiltless of any other desire than the wish to encourage all who were competent to make an effort to relieve the suffering of those within their reach.

December 26, 1879, I became a member of the Irish Relief Committee for the United States, which acted in connection with the Mansion House Committee of Dublin, formed for the relief of the Irish people then suffering from great want and distress. It was an active committee and did good work—Hon. Charles P. Daly, President, Henry L. Hoguet, Treasurer, and Richard O’Gorman, Secretary. The other members of the committee were: Wm. R. Grace, Robert Sewell, Eugene Kelly, Thos. Barbour, James Lynch, Wm. Watson, and myself. Of this committee I believe Mr. Hoguet was the last to join the majority and within a recent period. Many could have been better spared, as he was indefatigable in his work among the Catholic charities. He could always be relied upon to be punctual, and seldom missed attending a committee meeting.

From my earliest childhood I had acquired immunity from tobacco and in time I both smoked and chewed, as every man and half-grown boy at the South, as well as at the North, with very few exceptions, did at that time, and in Virginia nearly all the elderly women indulged in a private smoke. Throughout the mountainous sections and elsewhere many of the “poor whites” then “dipped,” as it was termed, by rubbing their gums with a stick of some soft wood, the end of which had been chewed and then dipped in a special preparation of snuff. Those who dipped were generally “dirt-eaters” also, from chewing and swallowing a light lead-colored clay to be found throughout the country, and I suppose prompted by the same craving as possesses the chewing-gum fiends of the present day. Among these people is found the hookworm disease, which of late has been attracting so much attention. From overwork and needing the sustaining effect, I must have acquired the habit of using tobacco in excess, although I was never conscious of any bad effects until I began to suffer from irregular action of my heart, and the evidence on two occasions satisfied me that I must

give up its use. One evening, the other members of the family having gone out leaving my wife and me alone in the parlor, I gave up my regular work and spent the evening with her. In an interval of conversation, as we had been reading for some time, my heart suddenly gave a bounding impulse and I went out of my chair unconscious and straight out, as a frog would leap from a bank. My terrified wife picked me up as I became conscious. I was none the worse beyond skinning the end of my nose, from having come in contact with the carpet. A few days after I had a call from an old friend, and at the end of a very pleasant visit I accompanied him to the front door. I bade him good-night and just as he was in the act of stepping off the door-sill, with the door half-closed between us, my heart gave the same leap and I fell unconscious against the door, which shut with a slam. As soon as I regained my consciousness, I opened the door, but he had time enough to gather himself up and to have disappeared. As he was so close to the door I knew as it slammed it had impinged on the nearest and projecting portion of his body, as he bent forward in stepping down. The effect had been as if I had given him a kick, sending him down the stoop several steps at a time, leaving him sprawling in the gutter. When I called to apologize next day there was a certain wild expression in his eye, showing a mistrust, and the need of a good deal of conciliation before he could be convinced that he was not in close relation with one suffering from acute mania. In time I got near enough to shake his hand and we had a good laugh over the whole circumstance.

I made up my mind that it was absolutely necessary to give up tobacco and without compromise, and I realized the fallacy of attempting gradually the breaking-up of the habit. I now had to deal with myself, and to make the greatest effort of self-denial I was ever called on to effect, and nothing but my determination to be my own master enabled me in about three months to break up the tobacco habit. No amount of enjoyment from any gratification could compensate for the misery and suffering I endured from craving for its stimulation, and suffering from the want of sleep. Hour after hour would I walk back and forth from one room to another, and as my poor wife could not sleep she would often put on her wrapper to walk with me and attempt by her cheerfulness to quiet and encourage me. When exhausted, I would throw myself in a chair and possibly sleep for half an hour, and then begin again to walk. During the day, while restless, I was diverted by my work and got on fairly well but at night nothing but the suffering and the torment of the damned could express what I went through.

Now, after the interval of so many years, I frequently have the desire to smoke and physicians have advised me to resume the habit. It is

claimed that the moderate use of tobacco would have a beneficial effect on the present action of my heart. But nothing would induce me again to put myself in a position where I could be no longer my own master without having to make an equal effort to gain the supremacy.

For writing *The Principles and Practice of Gynecology* I received the degree of Doctor of Laws in 1882 from the Jefferson University, the Trustees of the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, being the Governing Board. The academic department of this University, situated at Canonsville, Pennsylvania, has been in active operation for over a hundred years. This institution has conferred this degree, I have been informed, but five times, and then only on graduates from the medical department. This honor I shared with Dr. Marion Sims, who graduated in 1836.

I spent the summer of 1880 abroad, as I did for the following twelve or thirteen years. I began now to study the condition of Ireland, from personal observation, and found it one of destitution to an almost incredible degree and of unnecessary suffering, directly due to misgovernment and neglect of every interest pertaining to the welfare of the country. I found the neglect of official duty was not due alone to indifference, but the evidence presented showed malicious forethought during a period of hundreds of years, to degrade the people and to impoverish the country. The record of England's treatment of Ireland, since the days of the Normans, is unique and stands out in indelible characters, characterized by rapine, murder, and systematic robbery for the whole period. Notwithstanding necessity has forced a change of policy of late years and the crime may be forgiven by the people as God has commanded, yet the treatment of Ireland by English officials can never be forgotten.

For the past twenty years the condition of Ireland has been one of daily thought for me, and in that time, during many days, it has occupied part of every hour of my wakefulness. It has been a period of close observation and study, and to gain an accurate knowledge of the past has involved an incredible amount of labor. In every generation some work has been written in England's interest, and with her crafty forethought she has succeeded in misleading the world at large as to the truth, not only in regard to her course, but also as to her responsibility for the existing ignorance of the world as to the Irish people and their aspirations. Above all, she alone is responsible for the religious bigotry which exists among all English-speaking people, and for the innate feeling of contempt which in the past seems rife with every generation as to the "low Irish," and especially for those of the Catholic faith! If the uncharitable course of England toward the Irish people could be centred in the relation of any one individual toward another, even the merciful

God could not, in the absence of contrition, save the sinner from damnation. Are the laws of God as applicable to a nation as to individuals? If so, what is in store for England's future? The hangman in Ireland for centuries was as busy in burning every book written in Irish interests as he was in the exercise of his vocation, consequently time, labor, and money have to be freely expended in collecting the necessary evidence against England from an Irish standpoint. So systematically was the destruction of Irish books carried out, that the most important ones can only be picked up in the second-hand book-stalls of Europe, and then only after great delay.

I made the acquaintance of Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell at the beginning of his career, and while I admired his great talent and gave him full credit for patriotism, yet, possibly from some defect in my own organization, I felt I never could trust him. I took no prominent or public part in Irish affairs during his leadership, beyond contributing what I could to the raising of means for the use of the National party abroad. Shortly after the organization of the Hoffman House Committee for raising money, I became a member and during its existence my relation with Mr. Eugene Kelly, the president, was most friendly. But, at my request, I was never called upon to take any prominent position so long as Mr. Parnell remained the leader. Very few persons but my personal friends knew I was a constant attendant at the meetings, for I was yet unknown by sight to most of those who were then taking an active part in Irish affairs. It was not until nine years had passed, when it became necessary that Mr. Parnell should cease to be at the head of the National party, that I began to take in public a part as a leader.

Chapter XX

Visit to the west coast of Ireland—I was under constant supervision of the police—Visited Dr. Madden in Dublin—Obtained from him much information in relation to the family, and of places of interest in connection—Employed Sir Bernard Burke to make a search among the records of Ireland and England in relation to the family—This material was utilized in writing *The Emmet Family*, which was published subsequently—Visited the different houses and places connected with the family history pointed out by Dr. Madden, and had them photographed—Dr. Madden presented to me the original death-mask taken by Petrie of Robert Emmet—Its subsequent history—While at work with Dr. Madden and the photographer, I was notified to leave Dublin—The first Land Act was presented by Mr. Fortescue and not by Gladstone, as generally thought—Mr. Gladstone, however, was able to make use of it—This was the most important measure ever passed by England in relation to Ireland—It accomplished but little of itself, but it was a justification of Ireland and rendered possible any steps in the future—To do justice to Ireland I made a great effort to advance the progress on my book *Ireland under English Rule*, that it might serve the cause of Home Rule—Certain defects of character in the Irish people considered—What has been accomplished by means of the United Irish League and revival of the Irish language—The Fenian movement accomplished more than all the others for the advancement of the Irish cause—The opinion of John Boyle O'Reilly as to physical force—The use of dynamite considered—The execution of a Coercion Act in Ireland was a degradation for the Irish people—If an attempt is ever made to enforce another Coercion Act in Ireland, dynamite will be freely used in their defence—The evicted tenants—Visited the Continent, became ill—Broke my leg at Glengariff, Ireland—Obliged to return home—Delay resulted in shortening and permanent lameness—Police in Ireland—A constant cause of disorder—The treatment of my children by them—My youngest son meets Mr. Gladstone—An interesting incident in connection—Mr. Parnell and my impression of him—Joseph Biggar a remarkable man—The Irish people should never forget the services of these two men.



HAD corresponded with Dr. Richard R. Madden, the author of *The Lives of the United Irishmen*, but had not known him personally until the summer of 1880, although I had seen him in my boyhood. He acted as the commissioner and representative of the negroes in the British West Indies, after their emancipation, and about 1841, on his return after completing his work in the West Indies, he visited New York and became acquainted with the Emmet family. At the time of my first visit, before

Robert Emmet
Death mask taken by Petrie, after his execution



Chapter XX

Visit to the west coast of Ireland—I was under constant supervision of the police—Visited Dr. Madden in Dublin—Gladstone's visit to Ireland—

presented to me the original death-mask taken by Petrie of Robert Emmet—Its subsequent history—While at work with the photographer, I was notified to leave Dublin—The first Land Act was passed in 1870, I remember and not by Gladstone, as generally thought—Mr. Gladstone, however, was able to make a

Robert Emmet

Death mask taken, by Petrie, after his execution

made a great effort to achieve the purpose of the death-mask, and I am sure that it might serve the cause of Irish Home Rule—Gladstone's visit to Ireland—The Irish people considered—What has been accomplished by means of the United Irish and revival of the Irish

Obliged to return home—Delay resulted in shortening and permanent lameness—Police in Ireland—A constant cause of disorder—The treatment of my children by them—My youngest son meets Mr. Gladstone—An interesting incident in connection—Mr. Farnell and my impression of him—Joseph Rigger a remarkable man—The Irish people should never forget the services of these two men



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going to Dublin, I spent some time investigating the condition of the people on the west coast, and soon after leaving Queenstown I became aware of being under the supervision of the police, and the same interest in my affairs was kept up during my stay in Ireland. I obtained from Dr. Madden much information in connection with the actors in the troubles of 1798, with which he was particularly familiar. I also gathered from him much in reference to the places about Dublin connected with the family. When I returned home and had time to appreciate the importance of the information I had acquired, it stimulated me to acquire more,—so I returned the following summer and employed Sir Bernard Burke, the Ulster King-at-Arms, living in Dublin, to make a systematic search of all the records in Ireland and England, and to procure for me an official copy of every document in which the name of Emmet appeared. From the records of this search, extending over eight or nine years, I was able to write *The Emmet Family, with Some Incidents Relating to Irish History, etc.* With the aid of Dr. Madden, I was able to obtain through the assistance of Mr. Chandeller, the photographer, of Dublin, views of all the places of interest connected with the family. A number of these houses were destroyed in the following year or two, and these views served as valuable illustrations for *The Emmet Family*. I was refused permission to photograph the room in the Green Street Court House, in which Robert Emmet and all other political prisoners had been tried during the past one hundred and fifty years or more. But a twenty shilling gold-piece satisfied the conscience of an official one Sunday afternoon and enabled me to accomplish my purpose. Dr. Madden gave me the original plaster death-mask of Robert Emmet, taken by the elder Petrie, but I was unwilling to take it out of the country, and the doctor promised me to place it in the National Museum to insure its preservation. I had Chandeller have a plaster copy made for me. When Dr. Madden died the original was sold among his effects, as he had evidently, from his advanced age, forgotten his promise to me. I employed Trainor, the bookseller, near Essex Bridge in Dublin, to attend the sale with an unlimited bid to procure the mask for me. Trainor became frightened after bidding it up to two hundred and fifty dollars, and it was knocked down to the late Dr. Kinney, the member of Parliament and later the Coroner for the city of Dublin. On the sale of Dr. Kinney's effects, Mr. John D. Crimmins of New York obtained it and generously presented it to me, and I, in return, gave him the duplicate in my possession.

Dr. Madden possessed nearly a hundred of these masks, taken by Petrie, of individuals of historic interest who lost their lives in connection with the uprising of 1798, and these he kept stored in his stable. The

doctor told me, that, one rainy day, his coachman, having nothing special to do and being in possession of a pot of white paint which had been nearly dried up, gave each mask a coating of this paint, as they had become discolored by exposure. The successors of Chandeller have, however, sold at least five "original" casts by Petrie which I have heard of, and although the marks of the brush are shown as if painted, there is nothing on the surface. There was great difficulty, on account of this paint, in obtaining the first impression as a satisfactory copy, and each since has been of less value.

For several days I had taken Dr. Madden out in an open landau, with the photographer and instrument upon the box, alongside the driver. I, as usual, was under police observation, but Dr. Madden, who had resided out of the city for some years, and the photographer were too much for them, and as they could not determine what deviltry or treason I was up to, I was advised to leave the next day. It gave me great pleasure to inform the agent of the police that I had made all my arrangements, even to engaging my passage for the following day, as I had in a most satisfactory manner accomplished the object of my visit.

I had suspected that I was under observation, but as I was accompanied by two lady members of my family, they had kept in the background.

Lord Morley in his *Life of Gladstone* shows that the principles embodied in the Land Act, passed in January, 1870, did not originate with Mr. Gladstone. The claim for the rights of tenants in the land is due to Mr. Chichester Fortescue, an Irishman and the Irish Chief Secretary, who as early as 1866 and again in 1867 introduced bills into Parliament based on these views. Mr. Gladstone, however, recognized the importance of the principle and through his influence alone was the bill passed in 1870. The policy of the bill as tersely explained by Mr. Gladstone, was: "To prevent the landlord from using the terrible weapon of undue and unjust eviction, by so framing the handle that it shall cut his hands with the sharp edge of pecuniary damages."

Eleven years after, as another step in advance, the Bill of 1881 was passed through Mr. Gladstone's influence. I have shown elsewhere¹ that in my opinion more can be claimed for the importance of the bill passed in 1870 than has yet been attributed to it. I believe in the future the popular judgment will be that it was the most important and far-reaching measure ever legalized by the British Parliament in the relations of England and Ireland.

The bill itself accomplished but little at the time, as the needs of

¹ *Ireland under English Rule*, Second Edition, vol. ii., page 202.

Ireland were yet but imperfectly known to those who passed it, and, as Mr. Gladstone stated, those who represented Ireland in Parliament were not consulted. But it was the entering wedge, after the passage of which it became possible, as well as incumbent upon future administrations, to do more for the relief of Ireland. Between the date of its passage as a law to that of the last act for Ireland—the Land Purchase Bill of 1903—England, through the legal utterance of her Parliament, the highest authority in the land, has vindicated Ireland by these acts. By their passage she has made a tacit acknowledgment of her misrule in Ireland from the beginning, and thereby the continued struggles of the Irish people in protest during the past centuries have been justified. Every change yet to be acquired for Ireland, even to that of total separation from the Empire, is now possible.

After the defeat of Mr. Gladstone's Home-Rule Bill for Ireland by the House of Lords, I labored incessantly to obtain the material for my work on Ireland, for which I had not yet selected a title. But I conceived the absolute necessity for such a book to advance the cause of Home Rule, to create public opinion and thus educate the people. The sub- or second title of the book was equally necessary, as in a *Plea for the Plaintiff* I obtained a wider range for presenting the case than I could have exercised in a work of a more formal historical character. I hoped my work would reach the American native born and indirectly the English reader, and if possible the Irish people, who are yet most ignorant of their own current history. While all know of the suffering, but few of them have any knowledge of how much cause they have to be proud of their former advanced civilization with an authentic history, wanting in many details from the destruction of the records by the English, but yet what has been preserved is older than that of any other country in being. To this ignorance has been due the constant unrest of the Irish people in the past. From not being a reading people and being in ignorance, they were restless from the desire "to be doing something"; a disposition which has been a constant menace to the success of their own cause. Ireland was for thousands of years divided up among a certain number of clans who were at war constantly with each other. A native of the South could not understand the existence of any common interest with an Irishman from Ulster, or with any one beyond the influence of his clan. This indifference has divided the Irish people from a period before the coming of the Normans. But for its existence the English would never have obtained a foothold, and at any time within the past three hundred years they could have been driven out of the country by a united people.

Many of the Irish leaders have now been convinced that until this

feeling of clanship could be broken up, and until its influence had been eradicated, it was impossible to engender any national feeling among the people.

A national spirit was believed to be equally impossible to create among a people who had lost their mother tongue, as the Irish had in the use of their language. Many believed from the loss of their national tongue the Irish could never hope for nor aspire to ever being more than West Britons.

An heroic effort has been made during the past fifteen years to revive a knowledge of the Irish language, that it might become a living one in Ireland, and in this move an unprecedented revolution has been effected, not only in the revival of the language but in uniting the people. The United Irish League has been formed and through its influence the sectional prejudices of the past have been nearly obliterated.

At the present time a larger proportion of the people have become banded together, with the determination of obtaining self-government for Ireland, than has ever been accomplished before in any revolution, or by any political party. It has taken fully twenty years of persistent labor on the part of the national leaders to accomplish their purpose. The condition has been created where the Irish leaders hold the balance of power between the two parties, and England must grant to Ireland within the near future whatever the Irish people may demand, short of dismemberment of the Empire.

The greatest difficulty I encountered in the study of the Irish question was to understand the incentive of the leaders in the Fenian movement with so little preparation. The only conviction every Irishman must come to, interested in the development of his country, is the belief that England will never make the slightest concession for the benefit of Ireland through any impulse but one of fear. If this be true the conclusion must naturally follow that a resort to physical force is the only remedy!

Few persons, however, go beyond the first conclusion reached in the consideration of any question, and it is only done by those who have been trained to seek by deduction the ultimatum. It can be conceded that every man of Irish birth who is interested in the prosperity of Ireland, holds in common the conviction that, if the Irish people are ever to gain anything for the advance of Ireland, they must make the effort to help themselves. So far there is no dissent; for those who go beyond this point the difference lies as to time and expediency for action. Therefore, the Fenian movement was a natural one with the many among a most impulsive people, of whom some one has written: "They were too brave a people to think of consequences."

But John Boyle O'Reilly, who had suffered, finally reached the conclusion: "Instead of a hopeless, but heroic pike against a long-range rifle, Ireland has learned to depend upon a weapon that carries farther than a cannon,—patient explanation. Instead of striking her enemy in the face as of old, and getting strangled in the dark, Ireland arraigns the oppressor before mankind and asks the world for a verdict."

When the Fenians acted from the spirit of their convictions and while the movement seemed an ill-judged and futile one, they were misjudged by those who gave no thought to consideration of the subject from the Fenian standpoint. The denunciation of Dr. Moriarty, Bishop of Kerry, that: "Hell is not hot enough, nor eternity long enough to punish the miscreants" was equally unjust.

The use of dynamite was an after-thought, as it were, in the movement and as a desperate resort employed by a desperate people. The use of this agent was universally and naturally denounced by those who had not looked on the other side of the shield, while no one could foresee the benefit which was to result from its use.

Before going farther, I will state that the reader has my sympathies if there be no special interest in Irish affairs. But I became so thoroughly imbued with Irish interests after my visit to Europe in 1871 that all the reminiscences of my life, after that date, would have to be left out if my connection with Irish affairs had to be omitted. Moreover, to the end, or so long as the Almighty, in His mercy, leaves my mental capacity unimpaired and gives me the strength to wield a pen, both will be devoted to the service of dear old Ireland, whose interests have long since become part of my second nature.

Without criticising David's judgment as to the tendency in human nature to lie, I will state that I have found the disposition to misunderstand is equally great. That my views may not be misunderstood I will repeat what I have already written on this subject.¹ The Fenian movement we now know served a good purpose, and the use of dynamite, which from the ordinary standards of civilization is an unjustifiable expedient under all circumstances, nevertheless proved of infinite use to the Irish cause. So indifferent had the public men of England become to Ireland's cry and so deaf to every claim of justice, that no ordinary appeal had any effect. The use of dynamite was the first and the only means which ever roused sufficiently the interest of England in the affairs of Ireland. Mr. Gladstone had already employed coercion,—England's only remedy for an outbreak. Yet Mr. Gladstone always held that the fact of resorting to so desperate a means of retaliation first prompted

¹ *Ireland under English Rule*, Second Edition, vol. ii, pages 145-149.

his investigation of the existing provocation, of which he had had only a limited knowledge.

It is a sad comment upon the provocation given, to place on record that within a few years men have undergone a great change of opinion in regard to the justifiability of the use of dynamite by the people of Ireland, as a munition of *war*, under certain circumstances. This change has occurred among men in this country and in Ireland who have been particularly noted for their conservatism, and who are God-fearing and law-abiding citizens. The danger of its future use certainly exists, should Home Rule not take a more tangible form than a hope deferred; and if England should again declare war against Ireland by enforcing another Coercion Act, to the degradation of the Irish people, the free use of dynamite will be held justifiable by an outraged people, as their only remaining means of self-defence. This view is not considered a justification for the individual who takes the law in his own hands; for him no punishment which can be administered on earth is adequate. But its use by the people at large under proper direction will not be considered murder, when all law in the land has been suspended by the Coercion Act, and none but martial law exists, which is without warrant from the Irish people.

When innocent persons suffer by its use the result will be deplored, but their death will be regarded as no more a murder than the action of a soldier in battle, who as a premeditated act takes deliberate aim at the enemy and causes the death of persons innocent in every relation to himself personally.

The writer, moreover, has heard the use of dynamite advocated on the plea of humanity. This is not an unreasonable position as any one will admit who knows what coercion meant to the Irish people, with all the license and brutality of the military and constabulary forces, with the horrors of English prisons and the destruction of life under all circumstances. The truth, it is held, rests upon the certainty of the result that from the moment every one responsible for coercion realizes his life is in jeopardy, the act will be repealed promptly.

History teaches at every turn that fear of consequences has been the only incentive to the exercise of mercy and justice in Ireland.

If we attempt to pass judgment on the acts of those who resorted to the use of dynamite, in justice we must make an effort to understand their incentive. No man can doubt their sincerity of purpose, shown by the readiness with which they sacrificed their lives for the success of a cause more dear to them. These men were not the bloodthirsty monsters which those in sympathy with England would have us believe, for evidence is not wanting that in private life they were in no degree

deficient in the attributes of humanity. They were desperate men, rendered desperate by the sufferings of their people, who had for centuries maintained a seemingly hopeless struggle to obtain justice by any other means from a merciless oppressor.

In time of war acts are justified which would be deemed murderous if committed during the existence of peace. But war has existed between the greater portion of the Irish people and the English Government for over six hundred years, and no one can hold in truth that peace has had any existence in Ireland during that period. The war has been waged in the same relentless manner on both sides, the struggle being merely more active at times. In turn some part of the country has been under martial law for centuries, and, at the beginning of this century, over more than half of Ireland all civil law had been arbitrarily suspended. Moreover, at no time during the English occupancy has civil law universally prevailed throughout the country. Would this be the case in any civilized country during a period of peace?

The justification of these men rests on the facts stated, and he who would deny the existence of grievous provocation, from their standpoint, is hopelessly blinded by prejudice.

It will be claimed that at the present time, at least, peace exists in Ireland and particularly since the last Coercion Act was repealed. Under the circumstances peace should exist, but it does not and can not until the interests of all, from the highest to the lowest in the land, are equally protected by law.

Justice under the guise of law has stalked through Ireland for centuries in nude and brazen effrontery, and she is only less unjust to-day from expediency, if not fear. Can any one in truth claim that the Catholics, who form an overwhelming majority of the people of Ireland, have yet the same protection in their rights as the Protestant minority? Are not the Catholics still excluded as jurors, is not the jury-box still packed in every part of the country, as of old, so far as it is deemed prudent to do so, and are not Catholics, as such, yet excluded by the same prejudice and bigotry from every office and position, so far as any influence can be exerted to accomplish the purpose?

Nothing but a truce exists at the present time between Ireland and England, and there can be no final peace until Ireland has gained the power to compel Justice to rebandage her eyes and to steady her scales with an even hand, so that all may hereafter be equally protected in their rights.

During the period of Mr. Gladstone's first term of office as Premier, and while the Coercion Act was being enforced with a merciless hand, the suffering of the people was greatly intensified by the increased number

of evictions, which were then being carried out with the aid of the government. Mr. John Dillon and Mr. Wm. O'Brien now came into more prominence from the service rendered by them to the evicted tenants. The rents had been gradually raised to an exorbitant price and were far greater than the rate paid in England, or in any portion of Europe, for the most fertile land used for agricultural purposes; while in Ireland, as a rule, no land under cultivation was able to produce enough to pay the rent exacted and at the same time to furnish the means of support for the tenant.

By the advice of Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien the tenants were urged to pay no rent under these circumstances, or until a reasonable reduction had been made. Consequently, the people were evicted in greater numbers, their hovels were destroyed, and the land rented at an increased price for cattle-raising. Finally the number of tenants evicted reached so large a number that the leaders of the Irish party had to make a direct appeal to this country for their relief. The organization of the Hoffman House Committee was effected for the purpose of obtaining the needed funds, and different Irish members of Parliament were sent to this country to educate the people by their speeches as to the need of help for the national cause.

I went abroad in June, 1899, to recuperate my strength of body and to gain rest of mind from the intense strain to which I had been subjected on account of my professional work and worry about the condition of Irish affairs.

The season proved a cold one, and almost from the beginning to the end it was from day to day a period of constant care and anxiety for me on account of our health. It seemed almost incredible that such a series of mishaps would fall to the lot of one within so short a time and in the ordinary course of current events. I was accompanied by three grown children, and within two weeks after our arrival one was seized with an attack of pneumonia at The Hague and in a month we visited Ems, where two of us became ill and were confined several weeks to the bed, so that in the course of a little over two months we all suffered in turn and the season passed without being able to travel.

During three months, with the exception of about two weeks, a day was not passed without being detained by the illness of some one of the party. At length the time approached for our return home and I decided to visit Glengariff, on the west coast of Ireland, where I had always derived great benefit from the air. We arrived Saturday night and coming down-stairs next morning a little early for hearing mass, at which a bishop stopping in the house would officiate, I started out with one of my sons for a short walk and had gone but a few hundred

yards when I slipped from the rolling of a small pebble, and in falling broke my leg. We were to sail on the following Wednesday and I telegraphed to all the different steamer offices without being able to get any accommodations under two months, and I was obliged to be back before that time. Consequently, on Tuesday morning, with my leg done up as well as could be in the absence of everything necessary, I began my journey by being driven twenty miles in a jaunting-car to the nearest railroad station, and with nothing but a broomstick handle, with a piece of lath nailed across the end, in the place of crutches. I was in constant pain and only reached the steamer through the spirit of martyrdom. The passage was one of ten days, with a delay of a little over twenty-four hours after my arrival; seventeen days elapsed before my leg was properly set and in plaster. After it was put up I was perfectly comfortable, and with the aid of a pair of crutches I was able to get about and attend to my business.

When the plaster was removed at the end of three months the result was a failure, as the leg was crooked and three or four inches shorter than the other. I managed, however, to get along with the aid of a stick, and very few noticed the deformity. Unfortunately I happened to stumble a number of times over a small chair in the dark, on going into my bedroom. Some one managed to place it there through the spirit of doing the wrong thing, a weakness which *Artemus Ward* attributed to the "cussedness of human nature," and there was nothing else to blame, as no one ever knew who put it there, or who invariably brought the chair back after it had been removed from the room. Gradually the shin bone enlarged from the chronic inflammation set up, and in the course of years I have become incapacitated from the increased weight of the bone and enlarged vessels. When in the upright position I can stand but a few moments, so that my locomotion for some years has been reduced to only getting about the house with difficulty.

Within the period of coercion enforced by Gladstone, Mr. Parnell and nearly all of the prominent Irish members were imprisoned, particularly before an approaching election, to prevent them from instructing the people. Martial law existed everywhere and was enforced with the greatest brutality. The most arbitrary arrests were made, of men and women, and young girls even were thrown into prison for "wearing a contemptuous smile"! The jury-boxes were openly packed and injustice was meted out to all but those in sympathy with the English Government.

The arrogance of the constabulary force at this period was so irritating and conducive to disorder that it was evident they were acting under orders, for the purpose of forcing the people to an outbreak. I

can speak from experience and assert that their insolent bearing could never have been equalled in any other country. During my visits to Ireland the English officials may have thought it advisable to keep me under observation, to which I was perfectly indifferent. During the following summer two of my children were in Ireland, with some friends, and whenever they left the house to walk they would be accompanied by a policeman on each side and on going out to drive they were followed by policemen in a jaunting-car. It was natural, with their American appreciation of unrestricted freedom of action, that they gave the police all the trouble their ingenuity could devise, from the natural impulse of pure fun and deviltry.

My son while in London was taken on some occasion by one of the Irish members to a reception given to, or held by, Mr. Gladstone. As his turn came to be presented, hearing his name, Mr. Gladstone took my son's arm, and drawing him aside, asked him if he was my son and inquired what he was studying at college and stated how much was to be expected of him, with other remarks, thus delaying for some minutes the presentation of others standing in line.

At length the storm came as a tornado, to shatter the hopes of the Irish people into chaos, and apparently to divide them to such a degree that the future seemed a hopeless one. Parnell was displaced and Justin McCarthy was chosen to succeed him.

The writer met Mr. Parnell early in his career, and from the moment of their first meeting as stated he was conscious of the existence of a mutual feeling of antipathy. He had occasion to meet Mr. Parnell several times thereafter in relation to Irish business, and was always treated with the greatest courtesy, which at the time was credited to Mr. Parnell's over-estimate of the writer's influence at home; otherwise the interviews would have been avoided. Consequently he had never been an enthusiastic admirer on personal grounds, but he has always been desirous of giving him full credit for the services he rendered his country, without ever passing judgment on the incentive. He has, however, held the opinion, formed at their first interview, that had Mr. Parnell ever had the opportunity as a ruler of Ireland, he would have been an autocrat and a merciless dictator. Parnell's fall and death seemed at the time a death-blow to Ireland's future. Judged from to-day, his removal was providential. The Irish people and their leaders needed the experience gained in the interval, and it would be difficult to show that Mr. Parnell could have contributed any further aid to the cause, or that had he lived the Irish people, under his leadership, could have reached the advantageous position they occupy to-day.

So far as I care to place myself on record, and in justice to Mr.

Parnell and myself, I will quote from my work on Ireland (*Ireland under English Rule*) written and published many years after Mr. Parnell's death, when all personal feeling should have been obliterated by time. "From the beginning of the present contest for gaining Home Rule for Ireland, the names of Charles Stewart Parnell and Joseph Biggar, whose names are inseparable, stand out in bold prominence, although Parnell originated the method of procedure. Their consummate skill in parliamentary usage, their dauntless courage and increasing agitation in giving prominence to Ireland's wrongs produced far-reaching results. Through their efforts and of those who assisted them, it became possible for the men who followed in their footsteps to gain for Ireland's relief concessions which insured a regeneration of the country and self-government. Without especial recognition of the services of Parnell and Biggar the writer's work would have seemed not unlike the rendering of *Hamlet* with the principal character left out.

"Parnell was recognized as the leader, but no one could have secured more efficient support than Biggar rendered, while the success of each to a great extent depended on the co-operation of the other, and at the same time it would have been difficult to have gotten together two other individuals so different in every respect. Mr. Parnell succeeded in overcoming difficulties which at the beginning of his public career seemed an insuperable bar to success, as he succeeded in gaining the position of being the most noted leader of his day. Yet, in consequence of his indomitable energy and self-reliance, his contempt for public opinion and disregard for the views of those associated with him, he showed a lack of judgment unfitting him for retaining the position. Mr. Biggar supplied to a remarkable degree what was wanting in Mr. Parnell, and as long as this influence was exercised Parnell was successful from a practical standpoint. To say more in relation to Mr. Parnell's public life at that time would be an injustice, as much relating to him must remain an enigma and nothing more so than the feeling he seemed to have shared with Daniel O'Connell, of mistrust if not contempt for the Irish people at large. In neither instance was there ever an open avowal, so far as the writer has any knowledge, but circumstantial evidence is not wanting in either case to indicate its existence, from many cynical utterances which have been ascribed to them."

"The late Mr. Biggar was in appearance as rugged as a bear, but was by nature of most kindly disposition. The writer has met with but few individuals who equalled him in his many attributes of personal attraction, so conducive to lasting friendship. Mr. Biggar was essentially a man of the people in all his sympathies, and devoted his life to public service. With his knowledge of parliamentary law, his courage,

honesty of purpose, and indefatigable industry, he would have under all circumstances held a prominent place in public life. But his later work for the relief of Ireland in directing British legislation by obstruction, and which brought him into more prominence, was doubtless prompted by Parnell's aggressive spirit, although the methods employed were his own.

"The Irish people should never forget the service rendered by these two men."

Thomas Addis Emmet, M.D.
From an etching by Max Rosenthal, 1890

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Dr. John Addis Emmet M.D.

Chapter XXI

Irish convention held in New York, May 7, 1891—Displacement of Mr. Parnell by the National party—The Irish National Federation of America organized by the convention—I was elected president, Mr. Joseph P. Ryan finally secretary, as Mr. James Coleman could not serve—Major John Byrne, president of the Board of Trustees, and Mr. Eugene Kelly, treasurer—Dr. Wm. B. Wallace, an efficient member of the Board of Trustees and a good friend—His life and professional advancement sacrificed for the Irish cause—Went abroad—While at Glengarriff communicated with Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien who were being released from imprisonment—My advice followed, and was the means of turning Irish affairs into another channel—Lord Aberdeen given a large public dinner by the Federation—Private dinner by myself to Lord and Lady Aberdeen—Mass meeting of the Federation at Cooper Union, March 28, 1892—Turbulent meeting; order restored by three hundred policemen, followed by a successful meeting.—Archbishop Corrigan's course a praiseworthy one—Attended a meeting at Scranton, Pa.—Met Mr. Powderly who presided—Mass meeting held March 26, 1893, at the Academy of Music, in Irving Place—An eloquent address on Irish affairs by Mr. Bourke Cochran—Successful in raising funds—Just before the general election in Great Britain received a cablegram from Mr. Dillon asking assistance—In a few hours cabled a credit for fifty thousand dollars, which paid all the election expenses for the Irish party and returned Mr. Gladstone to power by the seventy-two Irish members elected—An important incident in the unwritten history relating to modern Irish politics—Mr. Kelly's most generous contribution on this occasion, with that of Major Byrne—Organization soon weakened and finally destroyed by dissension abroad—Public letter to Lord Salisbury—Went abroad with the hope of promoting harmony among the leaders—Not successful—Letter to Mr. Justin McCarthy and to other members of the party—All subscriptions to the Federation stopped—Letter to the *New York Sun* in relation to the subscription sent to the Irish party by Mr. Gladstone and Lord Tweedmouth—Meeting held at the Lyceum, Madison Avenue, Oct. 17, 1894—Addressed by Mr. Edw. Blake, M.P.—Had to be protected by the police—An explosive mixture set off in one of the stage boxes, but without doing any damage—The meeting yielded a good contribution.



CONVENTION was held May 7, 1891, at the Hoffman House, New York, by those in sympathy with the action of the majority which had displaced Mr. Parnell. I attended the meeting, but took no part in the proceedings, as I was almost on the verge of despair for Ireland's future.

Seldom in my life have I ever been so placed as at this time, when I was unable to map out any course to be followed

temporarily, until the future might direct the proper course. At this convention, an organization was effected termed "The Irish National Federation of America," for the purpose of aiding in the advance of Home Rule for Ireland and for representing in this country the Irish people under the leadership of the majority of the Irish members of Parliament. I was nominated for the presidency by the committee, and Dr. Wm. B. Wallace of New York, after a flattering endorsement as to my peculiar fitness for the position, stated he had, moreover, been greatly influenced by a conviction that I was "the only man of Irish blood in the country who could hold the position as president for twelve hours without some one going for his head."

While my self-conceit did not mislead me as to my fitness for the place, I dared not refuse to make at least an attempt, and I accepted the position as any other duty I was called on to perform. Mr. James Coleman was appointed secretary and Joseph P. Ryan, assistant secretary. Mr. Coleman, however, had so little time apparently to attend to his duties, that shortly after the Board of Trustees appointed Mr. Ryan in his place. Major John Byrne was made president of the Board of Trustees and Mr. Eugene Kelly, treasurer. The Board of Trustees adopted for the Irish National Federation the motto, "Now or never, now and forever."

From the beginning to the end I must acknowledge how much assistance was given me by Major Byrne and Mr. Ryan, as they were familiar with the condition of affairs and were personally informed as to the qualification of every man in New York who took an interest in Irish politics. With their aid I was able to overcome many difficulties which at first seemed to beset me on every side. The following letter will explain the situation¹:

89 MADISON AVE., N. Y.,
Nov. 15, 1891.

DEAR MR. COLEMAN:

In answer to your letter of Nov. 10th and in which you write—"I should like to know what is going on. As Secretary I am presumed to know, but I do not. Everything is done by the power behind the throne."

I would ask how do you expect to know anything of what is going on when you have not taken interest enough to find out?

If you would visit your own office occasionally the information you now seek could be easily obtained. I know of no "power behind the throne." Whatever power exists in the National Federation at present is on top of the "throne." Never was a man left so entirely to his own efforts as I have been. With the exception of Mr. Byrne I have received from the other officers

¹ Copy of a letter in vol. ii. of the bound records of the Irish National Federation of America.

about as much help as I have had from you, towards bringing about the organization. Mr. Ryan has acted under my direction and without his help we would in the end have been a laughing stock for the public.

I am happy to inform you that our work is nearly completed and in a few weeks more I expect to be able to call a meeting of the trustees and report the fact, and I have no doubt there will be many to share the credit.

The Treasurer, the Chairman of the Board of Trustees, and myself, as President of the Federation, are responsible for the money affairs. As no money from outside has yet been received, we are dissatisfied and unwilling to carry on the business in such an unbusiness like manner. We thought it better to place five thousand to the credit of the Federation and to become personally responsible for that amount. The first step was to pay off all the small accounts and hence you received a check for the amount you had advanced. [In furnishing his office as secretary.]

Hoping that this explanation will make the matter clear.

I am very truly yours,

THOS. ADDIS EMMET.

Mr. JAMES S. COLEMAN.

Dr. Wm. B. Wallace I had not known personally before he introduced himself and congratulated me on my election as president of the Irish Federation, but I had often heard him as a ready speaker on Irish affairs. We soon became good friends and one of the few pleasant recollections, in connection with my laborious and thankless service in the affairs of the Irish Federation of America, is the memory of his friendship. He was honest, self-sacrificing, noted for his good judgment and a man of infinite tact. There was no sacrifice within his power he was not only willing to make but did make for the cause of Ireland, and to the detriment of his professional advancement. I never met a man with his talent more satisfactory in aiding when it was necessary for me to have assistance, to aid me in pacifying some one whose feathers needed readjusting. His death was pathetic and within a few hours of that of his son, a young physician whom he had looked forward to helping him as a breadwinner, that he might give the more time to the Irish cause at so critical a period, when his services seemed most essential. Peace be with him.

After the convention adjourned and the affairs of the Federation had been gotten into fair working order, I went abroad to study the condition of Ireland, to form the acquaintance of many of the new members from Ireland in Parliament, and to obtain from them all the information which would aid me in my work.

As soon as the convention adjourned I issued a circular letter to many prominent Irishmen, and it was extensively published by the press. (See Appendix, Note No. I.)

When I arrived abroad I found Mr. Parnell had gone to Paris, in

relation to the Parliamentary Fund which had been transferred there for safety, through fear it might be seized by the English Government, and found he would not come to any terms to allow of its use for the evicted tenants. Dillon and O'Brien were in prison, sentenced to a term of imprisonment for some imaginary violation of the law in connection with the evicted tenants. Before surrendering themselves they visited Paris for the purpose of having a conference with Mr. Parnell on the situation and as to the future disposition of the Hoffman House Committee Fund. They then returned and surrendered themselves to the authorities for the purpose of serving out the term of imprisonment to which they had been sentenced.

Just before their release I happened to be at Glengariff a few days before my return to New York. I had been informed that the Parnellites had made arrangements to have a coach in waiting outside of the prison for the purpose of taking possession of these gentlemen on their release, and I determined to defeat their purpose. I wrote to the governor or superintendent of the prison, stating who I was and that I was acting in the interests of the majority with the desire to serve the best interest of the country; that these gentlemen were to be released in a few days, and that I knew a movement was on foot to get possession of them by those in sympathy with Mr. Parnell; that I wished to inform them of the fact that it was not best for the peace of the country, that they should commit themselves to any course until they had had time to inform themselves as to the situation and changes which had taken place during their imprisonment.

I received a letter stating that the governor would aid me so far as he was able, and that if I would send my letter unsealed he would have it delivered outside of the prison, that it might be read before passing the outer gate. I wrote to Mr. Dillon, and he and Mr. O'Brien were released on the day I left Queenstown for New York. On reaching the steamer a telegram was handed me from Mr. Dillon, stating that they had acted on my advice, and I gave the telegram for publication to Mr. Barry, a National member of Parliament from Cork, who had come out on the tender with me.

I was thus instrumental in turning the current of Irish affairs into another channel, which in the end, as I had hoped, led to better results than would have been the case had Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien at that time thrown their influence with the minority.

On my return home I issued a circular letter to the friends of the National Federation, giving some account of the condition of Irish affairs as I found them abroad. This letter was published in the *New York Freeman's Journal*, a copy of which will be found in Appendix, Note No. II.

In the autumn of 1891 the Earl of Aberdeen arrived in New York

with his wife, who was to take general charge the following year of the Irish Exhibit of Industries at the Chicago Exposition. I called to pay my respects and to extend an invitation to him from the Board of Trustees of the Irish National Federation of America for a public dinner. The unanimous resolution of the Board, as expressed in the resolution, was: "It is offered to you as a prominent member of the Liberal party of England and to mark the highest appreciation of your past services in the cause of Home Rule, and for your efforts to better the condition of the Irish people." December 8th was decided upon for the dinner, given at Delmonico's, on Fifth Avenue. About four hundred persons were present including a number of distinguished men from different parts of the country. I presided as president of the Federation; the speeches were all good, the decorations were in remarkably good taste, and it was altogether the best-conducted public dinner I ever saw. It was remarkable that the bringing together of some of the most incongruous elements for political effect should have passed off without a single disagreeable occurrence.

A few days after I gave a large private dinner at my residence to Lady Aberdeen and her husband, where they met some of the best people in New York, who had no connection with Irish affairs.

March 28, 1892 a public meeting was held in the Cooper Union Hall. As a reflection of the trouble caused by less than ten men among the members of Parliament from Ireland, we were opposed by a small minority at every turn in this country and by those who seemed to be as blind as the members of Parliament as to the damage done to the Irish cause. We decided to hold the meeting under all circumstances, and to the credit of Archbishop Corrigan he informed me that he would attend, and thought it his duty to do so, as he had been informed some of the sympathizers with Rev. Dr. McGlynn would attend and had threatened violence.

On communicating with the district captain of the police and explaining the difficulty we anticipated, he sent over three hundred men to the meeting. I took the Archbishop down in my carriage, and finding several thousand persons assembled in front of the building we drove on some distance to the south and returned by a side street to the back where I had a policeman stationed to open a door for admission into the building. We had secured the attendance of several hundred prominent men who were in favor of Home Rule, so that those who filled the platform gave far more weight to the importance of the meeting than usual. As we came on the platform, there seemed to be scarcely standing-room in the body of the hall for another individual, and we were received with the din of a pandemonium. I read the opening address and was more than half way through before I was able to hear a single word, and expected to be disabled at any moment by something being thrown at me.

The police, however, got to work and after throwing out by neck and heels several hundred disturbers of the peace, we settled down gradually into having a most orderly meeting, at which the full programme was carried out. I do not recollect the amount raised, but it was considered a good sum under the circumstances, but nothing like the amount which could have been obtained under other conditions, and one far short of what was needed. We established the fact, however, that we were not afraid to have a meeting and could not be intimidated. We gained public opinion in our favor and made many friends; the speeches were unusually good and fully reported, with the result that many persons for the first time obtained some knowledge of the Irish question. At no time in the cause of Irish agitation did the case present so favorable an outlook within my experience as it did after this meeting, if we could only have had unity among the Irish leaders. With so helpless an outlook, nothing but a sense of duty stimulated all of us to continue our efforts to help the cause.

After the meeting had dispersed, several hundred persons remained calling for the Archbishop and for me to come out, and an hour or more passed after we had reached home before they were satisfied that we were no longer in the building. I had been charged a short time before in some of the papers with having written to Mr. Chauncey Depew to persuade him against delivering at a public meeting a eulogy on Mr. Parnell. I did write a *private* letter to Mr. Depew; it was not to dissuade him, but to urge that Mr. Parnell should be eulogized to the utmost, as he fully deserved it for his past services to the Irish cause. But I asked that he would use the occasion to urge the absolute necessity for unity among the Irish people. That if the eulogium was simply given and no reference made to the disunited condition existing, the impression would be given abroad that the faction termed Parnellites embraced a large number in this country, which was not the case, that Mr. Gladstone and those supporting him would have cause to be discouraged if it was thought the majority of those in favor of Home Rule among the Irish people no longer supported his efforts. I have not a copy of my letter, but I have found the following first draft of it in vol. ii., among the bound records of the Federation. I decided to print the whole of it, as I received several letters at the time threatening personal violence in consequence of the misrepresentation as to its purpose and contents as given to the press.

89 MADISON AVE., N.Y.,

Nov. 9, 1891.

[*Confidential*]

HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

DEAR SIR:

I have seen by the newspapers that you are to deliver the eulogy at the memorial meeting to be held at the Academy of Music, Nov. 15th.

I am a Democrat and have nothing in common with you from a political standpoint, and under ordinary circumstances I might rest perfectly satisfied to let you take any step you may see fit, which would lessen your influence as a public man. But I am at the head of an organization for the purpose of advancing the cause of Home Rule for Ireland and represent the greater portion of the thinking and law-abiding among the Irish people, both in this country and abroad. You will see by the manifesto which I issued when elected President of the Irish National Federation of America, what were my views in regard to Mr. Parnell. But to-day I have nothing to say against the man. Many honest and well meaning men followed his leadership to the last, and I do not question their right to do so, or their honesty, but to keep up after Mr. Parnell's death the senseless strife engendered by a set of men who can not claim even to be leaders, is certainly the height of folly. We all have the same interest and will strive to accomplish all that Mr. Parnell wished to do up to the time of his death, when by his own act he became, in the judgment of an overwhelming majority of the Irish people, unworthy of being longer the leader. He was unwilling to give up the power and he had a following who were blind in their loyalty and were as regardless of the consequences. In Ireland, a handful of men, as it were, for their own personal ends have kept up the disorder, and the meeting to be held on the 15th inst. is to further the same cause. It is intended that you should draw the crowd and their cause should get the credit for numbers and enthusiasm. The result may be to disgust a large number of the Irish people and to render them lukewarm to the cause, and above all the world abroad will be misled and Home Rule may be lost for another generation. You have been misled and you may live to regret the false position into which you are about to be placed. It is doubtful if you could retrace your steps under the circumstances, but if you will allow me to make a suggestion you may turn the opportunity into one of benefit to yourself, as a public man, and you can render to the Irish cause a service the result of which would be incalculable.

There is not a man who has the slightest sympathy with the Irish cause of Home Rule, who would wish it otherwise than Mr. Parnell should have the fullest credit given him for his services while he was the leader of the National party of Ireland. Therefore, eulogize Mr. Parnell to the utmost degree to which you, as an impartial judge, deem him to be entitled. Then, as an American and as one disinterested but for the welfare of Ireland, throw the great weight of your eloquence into a plea for immediate union, that we may all work together again for the common cause which cannot be gained unless we all get at it shoulder to shoulder. Show that the majority must rule, that it is suicidal for two branches of the National party of Ireland to exist at the present time. That the minority must coalesce with the majority and that the reverse is impossible. Point out that the present spirit of faction on the part of the minority is but playing into the hands of the enemies to the Irish cause. That if the present course be persevered in, even for a few weeks longer, the success of Home Rule may be rendered impossible. That in this country the Irish people with all the advantages they have gained should not

lend themselves to the factional strife going on in Ireland. The first thing they should have learned in this country was that the majority must always govern and nothing but disorder could result if this were not acknowledged. Speak of the fact that any moment Parliament may be dissolved and as a trick it is likely to be done just when the National party will be the least able to stand the burden. That unless Ireland returns a solid delegation she can not expect to obtain even from the Liberal party what she should receive. To carry on the general election money will be needed and nearly every cent which may be obtained must come from this country or Australia. And unless we unite without delay the necessary funds can not be raised.

You may speak of the National Federation which has been organized in this country to raise the money needed in Ireland and with no other purpose or wish to supplant or interfere with any other organization.

Thus take a stand in the interest of the whole Irish people, and I believe in the near future there will not be a man the world over, with a drop of Irish blood in him who will not ask that God's blessing might rest for ever on you and your memory.

Yours very truly,

THOS. ADDIS EMMET.

There was nothing of interest occurring in Irish affairs in connection with the Federation during 1892, and well into the following year. But the time was fully occupied in organizing branches of the Federation, in occasional trips to different places where it was desirable to hold a meeting, and if shorthanded, to give some address to encourage the people and to heal dissension among them where it was possible. The most important meeting of this kind was a visit to Scranton, Pa., where by travelling Saturday and Sunday night, Mr. Ryan and I were able to be present at a gathering of some eight hundred miners, with a strong leaning for the so-called Parnellites, as Mr. Parnell had on some occasion paid them a visit and left a very favorable impression. The meeting was called and presided over by Mr. Powderly, the noted leader of organized labor in the country. A self-made man and a remarkably intelligent one, I was so favorably impressed that I wished I could have seen more of him. On account of my name and with a fair, straightforward statement as to the condition of Irish affairs, I made so favorable an impression that they were brought into line. After the meeting I shook them all by the hand and extended the same to each one who had brought a son "to see one of the name." For three or four days after my return, I was unable to operate in consequence of the hearty shake I got from every father and son. It was a most successful meeting pecuniarily and otherwise.

A mass meeting was held in the old Academy of Music, Irving Place, March 26, 1893, to advance the cause of Home Rule by making an appeal to the people for the collection of funds. It was one of the largest

and most enthusiastic meetings ever held under the direction of the Federation. The address of the evening was made by Mr. Bourke Cochran, who made a most eloquent effort. The governor of every State in the Union was invited to attend and each was requested, if he could not be present, to give in his answer expression of his views as to Home Rule. Every response, with the exception of three or four, which were non-committal, expressed a personal interest on the part of the writer in the Irish cause. I sent all of these answers to Mr. Gladstone as evidence of public opinion in this country in favor of the Irish cause, and through his secretary he expressed to me his great satisfaction and thanks for the gratification I had afforded him.

Shortly before the general election in 1903, when the Liberal party was again returned to power, I received a cablegram from Mr. John Dillon, who was the National member of Parliament selected by Mr. McCarthy, the chairman of the Irish party, to keep in correspondence with the Irish National Federation of America.

Mr. Dillon stated that the treasury was empty and that they would have to give up the contest if funds could not be obtained. It was threatened that every seat held by a Nationalist from Ireland would be contested. Under such circumstances it was necessary to have about one hundred and forty to one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, as in Ireland a tax was exacted of from fifteen hundred to a larger sum to be paid the county authorities before the name of any candidate could be announced.

I clearly recall the circumstances under which this despatch was received. One morning when I was about to undertake a most difficult surgical operation in my private hospital, being all dressed for it and my hands sterilized while the patient was being etherized, the despatch was brought in and opened by one of the nurses not connected with the operation, and held up by her for me to read it. The need of action in reply was so imperative I had to delay the operation until I could see the late Major John Byrne, the chairman of the Board of Trustees, who lived in the neighborhood, and I knew he had not yet gone to his business. I gave him the despatch and asked him to see Mr. Kelly, the treasurer, and tell him from me that this was the opportunity of his life to insure his name going down to posterity in connection with that of Mr. Gladstone; that he was an old man and could not carry his money with him on his death, so I urged him to put up the whole one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, as a successful issue of this election might determine Ireland's future.

Mr. Kelly did not see the matter exactly in the light represented to him, nor did I expect him to do so, but he most generously gave twenty-five

thousand dollars, and Major Byrne added five thousand more. I telegraphed to Philadelphia, I think to Mr. Hugh McCaffrey, the vice-president from Pennsylvania, and got ten thousand, and eight thousand more from Boston, with the request that we would advance the two thousand to make it ten thousand and the sum advanced would be remitted in a few days, but it was forgotten by our Boston friends to do so.

We had a little less than a thousand dollars in our treasury, having but a short time before met the expense of making a personal appeal through the mail to over thirty thousand Irishmen throughout the country to aid in this election, but got scarcely any response. Mr. Crimmins was present at the meeting called that afternoon and generously advanced five hundred dollars on the Boston account, as did others in smaller amounts, none of which was repaid. The result was that between five and six o'clock in the afternoon we were able to cable to Mr. Dillon a credit of fifty thousand dollars, with the promise of those at the meeting to be personally responsible for the hundred thousand dollars in addition if it could not be raised at home. I learned from Mr. Dillon that he had gone to bed worn out with anxiety as to the uncertainty of their future, when, with the difference of time, he was roused about eleven o'clock by a noise on the stairway and knocking on his door. He, or some one else, told me that having been arrested and imprisoned before without a change of clothing, he took the precaution of emptying a drawer into a gripsack, which he had in his hand on opening the door.

Some of the members had come up from the office to notify him of the arrival of the money-credit from New York. A meeting was held and before daylight all the necessary arrangements had been made for the election. And, as the saying goes, "Money makes money," by the remittance from New York, with the promise of more if necessary, their credit was established so that all further assistance needed was obtained among the friends of the candidates. The money received from New York insured the election of eighty-two National members from Ireland and this gave a small working majority for the Liberal party of about fifty votes.

I sent Mr. Dillon a copy of what I had written and what the reader has just read, requesting him to let me know if the statement made was correct so far as he could recall the circumstances, for I had written entirely from my recollection. The following is a copy of his letter, so far as it relates to the subject under inquiry:

2 NORTH ST. GEORGE ST., DUBLIN,
January 24, 1910.

MY DEAR DOCTOR EMMET:

A thousand apologies for not having answered your letter of 12th December

promptly. I put off writing, looking up papers and trying to refresh my memory, and then the avalanche of election work came on me.

Unfortunately I have been unable to find any contemporary memorandum on the subject of your letter. But there can be no doubt your main points are correct.

1st. That the war chest was empty.

2d. That we were in the thick of the election of 1892, which brought Gladstone back into power, and led to the passage through the House of Commons of the first Home Rule Bill of 1893.

3d. That I was roused out of bed one night by your cabling ten thousand pounds; which more than paid the expenses of the election.

4th. That, but for the arrival of that cable the National party in Ireland might have been overwhelmed with disaster.

Yours very sincerely,

JOHN DILLON.

It is a great satisfaction to be able to place on record this evidence of good work accomplished by the Irish National Federation of America. We can now scarcely realize what would have been the consequences to the Irish cause from the defeat of Mr. Gladstone at this particular time, which would have been inevitable without the support the National members of Parliament received from the Federation, and how many years would have passed before the Irish leaders could have regained their position, after the overwhelming disaster which would have followed defeat? From what Mr. Dillon has stated it would not be claiming overmuch that the Federation needed to have done nothing more to fully prove the value of the organization, than the saving of this election. The result fully compensated all who were engaged for the labor and care given to its administration. So perfect had the organization been accomplished that it was able in a little over eight hours to place in the hands of the Irish leaders a larger sum than has ever been sent at any one time before, and the claim would be equally good, if the generous sum contributed by Mr. Kelly be excluded.

The trustees and officers of the Federation who were present at the meeting called to authorize the sending of this sum, pledged themselves personally to supply the hundred thousand dollars needed, in case the election was contested as had been threatened, but in consequence of the prompt action in remitting the fifty thousand dollars, we were not called upon to make good our pledge. Those in opposition were doubtless discouraged from contesting these seats, on learning of our action. Moreover, in consequence, as Mr. Dillon states, our remittance was more than sufficient to meet the entire expenses of that election for the Irish National members of Parliament.

A few days after five thousand dollars in addition was sent by the Federation in case it might be needed, and it was used for the general expenses of the National party.

Sad is the remembrance that all this work and organization was destroyed by those who should have been our friends.

History shows that in Ireland there can be no equanimity of mind on any political question, and that always an insignificant minority will assert itself, on the principle of never agreeing with the views of the majority. On the same principle, if by any misfortune they were left to follow their own views, which they seem unable to communicate to others, they would find fault among themselves. In this country their pretensions would be laughed at, and yet the world is being constantly misled by it, as an evidence of a want of union. It has its origin in jealousy and mistrust of others, a curse which has rested on Ireland for centuries, something England has always fostered and has paid liberally for, whenever it has been to her interest to blot out patriotism with a bribe. This minority of individuals is always with every national move in Ireland and never of it, yet in the past, several of them when endowed with more rational promptings, rendered good service to their country. They have a perfect right to get up a party for themselves, or join those who are in favor of the English Government. But why, as claimed Nationalists, do they labor to wreck or rule? This would be a proper course to follow with their own party, to serve English interest, since at the last election at least they were elected only by the votes of the Unionists and Tories, who make no pretence to any interest in Irish affairs from a national standpoint, and they should be with their friends.

The *New York Sun*, May 4, 1894, published the synopsis of a speech delivered by Lord Salisbury, the day before at Trowbridge, England. This harangue, for it could be termed nothing else, reflected upon the American of Irish blood in this country in their efforts to aid the Home Rule movement for Ireland. With his usual disregard for fair play, if not want of political truthfulness, as was generally his plea in political matters, he attempted to mislead the English people. In consequence of my position as president of the Irish National Federation of America, I felt called upon to answer his statements at some length. The letter was published in the *New York Sun*, May 13, 1904. (See Appendix, Note No. III.)

After the Irish Federation of America had been about two years and a half in operation, we had succeeded in establishing between 150 and 160 branches in different parts of the country, with a bright outlook for the future. We at that time had been over a year in full operation, our regular meetings were harmonious, and those of the

trustees were attended punctually by the members from the different States. Mr. Kelly, the treasurer, had begun to receive regular remittances from the different branches, as all had agreed to pay a small sum weekly, and for some time we had been able to send to the Parliamentary Fund an average of over three thousand dollars a month, with every prospect in time of increasing the amount indefinitely. The newspapers now began to comment on the want of harmony among the Irish leaders in Parliament, for those who were dissatisfied did all in their power to magnify the difficulty by appealing to the public through the newspapers.

This publicity was totally unnecessary and ill-judged while our receipts began to decrease from the first announcement of trouble. Finding that my protest to the authorities of the party and my private letters to different members were of no avail, I decided to abandon my business and go abroad in September, 1894, to make a personal effort to heal the breach. I attended a special meeting of the members of Parliament, called at the house of the leader, Mr. Justin McCarthy, in London, to meet me, and I gave them a full explanation as to the inevitable ruin which must take place of any prospect for additional aid from the United States, unless harmony was restored at once. I met privately the four or five members who claimed to have cause for dissatisfaction, but I was unable to understand the cause of complaint, unless I accepted the explanation given by Dr. Watts in one of his hymns, as to the tendency of certain animals to bark and bite for 't is their nature to. I pointed out the necessity that their disagreements should be kept from the knowledge of the public, and that under all circumstances the minority must yield to the will of the majority, or they should resign, and that if these two rules were not strictly adhered to we would make no further effort in the United States to aid them. But after all had been said and done, it was evident that the journey I had undertaken at a great pecuniary loss to myself and on but twelve hours' notice to provide for a large practice, had accomplished nothing beyond gaining the enmity of the minority, from my apparent interference in their affairs. But, above all, I lost the good-will of one gentleman who was unfortunately one of the minority, and this has been a source of great regret to me. His great-grandfather and my grandfather had been friends and college mates and for him I had the greatest respect personally.

I have in my possession a bound copy of the *Home Rule Bulletin*, published monthly by the Irish National Federation from August 1, 1893, to March 1, 1895, when it ceased to be published from want of funds. I was in constant communication with the head of the Irish party and with different members, but I neglected to keep a copy of these letters. The *Bulletin*, however, has printed other letters of importance written

by me, and among the number I find one in relation to this visit to London. When I reached London, I found Mr. Justin McCarthy was absent from the city on a vacation, and I had to wait until his return. I wrote to him announcing my arrival, September 21, 1894, and to inform him of my business. (See Appendix, Note No. IV.)

Several gentlemen among the members of Parliament, who claimed to have cause of complaint against the general management of Irish affairs by the leaders of the majority, called on me, as did a number of others, and after hearing what they had to say the correspondence was published in the *Dublin Freeman's Journal* by Mr. Justin McCarthy (see Appendix, Note No. V.), and subsequently I dropped out of the controversy as soon as I made my report to the Board of Trustees of the Irish National Federation.

The *Bulletin* prints a note: "The views of Dr. Emmet are endorsed unhesitatingly by Archbishop Croke, and by every respectable politician in Ireland who is able to keep his head above the stream of faction. They find expression in the *Freeman's Journal*, the *Glasgow Observer*, and other recognized organs of unpartisan Irish nationality.—ED. H. R. B."

I returned home regretting that I had been unable to accomplish anything for the cause of Ireland, and fully convinced that under the circumstances I would be able to do in the future little in comparison to what had been anticipated.

In less than a month after my return, our receipts were so reduced that they were barely sufficient to pay the office rent and Mr. Ryan's salary. From this time forth and until the Irish Federation ceased to exist, when Mr. Redmond became the leader, we never received a dollar but by personal appeal, or from large meetings specially called from time to time.

To the end the branches existed nominally with the officers, but the membership dropped off entirely.

On my return from abroad, it seemed to be known in New York at once that I had failed in my object, and the opposition to us was increased at every turn. The Irish papers opposed to the leaders of the National party, as represented by the members of Parliament, began at home and abroad to express their virtuous indignation on account of a subscription made by Mr. Gladstone and Lord Tweedmouth to the Irish election funds. It seemed that some clerk employed in sending out notices to the public generally for soliciting subscriptions to the fund addressed a notice to these gentlemen, and they responded generously with a check for five hundred dollars each. Some of the minority of the party members of Parliament seized on the incident to charge the leaders of the majority with being bribed.

The New York *Sun* published a letter from me October 4, 1894, from which I will quote some extracts:

I beg to correct a statement made by a representative of your paper in yesterday's issue, under the caption, "Dr. Emmet's Mission." He states "Over there they regard politics as a sort of joke, and they get up a shindy and take pleasure in it, never thinking of the consequences." What I did say was to indicate that the Irish leaders, with their earnest and naturally impulsive temperaments and looking upon their political questions as only concerning themselves, are often too hasty in giving expression to their sentiments and differences, without considering the effect upon public opinion outside of Ireland. In addition, I am reported as saying that I had met none of the Irish leaders during my visit to London. This is not the case. When I arrived Mr. McCarthy and other members of the National party, it is true, were absent, but before my departure, I saw not only Mr. McCarthy (I did not mention that in addition I attended a large meeting of the leaders called at his house) but a number of Irish members representing different views, several Liberal members of Parliament, and I had two long interviews with Mr. Patrick Collins, of Boston. . . . It is also in my power to throw some light on the subject of your editorial in the same issue entitled "Michael Davitt on the Irish Circulars."

I also stated this incident is simply "a tempest in a teapot"—a barren controversy—and further agitation of the subject can result in no good to the cause of Home Rule. A clerical error was doubtless made in sending these circulars to any one connected with the British Government, but I believe no member of the party was directly responsible for this. The publicity which has been given the subject was uncalled for from the beginning, because from Mr. Parnell's day to the present there has been no dissenting opinion in the Irish party from the fixed policy that no member could, under any circumstances, hold office from the British Government, and that no aid might be accepted from any member of the Ministry. On the other hand, every member of the party is fully aware of the fact that from the first day on which the Liberal and National parties began working together the Liberals have subscribed frequently to the Irish political expenses in England, where the Irish vote is a very important factor, the Irish members of Parliament and others in their interests often doing the work and the Liberals furnishing a large portion of the money, which of course, has been applied to the use of English constituencies only.

Instead of cavilling over this condition of affairs it would be more reasonable for the Irish people to realize the fact that had they rendered more pecuniary aid to their own cause in the past and found less fault with the best that could be done under the existing circumstances, contributions from English people would never have been called for. I have, however, a hopeful view of the future; so much so that we will begin our work for this year by a large meeting of the friends of Home Rule for Ireland at the Lenox Lyceum

on October 17th. Our sole purpose will be to raise money for the cause. Every true and well-wishing Irishman should respond to the call. Let all come, and those who object to receiving aid from the English friends of Home Rule will then have an opportunity to vindicate their principles and if they do their part in the future, I will promise that not a dollar will be taken hereafter from English sources.

I have no means of knowing how many of these circulars were sent to those connected with the British Government, but I believe they were very few. Mr. Gladstone being entirely out of political life, his check should be accepted as a graceful and well-meant contribution on his part to the cause of Home Rule, and as an indication of his friendly and continued interest in the cause. I am under the impression that Lord Tweedmouth's check was received with a personal note from Mr. Gladstone, asking that it be accepted, but of this I am not positive. I do know, however, that Lord Tweedmouth's check was returned to him, so soon as those who had the authority to act in the matter returned to London, where I met them.

THOS. ADDIS EMMET, M.D.,
President I.N.F.A.

A meeting was held at the Lyceum on October 17, 1894, at which Mr. Edward Blake, M.P., made the address of the evening on the situation in Ireland. The meeting was a large one and the people responded generously, but to preserve order we had to have over three hundred policemen in the building. The number had to be increased, as only an hour before the meeting I learned that a large number of tickets had been counterfeited for the purpose of admitting men enough to break up the meeting. It then became necessary to get some one who could point out the greater number of those in opposition and prevent their admission. With all precautions some one opposed to the meeting managed to get in, and a vial containing some explosive mixture was left by him in one of the stage boxes, concealed in an umbrella, and it exploded after the man had escaped. Through some defect in the preparation of the explosive mixture it only made a great noise and created a bad smell, without any other effect than impressing public opinion to the discredit of the Irish cause.

We were chiefly opposed by an organization formed by the young men employed in a large dry-goods establishment on the west side of the city, and with no prominent person among them. Yet they made it impossible for us to hold a public meeting without the protection of from three hundred to five hundred police. They were thereby able to impress the public at a distance as if the Irish Federation was being opposed by a large majority of the Irish people in New York.

We are thus reminded of Burke's comment on the noisy effect of a few grasshoppers who succeed in disturbing the repose of the

neighborhood to an extent far out of proportion to their number and importance.

Our experience offers an occasion for a strange comment, indeed, on the condition where the action of so small a portion of the Irish people could influence the judgment of the majority extended over this country and abroad. And strange indeed is it that our efforts to accomplish the same purpose as claimed to be the object of those in the opposition should yet be confronted with an equal degree of aggressiveness, as if we were working in the interest of the English Government!

With no other people than the Irish could it be possible for eight or nine disaffected members of Parliament, and probably not more than fifty young men, banded together as if for a frolic, to be able to sacrifice or obstruct the great cause of a country through the jealousy and petty personal interests of a few individuals!

The loss of opportunity for raising the money to support the National cause of Ireland was a serious one and unnecessary; but it was an insignificant one in comparison with the opportunity lost for creating in this country public opinion favorable to the Irish cause; the existence of which the English Government has ever feared might be created in this country, in connection with the Irish movement and to her detriment.

From the beginning, as organized, and to the end, there was never a man connected with the Irish Federation whose name and service were not a warrant for honesty of purpose and respectability. From my social and professional position I was beyond question known personally or by reputation, to a larger number outside of Irish influence and throughout the United States and Canada, than any other individual in sympathy with the Irish cause. To the majority of the people who knew nothing of Ireland or of my connection with the Irish cause, on learning the fact that I was at the head of the Irish Federation, it would have created an interest and a desire for information.

This interest was cultivated by every means in our power, and through the distribution of special literature and by personal contact.

Chapter XXII

Reference to the Dublin Phoenix Park murder, and to Tynan—Action taken by the London *Times*—The New York *Herald* printed three days before the general election in Great Britain an article the London *Times* had prepared to defeat the Irish national members of Parliament—History of the trick—Action of the Federation in exposing it—Death of Mr. Eugene Kelly, treasurer of the Federation—He was a great loss to the Irish cause—Mr. John D. Crimmins elected treasurer—Difficulties in raising funds from dissension abroad and mistrust at home—Total amount remitted by Mr. Kelly to the national treasurer in Ireland—I became broken down from overwork and worry—Sent to Bermuda—Became ill there—Prepared for death—Several hundred Irish Catholic servant girls spent the night in praying for my recovery—God granted their unselfish and charitable prayers—Moved to the steamer from the hotel by an army ambulance corps and escorted by a corporal's guard of the British Army—Kindness of the Governor of Bermuda—Several months before convalescence—Decided to close my private hospital—Some of the distinctive features of my library described—Sold my library and collection of autographs and engravings—Mr. Kennedy, the purchaser, presented the collection to the Lenox Library—Irish National Federation no longer in active operation—Mr. Ryan's sacrifice—Peter Macdonnell and John Crane—Their loyalty to the Irish cause—Delivered a lecture at Cooper Union, Feb. 1, 1897, to the New York Branch of the Federation, on "England's Destruction of Ireland's Manufactories, Commerce and Population"—Lease expired and could not be renewed—Moved the office of the Federation—Trustees all in favor of closing—Reasons for not acquiescing—Mr. J. B. Fitzpatrick true to the last—Wrote *The Emmet Family*—Mr. Abram S. Hewitt—His recollection of the death and funeral of Thomas Addis Emmet, my grandfather.



WAS on the lookout at all times to aid the Irish cause by every means in my power. A man in the employ of the Federation reported that he had made the acquaintance and held the confidence of the scoundrel Tynan, who posed here as "No. 1" from his connection with the Dublin Phoenix Park murder of Lord Cavendish and Mr. Burke, the Irish secretary. While half intoxicated, he had confided to his new friend that he had been sent to this country to work up a case to prove that the Irish members were implicated, and that it was to be used to defeat their return to Parliament at the coming election. For nearly a year we employed this man to remain with Tynan as an intimate

friend. At length we learned from him that the London *Times* had employed him to write up an account of the murder, and to revive the old charge implicating the Irish members as the instigators. We were also informed that the *Times* intended to print this statement just before the general election, when there would not be time to prove the lie and thus the election of many of the Irish members would be lost, and Tory members would be returned in their places. Tynan confided the information that he had privately sold the original copy of his article to the New York *Herald* for five hundred dollars, and with the assurance on his part that the *Herald* alone possessed the information. The *Herald* was communicated with and informed as to the purpose of the *Times* and on what day it had been decided to publish Tynan's article. Consequently, it was printed in the Paris *Herald* and New York *Herald* with an explanation on the day before, so that the *Times* was unable to carry out its purpose, or accomplish anything beyond showing its unprincipled and lying purpose.

The *Home Rule Bulletin* for June, 1894, contains the following:

There have been floating around the clubs and other centres of information in London for many months, vague rumors of some "revelations" that were soon to appear in connection with Irish affairs, that would assuredly kill the Home Rule movement, utterly rout the Gladstone-Rosebery party, and triumphantly carry Lord Salisbury and the Tories back into power.

The rumors have recently taken a more definite form, and it is now insisted upon by the best informed among Irish Nationalists that a far-reaching attempt is about to be made by some of the leaders of the Tory party, in connection with the London *Times*, to smirch the memory of Parnell and the good name of some of the present Irish members of the House of Commons, with a view to affecting the coming general election in Great Britain and Ireland.

Dr. Thos. Addis Emmet, president of the Irish National Federation of America, gave an interview to a *Herald* reporter on May 31st [1894] on the subject, at his home, No. 89 Madison Avenue, and was very indignant when these rumors were brought to his attention.

[To the reporter of the New York *Herald*]: "Yes," said he, "it is a fact that before the general election of 1892 the London *Times*, unmindful of the bitter lesson it had received in 1889, when it was obliged to bear the loss of more than one million of dollars in hard cash for its outlay in connection with the *Times*-Parnell Commission, and the loss of one half its circulation, sent its agent to this country to work up another set of sensational disclosures, but the attempt failed.

"The Federation of which I am president has had information that the agents of the *Times* and the Tory party have been scouring the United States for nearly a year to obtain every kind of information that would enable them to get up a campaign cry for the next election.

"So far back as the end of last year an attempt was made by Tory agents in England to procure the publication of a pamphlet or book in which it was sought to be shown that Mr. Parnell and other members of Parliament not only sanctioned and encouraged, but actually ordered the assassination of Chief-Secretary Forster and Under-Secretary Burke, and that in pursuance of that order the Phoenix Park murders took place, Lord Cavendish being the victim instead of Mr. Forster.

"None of the publishers in London would take up the matter, and the *Times* itself did not dare touch it.

"To show you how accurate the information of the Federation is in reference to the proposed attack, I quote from a letter received here six months ago from one in the confidence of the Tory party: 'Negotiations are on foot for the publication of a book making disclosures, to come in the form of the history of Irish affairs from 1879 to 1882, including the Invincible Conspiracy, by a person in the United States, who was alleged to have been mixed up in that organization.'

[We had already information within the Federation relating to Tynan and his work, so kept a man in our employ to shadow him for nearly a year, as a most intimate personal friend, until we had accomplished our purpose as already stated. Of course the reporter was only informed of what I wished to be published at the time.]

"The English Tory is the most stupid of mortals; otherwise, after the lessons of the past, these people would not again descend to the methods which they attempted in 1889. Then, after an investigation extending over many months, three of the most prominent of the English judges, Hannen, Day, and Smith declared that there was no foundation for the charge that Mr. Parnell was intimate with leading Invincibles, or that he recognized the Phoenix Park murder as their handiwork, and further, they said, 'We entirely acquit Mr. Parnell and the other respondents of the charge of insincerity in the denunciation of the Phoenix Park murders, and find that the *fac-simile* letter on which this charge was chiefly based against Mr. Parnell is a forgery!'

"We know that there are to-day English Tory agents in this country endeavoring to discover or manufacture any possible shreds of evidence in substantiation of the blackest attempts ever made to besmirch a political party. It has been openly boasted that revelations are forthcoming which will blow Rosebery and the Liberals 'as high as a kite,' but for my part I have too much faith in the good sense of the English people to believe for one moment that their judgment can be affected by any such transparent fraud as is about to be attempted on them. The London *Times* has more than an ordinary interest in this matter. When it entered upon the attempted exposure of 'Parnellism and crime,' in 1887, it did so with a light heart and I believe with the full assurance that as soon as it had killed off the Home Rule movement, and 'dished' the Liberals, its Tory patrons would get a vote from Parliament to repay it for all its outlay; but the plans of the conspirators miscarried. Parnell and the Irish party came through the fire purified;

Pigott, the forger, committed suicide; Macdonald, the chief of the *Times* syndicate, broke down and died; and the 'Thunderer' was very nearly ruined. Now, if they can only succeed in 'blowing Rosebery and the Liberal party as high as a kite,' perhaps a Tory majority in Parliament might be induced to redeem the promise of 1887, and recoup the *Times* \$1,000,000 which it is out of pocket on the Parnell Commission. That the Tory party is capable of resorting to desperate and questionable methods, the past fully proves. In Ireland it makes common cause with the extremist whom it denounces in the House of Commons, in order to divide the Irish people and defeat Home Rule."

Dr. Emmet says that he had never felt more confident of the success of the Home Rule cause than he does now, and that the days of Guy Fawkes and Baron Munchausen are past.

Mr. Eugene Kelly, the treasurer of the Federation, died in the autumn of 1894, a man respected by all who knew him and a great loss to the Irish cause, to which he probably gave more time, in conducting Irish interests in this country, and contributed more in money, for aid to the evicted tenants and the support of the Irish leaders in Parliament, than any other individual. Mr. Kelly was in bad health for some time before his death, and had for six months opposed the continuation of any further effort on the part of the Federation and wished the organization broken up. As no other person connected with the Federation was of the same opinion, he seemed to have lost all interest in its affairs, although he remained nominally the treasurer until his death. He was a man who never became discouraged while in good health, and always overcame difficulties by perseverance. Had his health remained unimpaired, his interest would never have lessened.

Mr. John D. Crimmins was elected treasurer by the Board of Trustees January 7, 1895, and placed in charge of an almost empty treasury. From this time forth, until we were no longer able to raise anything except by personal appeal, it became exceedingly difficult to meet the expenses of the organization.

It would now be impossible without undergoing great labor, to ascertain the exact amount of money raised directly or indirectly, by the Irish National Federation of America or by others outside, and sent direct to the Federation in Ireland, or by Mr. Kelly, the treasurer of the Federation, separately, for the relief of the evicted tenants and for aiding in support of the Irish National members of Parliament. After our public meetings began to be disturbed in New York, many throughout the country who were part of our organization became discouraged, yet still made irregular efforts on their own account to collect money, ignoring the central organization and sending their remittances direct to Ire-

land. This was done in Boston, more than once; in Buffalo, Chicago, and elsewhere. We received no credit for these remittances, and yet but a very small portion of these funds would ever have been collected if the organization had not been established in New York with branches outside. Toward the end our influence was greatly weakened by the ill-judged course followed by the authorities abroad, who frequently communicated directly with different branches, receiving their remittances from some special meeting and thanking them individually, thus ignoring the central organization.

No one in authority abroad seemed to realize that without the existence of a central organization it would be impossible to keep up a steady supply of money. From the unfortunate feeling of jealousy which is too common among the Irish people and through fear that they would not get full credit for their individual efforts, or that we would receive too much, it was very difficult to keep the central organization in working order. Both in this country and abroad some of the most intelligent men seemed unable to understand the situation and that a great loss of time and money had to be incurred with the getting up of every meeting, which would not have been the case if a branch existed and acted under the direction of a central body. We were for a short time in receipt of an average, as I have stated, of nearly one thousand dollars a week from the organization established under my supervision, made up of weekly dues from the members of the branches. Everything was working well together with the prospect of the system being extended throughout the country, and thus creating a regular income entirely apart from that derived from the large public meetings, which had previously been our only source. But as the dissension began and continued abroad the people in this country lost courage, and as the central organization was ignored, or weakened, the steady source of revenue, produced by organization, decreased and finally in a short time, ceased entirely. After this time, showing the loss of confidence, whenever a remittance was sent abroad by a bill of exchange, and the circumstance announced in the papers, we would receive a dozen letters complaining that no mention was made of the three hundred dollars sent by them, or that the five hundred from another source had not been mentioned; and yet we never received fifty cents without publishing it with the name and residence of the donor. Altogether, a position in connection with the Irish National Federation of America was anything but a sinecure.

In the last issue of the *Home Rule Bulletin*, published March, 1895, it is stated:

Remittances to the Irish Party were made by the late Treasurer, Mr. Eugene Kelly, as follows:

Trip to Bermuda

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1891	\$20,628.49
1892	39,727.80
1893	33,227.75
1894	5,500.00
								<u>\$99,084.04</u>
Since Mr. Kelly's death, January, 1895	.							<u>2,000.00</u>
								<u>\$101,084.04</u>

The expenses of the office were enormous for printing and postage alone, as we frequently sent out ten thousand circulars at a time. We often had to pay hall rent and expenses of speakers in small places where it was advisable to hold a meeting to advance the cause, and where the expenses were frequently greater than the receipts, and full credit had to be given the place without any deduction.

July 1, 1895, I had occasion to write an open letter to the New York *Herald* to correct a misstatement made by that paper, and to give an explanation of Irish affairs as then existing for the benefit of the public. As part of the history of the times the letter is of interest. (See Appendix, Note No. VI.)

Without thought of my advancing age, I had become an old man, yet had continued my professional work as if I were yet a young one, and to take an active part in other interests until I had reached my seventieth year. I retired one night earlier than was my usual habit, but worn out as usual. After a restless night I was found next morning almost in a state of collapse.

It was decided that I needed an immediate change and I was sent off to Bermuda in January, 1896. I had improved somewhat when I ate some fish, which had been brought on ice from New York some time before. I was poisoned, and unfortunately was persistently treated by hypodermic injections of morphine, so that nothing could be retained on my stomach for some ten days, and during which time I was reduced to a condition of extreme emaciation. I became naturally somewhat jaundiced in consequence of the disturbed condition of my stomach. From the color of my skin, with a persistent pain in the right side of my abdomen, it was decided that I had cancer. Unfortunately the diagnosis of the physician in charge was confirmed by a noted New York practitioner who had just arrived, and both concurred in the opinion that I really could not possibly live longer than from three to six months. The morphine was increased to enable me to "die easy," and at length one night it was announced I would in all probability die before morning.

I was roused from a stupor by a priest, who told me he had seen me in church and hearing I was very ill and likely to die, had called, as I might not be in a condition to realize my danger and it was his duty to prepare

me for death if I wished his services. I told him that while I was not satisfied with the treatment, so far as I could judge I did not believe I was in imminent danger, but I felt that I was in no condition to decide for myself and I thanked him for his forethought, and I was prepared for death. Through the blessing of God the preparations for death seemed to have had a most salutary effect on me, so that I kept quiet and slept the greater portion of the night.

One of the most touching incidents of my life occurred to me that night of which I knew nothing until afterward. There were several hundred Irish Catholic girls employed in the different hotels and boarding-houses of Hamilton, where I was staying. Although I was unknown to them personally, with the single exception of my chambermaid and waitress, these girls, tired out as they were with their work, assembled and spent the night in prayer, asking for my recovery. I being a Catholic, and also on account of my name, my activity in Irish matters, and from always having exercised a care for their interest as a class, in my hospital work, I was known by reputation to those coming from New York. Through the love of charity which their religion taught them, these girls asked in good faith and it was granted. I have the faith to believe that my recovery was due to their prayers and I have many times asked that the blessing of God might rest upon them, individually and collectively.

One of my sons was with me, and telegraphed to his brother, a physician in New York. My son the doctor, Dr. G. H. Mallett, one of my former assistants in the hospital, and a daughter, were in time to catch the steamer and arrived on the following day after I had been supposed to be *in extremis*. The morphine was stopped and means taken to nourish me without disturbing my stomach, so that in twelve hours I was out of danger, but in a helpless condition from weakness.

My daughter met some friends and as I was on the way to recovery, she attended a reception given by the Governor, a Scotchman, I believe. On being presented and learning her name, he asked how I was and offered to have anything within his power done for me. I had arrived late in the season and could only get a room at the top of the house and approached by a winding staircase. Being quick-witted, she explained that on the following day I would return to New York, but the difficulty was seemingly great, as to how I was to be removed from my room, and as to the mode by which I could be conveyed to the steamer; that if he had an ambulance at his disposal and could send several persons accustomed to moving the sick to place me on the steamer, we would all be under the greatest obligation.

He immediately sent for the surgeon of an Irish regiment then stationed there, and directed him to take charge of the matter.

The next day the sergeant with a file from the Irish regiment arrived at the hotel, after having stationed at regular intervals soldiers along the line, for nearly a mile from the hotel to the steamer, who were to keep every conveyance off the street as soon as the ambulance started from the hotel. Four or five young fellows then came to my room, changed my clothes, dressed me, and carried me down to the ambulance, and placed me in my berth on the steamer, and with their eyes filled with tears to see, as they said, one of my name in such a helpless condition. As we were going along the street at a very stately pace the surgeon asked me how I was getting on. After thanking him for his services, I told him I really enjoyed the situation, as nearly a hundred years had passed since an English corporal's guard had been honored by being the escort of one bearing the name of Emmet. I fear he thought me guilty of undue levity, but I was sorry for the poor fellow, who, with the others in the regiment, had been probably obliged to enlist in the English Army to escape starvation.

I certainly was placed under the greatest obligation to the Governor, who put himself out of the way to show such kindness to a stranger, and I have regretted it was never in my power to show how much I appreciated his efforts. Without his aid I would have arrived in New York in a very different state.

I reached home in fair condition, but it was only after several months that I finally recovered my strength sufficiently to enable me to get about. During my absence I had been at great expense in keeping open my private hospital, so I decided to close it as soon as my employees had time to obtain other positions. From the fact of having been in my employ and on my recommendation, they were all provided for in a few days.

I had occupied for years the whole of the second story of the house adjoining my residence for my library and collection of Americana. Its special feature was over two hundred thick folio volumes, which were made up of different series connected with American history containing the autograph and portrait of every individual connected with each special series and all other material to illustrate the subject. At the Albany Congress held in 1754, the first development of certain features of government were discussed which finally culminated in the Revolution. The Stamp Congress in 1774—growing out of the undue taxation of the American Colonies and which formed another step to the Revolution: the First Continental Congress at the beginning of the Revolution. A set of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, the greater portion of the letters having been written during the year 1776, many referring to the event and all of historical value, and containing the only letter of Thomas Lynch, Jr., known to exist, with an original copy of the Declara-

tion of Independence in Jefferson's handwriting and made the night of its passage; together with a full history of the passage and signing, with original broadside copies of the first publication, together with a set of water-color miniatures painted by Hall, especially for the work, with many copies of original portraits of the "Signers," unknown before and which I had succeeded in tracing to the descendants and other sources after many years of labor. Through my research, the identity was established as to the likeness of fifty-five of the fifty-six signers, there being no proof that any portrait of Morton was in existence. Then all in relation to forming and signing the Articles of Federation, a complete set of the members of the different Continental Congresses, so far as was known up to the time the collection was formed. Then, the Annapolis Convention with the original minutes, and the original call for the meeting in Philadelphia of the convention which formed the present Constitution of the United States, with the original acceptance of the Constitution by seven of the thirteen Colonies. *Washington's First Administration* formed another volume, with the original papers in relation to notifying him of his election. Also the first amendments to the U. S. Constitution as passed and certified by the Vice-President and Secretary of the Senate. The original document as engrossed. A complete set of the Presidents from Hancock, the first President of the Continental Congress, and Presidents of the United States including Lincoln, and of the Vice-Presidents from Washington's administration to the death of Lincoln, with a play bill for the evening found in the box after his removal, and probably the one in his hand at the moment he was shot, with many other remarkable and unique features scattered through the different volumes. Also Booth's *History of New York City*, containing an immense collection of autographs and historical material connected with New York. Irving's *Life of Washington* and other works I am now unable to recall. I had also formed probably the largest collection of Colonial paper money, as well as the most complete set of the money and bonds issued by the Confederate Government. The collection contained the portraits of nearly thirty thousand persons connected with the history of this country. I had been directly, or indirectly instrumental in the preservation of the likenesses of fully five hundred individuals noted in connection with the Revolution, the existence of many of which was never known before, and of a number which from the destruction of the originals by fire are now the only likenesses extant and are preserved in this collection.

As I had been a collector of autographs from boyhood and sought always to obtain those of the greatest historical value, the collection became in time, without being the largest, the most valuable any single

individual ever succeeded in getting together. The final disposition of this collection, to the best advantage for those coming after me had been the subject of my serious consideration for years. Several years before I had consulted the representative of an auction firm in Philadelphia as to the disposal of the collection and was informed that if one hundred thousand dollars was placed at the disposal of the firm for advertising and preparing a proper catalogue with *fac-similes* of the most important subjects, and a year given to get ready, and with the sales at intervals during several years after, more than the original cost of the collection could be realized; otherwise, the sale would be a failure and it would not be undertaken by them.

I had already parted with a valuable portion of the collection for a comparatively trivial sum, and I have since regretted that it could never be again identified with the "Emmet Collection." I had collected and had bound over one hundred and fifty volumes of Colonial newspapers, the labor of a lifetime, and one unequalled in value, as a whole, by any other collection. I felt forced to part with it at almost any price in consequence of the annoyance I was subjected to through the thoughtlessness of individuals who were continually giving letters of introduction to persons desirous of inspecting these papers, and who came with no guarantee as to their honesty. As I was absent all day, it was necessary to refuse and give offence, or keep some one especially to remain in the room, for with all my care I was frequently losing things of value.

My particular chum was a female dachshund, a most intelligent dog; one fully convinced she owned the library with me as a special partner, and when in charge of her interest she spent the greater part of her time there on guard. She seemed to have learned by instinct that few persons, however reputable in other respects, could be trusted there. When a stranger came into the room, after a due course of investigation with her nose she would decide on her course. If the visitor was a friend, who had visited me frequently, she would wag her tail and go back to her place; but she continued to keep an eye on him until I, or some other person came to relieve her of the responsibility. If the visitor was a stranger, she made no advances, but seated herself by his side. If he arose from his chair, she accompanied him, allowing him to look at the books from the outside so long as he wished, but if he placed a finger on one, she immediately took a good hold of his trousers leg at his ankle and held on. If he moved, she growled, but never relinquished her hold until his outcry called in some one, when she would retire to her corner. Persons writing, or making some special investigation, never hesitated to spend the greater part of the day there as if at a public library, and to my great inconvenience and annoyance. At length I had an offer from Mr. Hildeburn of

Philadelphia, for about one fifth of what I knew to be the value of these newspapers had a wealthy purchaser been found. I accepted this price without due thought, and he sold them at a fair profit, but as a bargain, to the Lenox Library.

Unfortunately I had neglected to put my name or bookplate in these volumes, and yet in my effort to complete the sets, I was for many years more closely connected with this special feature than with anything else in the collection.

A knowledge of my desire to part with the collection reached the ears of the late Mr. John S. Kennedy, president of the Lenox Library, who called and stated he had put aside a certain sum for the benefit of the library and this he offered for my collection with the promise that it should be kept together and known as the Emmet Collection. The offer was about half the amount I computed it had cost me, without taking into consideration my time spent in arranging it. Many are under the impression that this collection was made at a time when autographs and prints had but a nominal value, but this was not the case. From my boyhood I was a steady collector, in accord with my means; but almost everything which gave special value and a unique feature to the collection in the way of historical autographs was purchased through Mr. Walter R. Benjamin within twenty years before I parted with the collection. It cannot be claimed that I ever obtained anything under its value, as no one did more than I to put up the prices by never allowing any opportunity to pass without securing everything of value regardless of price, and this circumstance brought valuable material rapidly into the market. Before I began to purchase valuable autographs, my collection consisted chiefly of coins, paper money, prints, and a few newspapers, together with books. Without the aid of Mr. Benjamin it is not likely that I could ever have accomplished so much.

I accepted Mr. Kennedy's offer and in less than fifteen minutes all details were arranged, and on the following day everything was removed. In a week or ten days my private hospital was leased as a small hotel, so that I made every arrangement to settle my affairs in case the diagnosis proved correct, that I was to die from cancer within six months.

The Irish National Federation had continued for several years as if still in active operation, but in fact it had existed only in a state of suspended animation, waiting for something to turn up. At length the Irish Race Convention was called to meet in Dublin, September 9, 1896, and it was clearly indicated in my mind that not only from a duty we owed to the Irish cause, but as a matter of policy, the Irish Federation should be represented. I was willing to make any personal sacrifice to attend as a delegate, but it was impossible with my professional obliga-

tions to leave at that time. Mr. Ryan was the only person who could take my place, and I decided to send him at my own expense and in addition to aid him with some provision for his family in his absence, as he had made some effort to revive his old business, all of which would be lost. It taxed my resources greatly to meet this extra expense, as my own business had suffered greatly from my prolonged illness. But there was not a single individual known to me from whom I felt justified in asking for assistance in incurring what would be considered an uncalled-for expense under the circumstances.

Mr. Ryan had sacrificed a profitable business to discharge the exacting duties of his office as secretary of the Federation, and in the early years of the organization had barely subsisted with his family on the nominal salary he received. He thus, from his devotion to the Irish cause, had made a great personal sacrifice. For some months past his salary had remained unpaid for want of funds, and from this time until his death, three years after, he had no means to live on but what I gave him, from time to time, in addition to any incidental job he might obtain.

When I did ask for assistance there were two individuals who never failed to the last in giving me a liberal response, and I shall always keep green in my memory the late Peter Macdonnell and the late John Crane for their kindness. They were both satisfied that the organization should no longer be kept up as they felt the outlook was hopeless, and Mr. Crane always repeated to me his convictions, so that I discontinued calling on him for some time before I ceased to trouble Mr. Macdonnell. Peter Macdonnell always gave so freely that I never felt as if I were begging or that a suspicion could exist as to the possibility that the donation might be appropriated for my personal use. At length I was ashamed to solicit aid longer from either of these gentlemen.

To every application in person or by letter to others abroad I received the same answer that nothing more would be contributed to the Irish cause until the quarrelling ceased, and that I had better close the office. This I could not agree to, as I felt I had been placed in charge of a trust which should be maintained until I could be relieved by some radical change in the party. So I continued on, keeping the office open for several hours daily, and the name in evidence to all appearances as if we were in active operation.

During the winter of 1896-97 it was arranged to have given in the hall by different persons connected with the organization a weekly lecture on Irish history or some relevant subject, for the purpose of keeping together as far as possible the members of the different city branches of the Federation and for educational purposes. It proved a successful move in keeping up the interest of the people. Lectures

were given by Mr. Ryan, Mr. Michael Fox, Prof. John P. Brophy, John O'Shea, R. A. Moynahan and others whose names I cannot recall.

On February 1, 1897, I gave a lecture on "England's Destruction of Ireland's Manufactures, Commerce, and Population."

The lease for our rooms in the Cooper Union building expired on May 1, 1897, and could not be renewed, as the space was required for the needs of the corporation. We moved our quarters to 47 West 42d Street, where we obtained two good-sized rooms on the third floor, the rent of which was within my means.

After moving to the new quarters I made no attempt to hold another meeting, as the Board of Trustees, formed of the vice-presidents from the different States and of others from the City of New York, who gradually losing their interest, had ceased to attend the meetings long before. There was a single exception, Mr. J. B. Fitzpatrick of Boston, the present national treasurer of the United Irish League, who, to the best of my recollection never failed to respond to the call for every meeting.

In 1898 I issued as a privately printed work, *The Emmet Family, with some Incidents Relating to Irish History, etc.* This work also contained an extended memoir of my father, and it has been pronounced by the critics to be the most complete family history ever written. Unfortunately, there were but one hundred and twenty-eight copies printed, chiefly for the use of the family, and it was not stereotyped, so that it has now become for book fanciers the rarest family history to be obtained for private collections. I placed, however, seventy-five copies in the most prominent libraries of this country and Ireland, with a copy in the British Museum and the library of the House of Commons, London. For writing this book I had the honor of receiving the Laetare Medal from the University of Notre Dame, Indiana.

The purpose of my work on *The Emmet Family* was shown as follows: "With my love I dedicate this volume to my children and do so with the hope that they may realize a just pride in the records of those who, in the past, have so honestly filled their places in life, a sentiment which, if properly appreciated, must needs bear good fruit from the example thus set forth for emulation."

During the winter of 1897 and '98, I met the late Mr. Abram S. Hewitt, the ex-Mayor and many years a member of Congress from New York City, at a dinner and had the good fortune to have been placed alongside of him. I am able to fix the date as I was passing *The Emmet Family* through the press at the time. On mentioning my work it led Mr. Hewitt to speak of my grandfather, Thomas Addis Emmet, of whom he had a clear recollection, and of the day of his death and funeral. My grandfather lived at No. 30 Beach Street, facing St. John's Square, near

Thomas A. Emmet
From an oil portrait by Samuel F. B. Morse



Incidents of my Life

Mr. Ryan, Mr. Michael Fox, Prof. John P. Brophy, John Moynahan and others whose names I cannot recall.

May 1, 1897, I gave a lecture on "England's Destruction of Manufactures, Commerce, and Population."

Since our rooms in the Cooper Union building expired on May 1, 1897, and could not be renewed, as the space was required for the needs of the Corporation. We moved our quarters to 47 West 42d Street, where we obtained two good-sized rooms on the third floor, the rent of which was within my means.

After moving to the new quarters I made no attempt to hold another meeting, as the Board of Trustees, formed of the vice-presidents from the different States and of others from the City of New York, who gradually losing their interest, had ceased to attend the meetings long before. There was a single exception, Mr. J. B. Fitzpatrick of Boston, the treasurer of the United Irish League, who, to the best of my knowledge, never failed to respond to the call for every meeting.

My portrait by Thomas A. Emmet

From an oil portrait by Samuel F. B. Morse

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book of my grandfather, Thomas Addis Emmet, of whom I have a collection, and of the day of his death and funeral. My grandfather lived at No. 30 Beach Street, facing St. John's Square, near



the southeast corner.¹ The Hewitt family lived in the neighborhood where my grandfather passed on his way to and return from his office, always carrying a green baize bag filled with his law papers. As he passed the house of Mr. Hewitt, who was a very intelligent man, my grandfather always stopped to speak a few words with him, while he sat at the window of his shop at work. He was a dealer in hard woods and was probably in addition a wood-carver of dowel posts for staircases, of mantelpieces and the trimmings of doors and window-frames.

Mr. Hewitt told me the day on which my grandfather died was impressed upon his memory, for as a child he noticed the absence of all noise and of people in the street, and he managed to slip out to learn the cause. His mother opened the door and called him in and as he passed her she said, "Be careful and make no noise for Mr. Emmet is dead." From what he told me, as having heard his father describe at the time, and from what I have corroborated by contemporary newspaper accounts, I am led to believe there has never been a similar funeral in New York, or one in which so large a proportion of the inhabitants took part, while for several hours the whole business of the city was suspended. It was thought that every one in the town knew him at least by sight, and probably no other citizen ever commanded the love, veneration, and respect of so large a proportion of the people. The Board of Aldermen met, passed resolutions of condolence, and resolved that all offices connected with the city should be closed during the time of the funeral and the city officials should attend in a body. The same action was taken at a meeting of all the U. S. officials in the city. The courts all adjourned, after the judges had eulogized the dead, and the bar met to arrange for attending the funeral. The officials, professors, and students of Columbia College took action to attend in a body. As Mr. Emmet had at one time been a physician in practice all the physicians of the city and all the professors and students of the two medical schools were in attendance. The flags on every vessel in the harbor were at half mast and the bells on every church were tolled during the progress of the funeral. It took place from Grace Church, then on the block above Trinity, and the procession proceeded to St. Mark's Church, in the "Bowerie," now at Ninth Street and Second Avenue, where the body was to be deposited. It appeared as if every able-bodied man in the city, rich and poor, and many with their well-grown sons, showed their respect by taking part in the obsequies. At the time the head of the procession with the body reached St. Mark's

¹ My uncle, T. A. Emmet, Jr., lived at 47 Hudson St., west side, and Uncle Robert, 48 White St. Elsewhere I have stated according to tradition my grandfather died at White St. The directories show that he had lived at 30 Beach St. for several years before his death, and he must have died there.

Church, the people were still falling in line below Grace Church, and the whole procession was several hours in passing in front of the church, after the body had been laid to rest, and each individual passed with uncovered head.

Mr. Hewitt was a man of diversified knowledge and I made a special effort always to draw him out whenever we met afterward. With his conversational powers, and when interested in his subject, it was a pleasure to listen to him, and I have seldom met a man who gave me more pleasure and satisfaction. His knowledge of the iron industry and interest in the country was remarkable, and the information he imparted to me, would have required years of research on my part to have obtained.

Chapter XXIII

Received the Laetare Medal—Account of the ceremony—Death of Mr. Ryan in 1900—Never was any individual better fitted for his position—His death occurred when his work was finished—Mr. John Redmond became the head of the Irish National party—Resigned my position as Surgeon to the Woman's Hospital—Some account of my service—Also of my difficulties—The intrigue and "wire-pulling" were unequalled elsewhere—An interesting interview with a president of the Board of Managers—Some of the managers fully appreciated my work and had confidence in my judgment—What occurred at the election of two of the Visiting Surgeons—Was successful in obtaining aid from the State Legislature for the hospital at a most critical period—I also obtained permission from the Board of Aldermen to sell the site of the hospital at 49th St. and Lexington Avenue, after the Committee of the Board of Managers had failed—Some reference to Mr. Richard Coker, and the working of Tammany—On my resignation as Visiting Surgeon, I requested from the Board of Managers the position of Emeritus Surgeon, and that my son, who had been my assistant for many years, should be appointed to fill my position—I stated as my reason that during so busy a life there was much I was never able to investigate, and that I wished to devote the remainder of my life to original work in the hospital—My requests were totally disregarded, after a continuous and gratuitous service to the Woman's Hospital of over 45 years.



HE Laetare Medal was conferred upon me with some ceremony and the *Irish American*, April 14, 1906, reports the proceedings as follows:

In 1896 the recipient of the honor, and most worthily too, was that splendid type of a great race and eminent practitioner, Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet. One can turn to very few phases of our local history during the past century when honor shone and merit ruled and not find an Emmet conspicuous there. The presentation in 1898 was made to Dr. Emmet by the late Archbishop Corrigan on behalf of the University of Notre Dame, in the presence of the present Bishop of Buffalo, who was then his pastor, and a distinguished gathering. His many friends and admirers will learn with pleasure that the venerable patriot is now in Florida acquiring the new health and vigor that will, we trust, keep him for many years to come still with us.

From an unknown source I have preserved a newspaper clipping giving the following statement which is correct:

"The story of the Laetare Medal is familiar enough to Americans. In 1883 the faculty of the University of Notre Dame (Indiana) determined to choose each year from the ranks of the Catholic laity of the United States a man or woman conspicuous for furthering the interests of morality, education, or citizenship and to confer on that person a tangible mark of honor to bear witness of the approbation and sympathy of Notre Dame. This expression of esteem takes the form of the Laetare Medal. The Medal receives its name from the day on which it is bestowed, Laetare Sunday, the fourth Sunday in Lent. The day takes its name from the Introit of the Mass for that day which begins with the word 'Laetare,' which means 'rejoice.'

"The faculty chose this particular Sunday in order to associate the occasion of the presentation of the Medal in the mind of the recipient with a similar usage that has obtained for six centuries in Europe. Early in the thirteenth century the Popes inaugurated the custom of giving on Laetare Sunday to one who had performed marked service to religion and humanity a golden rose blessed by the Pope. Since the purpose to be accomplished in the conferring of the Medal is almost the same as that of giving the rose, Laetare Sunday has been chosen as the most fitting time for its presentation. In early times, the formal conferring of the golden rose by the Pope was accompanied by a benediction conveyed in the words 'Receive from our hands this rose, beloved son, who, according to the world art noble, valiant, and endowed with great prowess, that you may be still more ennobled by every virtue from Christ as a rose, planted in the streams of many waters; and may this grace be bestowed on you in the prevailing clemency of Him Who liveth and reigneth world without end.'

"The bar from which the disk is suspended is lettered, 'Laetare Medal,' and the face of the disk bears the inscription, '*Magna est veritas et proeualebit*' — 'truth is mighty and shall prevail.' The reverse side has the names of the University and the recipient. The address presented with the Medal is painted and printed on silk, and sets forth in each instance the special reasons influencing its bestowal. Dr. John Gilmary Shea, historian, was the first one upon whom the Medal was conferred."

The illuminated address presented with the Medal was as follows:

THOMAS ADDIS EMMET, M.D., LL.D.

In conferring upon you the honor of the *Laetare Medal* which has been worn by so many illustrious Catholic Americans, men and women, the *University of Notre Dame* knows that it has added great additional lustre to the company of those noble children of the Church by placing your name with theirs, and the University is grateful for the honor which also is reflected upon itself by this choice.

Your family is historically great with the republican nobility of intellect and good deeds done for country and fellow man, and to no member thereof need you yield precedence in the estimation of those whose favorable regard

is most valuable in the world. The Universities of Europe look to you as to one of the great surgeons of the century; the medical profession of America has for years considered you as one of its most learned and skilful members; and European and American gynæcologists, and suffering women all over the world are indebted to you for discoveries in surgical methods, and for deep and sound doctrines which are of untold value to humanity. Long ago Homer said, "A physician is worth many other men," and you have again proved the truth in the great poet's words, imitating the work of the good physician Dante, the holy physician Saint Luke, the Divine Physician of mankind Who healed the ills of soul and flesh.

To men like you the youth of the Republic look for the edification of saving example, and they are not deceived in their trustfulness; upon men like you the world looks, and thinks more favorably of the *mother Church which would be fair in their eyes for their salvation; and the University of Notre Dame had this thought before her when she deemed it fitting to confer honor upon your venerable head. Your heart best knows the peace that crowns a life well spent for God and man and the University prays this peace may grow fuller year after year until the great reward comes.*

"And stay thou with us long! Vouchsafe us long
Thy brave autumnal presence ere the hues
Slow-fading, ere the quaver of thy voice,
The twilight of thine eye move men to ask
Where hides the chariot,—in what sunset vale,
Beyond thy chosen rider, champ the steeds
That wait to bear thee skyward."

I had been for many years reading and collecting the material for writing a work to show the condition of Ireland and her people was due to misgovernment by England. I found difficulties at every step in collecting the material, as the so-called histories within reach of the people were all written in the interest of the English Government, and until a comparatively late period all books written by Irish people had been systematically burned by the Government. I occupied all my spare time in this undertaking, and renewed my efforts when the move for Home Rule was begun that the work might be utilized to educate the Irish people, who from force of circumstances had become most ignorant of their own history.

In March, 1900, Mr. Ryan became suddenly ill, and died in a few weeks from a disease which must have existed for an indefinite period without giving any manifestation, or if so, he, being of a sturdy nature, had disregarded all symptoms. With the death of Mr. Ryan, the Irish National Federation of America came to an end, although the rooms were opened every day until our lease expired on the following first of May. I have never known of an instance where a man was better fitted for a

position than Mr. Ryan was for the secretaryship of the Federation. He was a man of unusual intelligence and was most reliable in his judgment. I doubt if ever any two men worked better together than we did, as each could supply to some degree what the other lacked. He had been for years connected with Irish affairs, and obtained the most accurate information as to details in connection with all political matters, of which I had but a superficial knowledge. There was no man in the United States who had taken any part in Irish politics whom Mr. Ryan had not become fully informed as to his value and as to how far he could be utilized. During the whole nine years we were together, he never in a single instance failed to designate the best person to consult or to execute any plan, and he was always able to state the best mode of address and to excite the person's interest, consequently he was a man of great tact, when he saw fit to exert it. With a host of friends he had enemies, as every man must have who is honest and outspoken and with such strong traits of character, yet I never heard any one doubt his honesty of purpose. While behind the scenes I had my hands on everything and made myself familiar with all details, I kept myself in the background to the public as much as I could, using others to do the actual work; consequently with many I was supposed to be little more than a figurehead. Many a man rendered most valuable service to the Federation without knowing "who put him up to it." I would get a man's name from Ryan and when I next met him would introduce myself if I did not know him, express my satisfaction on making his acquaintance, and after a friendly chat on any casual subject would incidentally mention what was on my mind, and pass on. In nine times out of ten the man would call and see me in a few days, to ask me what I thought of such a plan which had occurred to him! I would congratulate him most heartily on his good judgment and he would set to work with great satisfaction to execute it. As I had the misfortune to come neither from counties Clare, Mayo, Galway, nor elsewhere in the dear old country, I often found it difficult to shape the course of those more fortunate, but once an Irishman becomes started in the right direction and you have his confidence, he becomes the most reliable of all men.

Mr. Ryan's death occurred just before Mr. Redmond was placed at the head of the National party, so we thus remained true to our trust until we were relieved by his election. All connected with the organization at once expressed loyalty to the will of the majority by acknowledging Mr. Redmond as the legitimate successor of Mr. Dillon. We did this promptly notwithstanding our work had been greatly impaired, if not ultimately destroyed in this country by his supporters.

I resigned my position as Surgeon to the Woman's Hospital, after a continuous and gratuitous service of over forty-five years, with the

exception that I was absent, while the hospital was in operation, nine months altogether from sickness and other causes during that period. For many years I rendered a daily service from two o'clock in the afternoon, and until of late years I visited in addition as often as necessary any special case needing my services and at any hour during the day or night. In fact I never gave to any pay patient in private practice more attention than these poor people received, of whom I knew nothing more than in connection with their suffering. During the whole of my service I can recall but a single instance where I was ever half an hour late, and never for so long a time from any circumstance I could control. The rule was to begin giving the anæsthetic at ten minutes before the hour when I was expected to enter the room at the stroke of the clock. On two occasions only was I unable to attend at the appointed hour, and failed to give notification of my inability, through unexpected circumstances. Whenever I had occasion to be absent from the city at my clinic hour, from the demand of my private business, I invariably rendered the like service before or after my return.

For many years after my reputation had been fully established and my time was worth intrinsically whatever I saw fit to charge, I served no afternoon at the hospital that the time given by me did not represent a pecuniary loss of at least fifty dollars cash, and had I utilized the same time for performing some surgical operation the profit would have been much greater. If I had simply attended to my private practice, or had the authorities of the hospital had to pay me the lowest price for my services, I would have realized far more than a handsome provision for my old age and for my family after my death.

The managers until they gained the experience were almost without exception ignorant of all knowledge pertaining to the management of a hospital, yet they were burdened with a full sense of their own importance. As these men had all been successful in business they could not hold any other opinion but that my continued service, year after year, was due to deriving some personal benefit. For years I was constantly annoyed and to the last day of my service by the espionage. At one time the superintendent who had charge of this business was about as poor a specimen of a man as could be conceived of and one totally unfit for the place. He was by nature a spy, and through his efforts I was constantly subjected to the annoyance of an investigating committee from the Board of Managers on the most trivial pretext. He was the kind of man who would take pride in "having served the Lord" by constantly keeping his eye on a "Romanist." I was the equal in every respect of all in the Board as to every attribute pertaining to the highest social position, with the exception of wealth, which I valued the least. Many

seemed to have no appreciation that something was due to my age, long service, and to the fact that it was no discredit to the hospital that I was probably known by reputation to every prominent physician throughout the world, and whenever the hospital was ever mentioned abroad, it was always spoken of as "Dr. Emmet's hospital." I would be called to account on any representation of this superintendent with as little consideration as if I had been the marketing steward, where there was some doubt as to the accuracy of his account.

The following letter of which I happened to have kept a copy, will be a good illustration and I regret not having the manager's letter, to which this was a reply.

Dec. 29, 1891.

DEAR MR. H.

In answer to your letter I have to state as follows:

One evening I was called upon by a Dr. Grigg, a female physician, who stated, she had taken a patient, a Mrs. Mosse, to the hospital and wished me the following morning to see the case with her, as she had to return home without delay. On my explanation that my duty did not require me to visit the hospital on the following morning, she of her own accord brought the patient to my office, and I received my usual fee for the consultation. I found the case to be one of the most extensive from cancerous ulceration I ever saw. She was a loathsome object, one unfit and not admissible to the hospital (by your own by-laws), and she has already died I have no doubt.

The other case was the wife of a physician, and on learning that his wife could not receive my personal attention in the details of treatment, he brought her direct to my private hospital (without my knowledge) and willingly paid my regular rate of two hundred and sixty dollars per month. Surely the Woman's Hospital was no place for a patient who could afford to pay this amount and more.

Now the fact is that both of these patients were fully able and willing to pay for my personal services, and expected to obtain them. They were simply deceived, as hundreds have been, in supposing that I conducted my private practice in the Woman's Hospital. It is a great injustice to the medical men who contribute so much to the actual support of the hospital, that the Governors will not set this matter right.

Now, my dear sir, I must ask what does this all mean? You have known of me longer than any other member of the Board, and from Mr. B—— you must have been made familiar with my record in the Woman's Hospital from the beginning! In view of the past I am free to state that I have served this institution by a singleness of purpose actuated alone by the belief that it was part of the work God sent me into this world to do. Under these circumstances I know that I have done more than simply to discharge my duty and have given to the hospital far more than I have ever received from it. I hold that there is no one connected with the Woman's Hospital who has the

true interest of the institution more at heart than I have. For many a year past I have sacrificed my own private interest by continuing to serve it.

I therefore have the right to ask, what does all this mean and why should I be so frequently called to account for a lot of trumped-up charges and without the slightest foundation, so that I have been more annoyed in the last three months than for twenty-five years previous?

No one in truth can say that I have not fully discharged my duty and I have quietly done so without interfering with the work of others. I may justly ask then, why am I alone of the Medical Board called so frequently to account; and at the instigation of a subordinate?—one who seems to be empowered to report in his judgment as he sees fit on my official acts for investigation!

Mr. LeRoy can certainly have no personal motive in this matter and must be acting under some instruction for a purpose, or he is a mischief-maker and goes widely out of his proper line of duty!

If he be instructed to follow this course, I have the right to ask, for what purpose? If the contrary be the case I certainly have the right to expect this petty annoyance to cease and that he be instructed to apply his zeal for the future in a more faithful discharge of his own duties.

I have some difficulty in restraining my indignation that a man occupying the position that I do in this community and in my profession should be called on by a committee of investigation for such a frivolous and groundless presentation as these two cases sum up to be.

I thank you for your courtesy and hope you will kindly present this matter to the Board, *from my standpoint*; by doing so, like future investigations may be deemed unnecessary, and, possibly, it may be charitably assumed hereafter that my official acts are all performed, so far as the light is given me, in the best interests of the hospital.

Yours very truly,

THOS. ADDIS EMMET.

There existed for many years I believe in the Woman's Hospital a greater degree of "wire-pulling" and intrigue than was ever practised in any other hospital and unfortunately I was a sufferer. Many of the Board of Governors, especially the early ones, and the Lady Managers, who labored in a true spirit to advance the prosperity, and to develop the hospital, fully appreciated the service I rendered.

But after they passed away to their reward, strangers gradually filled their places, and I had no time or desire to gain favor nor look to my own interest while this influence of intrigue gradually became dominant. So that of late years, although there were always some exceptions, I believe many of the managers in their ignorance regarded me as a simple-minded old fossil, who had to be borne with for some reason unknown to them, and were as little impressed with the importance of my work as the physicians themselves, who were instrumental in creating the impression. For about twenty years before my resignation, I took no further part in

the affairs of the hospital than that limited to the discharge of my duty, and having discharged that I proceeded to go my way without word with any one. I seldom met any of the managers except when my duty required it, or they wished me to render some special service; and from the simple reason that I saw little indication of a desire on their part to see me. I had occasion once to seek an interview with a former president of the Board of Managers of the Woman's Hospital "in the State of New York," now some years dead, and I ask in all sincerity that he may never be held accountable for his mismanagement, intrigue, and "wire-pulling." I do this notwithstanding I suffered more than any one else from his enmity. A sad comment on his influence among his friends was given at the end when I was the only physician connected with the hospital who attended his funeral, and I did so in charity.

The cause of our interview was due to the desire on my part to have an improvement made in the diet for the convalescent patients. He seemed perfectly indifferent to my request and when I offered a protest, his reply was: "See here, why the hell don't you get out of here, if it don't pay, or you don't like it. It is easy enough to fill your place!"

This I found to be quite true a few years after when I resigned the position.

This spirit of intrigue and demoralizing influence had its beginning within the hospital about the time of Dr. Sims's resignation, when by some underhand means he was placed in a false position and his forced resignation was not to the credit of the managers of the Woman's Hospital for which institution he had done so much at its foundation. It was the same influence which caused Dr. Sims to be misled in relation to myself, and which kept alive for years a report I could never check, that I was personally inimical to Dr. Sims, when I had never had any difficulty with him. The pure fabrications which were reported to him as of my utterance kept Dr. Sims so incensed that I was unable to enlighten him by any means. The appointment of Dr. George T. Harrison to the position of Visiting Surgeon, for which he was well fitted, likewise was defeated by this same influence of intrigue. The minutes of the Medical Board will show that he was nominated by me, and as an unusual occurrence on any nomination he received a unanimous indorsement by vote of the Medical Board. Dr. Harrison had been my assistant for many years, and it was the first and only time I ever made a personal effort for the election of any candidate. I endeavored to secure for him a sufficient number of votes, among the managers, to insure his election. As the misrepresentation was made privately by one of the Medical Board who had voted for him, my influence was so entirely neutralized that at the time of the election Dr. Harrison's name was not even considered. As this influence

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has apparently ceased to exist, at least to his detriment, I am glad in this connection to place on record that at the present time he holds the position of one of the consulting surgeons to the institution, an honor he has deserved.

Before reference to the closing of my connection with the Woman's Hospital it would be well, as part of the history of the hospital, to detail several incidents of interest where my judgment and influence, outside of my professional work, were relied upon. On one occasion when Dr. Hanks was elected a member of the Medical Board, I had to be present as chairman of a committee in relation to some medical matters and had to report progress to the Board of Managers. Having discharged my business I was in the act of leaving the room when I was stopped by one of the managers seated by the door, either the late Mr. Philip van Valkenburg or the late Mr. George Bliss, for they both questioned me. But my memory is not clear after so long an interval and where no reason existed at the time to impress the circumstance on my mind. The manager who had detained me, I distinctly recollect, turned to the chairman and said: "We have the names of eleven surgeons before us from which to make our selection to fill the two vacancies existing in the Medical Board, and which are to be voted on to-day. I feel at a loss in the proper discharge of my duty, for I know personally nothing as to the fitness of any of these gentlemen. As Dr. Emmet has served this hospital from the beginning and must know the best two men of the eleven for the position, I feel that I have the right as a manager, to call on him for that information." After some hesitation and from a feeling of delicacy, as I had nominated in the Medical Board Dr. Bache Emmet, a kinsman, as one of the candidates, I gave his name and that of Dr. Hanks and entered fully into detail as to my reasons for making the selections. When I had finished the manager moved that the secretary should cast the vote for filling the vacancies. On going out the manager thanked me for having relieved them from a difficult position, and stated, "If these gentlemen are elected they will be indebted to you alone for their appointment, as the friends of the other candidates have been so active that I am sure, without your endorsement, the names of neither of them would have been considered." Evidently the same influence had been exercised for the appointment of other candidates but in this instance failed from the unexpected force of circumstances due to my accidental presence. Messrs. Talbot and Hoppen were present, Mr. John E. Parsons was a member of the Board, but I cannot recall that he was in attendance, although he may have presided, but my impression is that Col. Davis was in the chair, and I think Mrs. Russell Sage was also present, as a Lady Manager. All the other members of the Board are now dead, so

Incidents of my Life

far as I have any knowledge. I have no knowledge as to how they were voted for, as the election was conducted at a later stage of the meeting.

Twice I was called upon by the Board of Managers to exercise my influence as a Democrat, and of supposed influence, for the benefit of the Woman's Hospital. During the period I held the position as Surgeon-in-Chief, and while Tweed was still a powerful factor, the hospital became seriously embarrassed for the want of means in consequence of having given a free bed for each county in the State. I was asked by Mr. James W. Beekman, the chairman of the Board of Governors, and a personal friend of many years' standing, to go to Albany and see if relief could not be obtained from the Legislature. The Board which filled its own vacancies was at that time I believe formed entirely of members belonging to the Republican party, and its committee had failed in accomplishing anything by an application to the Democratic Legislature, a condition which should not have existed, and would have been out of place in Utopia, but it seemed to be a natural result after the example the Republicans had given as soon as they came into power during the Civil War. At that time I was more familiar with political matters than at present, and knew that the power "behind the throne" was Mr. Peter B. Sweeny, a former Park Commissioner, who was the first and the best we ever had in that position. He was a man of taste and by his direction every feature was carried out as planned by the engineer, who devised the laying out of Central Park, and who may have accepted some of the suggestions of Mr. Sweeny. To his good taste we were indebted for the removal of the hideous wooden picket fence which surrounded all the city parks. He trimmed the trees and planted others in the city and was the first to make any regular effort to improve the grounds, which were but enclosures. He also was the first mover in providing all the lands which are to beautify the growing city in the future parks. After his term of service had expired and being a man of influence in the Democratic party, he directed the politics of the State. He spent the greater part of his time at Albany and was seldom seen out of his room, from which point he directed every step taken by the Legislature. I arrived in Albany late in the evening and next morning sent my card and a letter asking for an interview at his convenience. I stated that the hospital had become involved with a debt of thirty thousand dollars all of which had been contracted in taking care of the patients from every portion of the State, and that we were justly entitled to relief. I gave my card and letter to a negro waiter who returned almost immediately after and showed me directly into the bedroom of the commissioner, who had just gotten out of bed. His appearance was certainly picturesque, but not *comme il faut* for holding a reception. I soon got my wits together and explained

the stupidity of the negro, who had delivered neither my card nor letter. I told him who I was, that I was as busy a man as he was, only a few words were necessary to state my business, and no time was better than the present; that the letter I should leave would give all details in full; that as I gave my services to the hospital I thought that I should be free from having to look after its money affairs. That we must get aid from the State or we would have to close the hospital; that I knew a number of the members of the Legislature, but that I had come direct to him, as I considered the whole matter would rest on his decision. That I would leave it in his hands, there was no money in it for any one, and that he should rather be obliged to me for presenting the opportunity for so purely a charitable object. That I regretted greatly the circumstances under which we had been forced to make our first acquaintance. I thanked him for his patience and bade him good-bye, as I had just time to catch the train for New York. He had not uttered a sound throughout the interview and I felt that I had rather astonished him by what might be termed a "cheeky" course, but it was the only one applicable under the circumstances.

A few days after my old friend, Mr. Theo. Bailey Myers, on his return from Albany, happened to take a seat alongside of the ex-commissioner with whom he was acquainted. In the course of their conversation Mr. Myers was asked if he knew Dr. Emmet of New York, and being told that he did, the response was to the effect, "The chap came into my room the other morning just as I got out of bed, and told me he wanted \$30,000 for the Woman's Hospital, and that I was the only person who could get it for him, and I really believe he thought I was going to take the matter in hand for him!" Mr. Myers stated that I was a very busy man and a man of but few words, and that he had no doubt I expected the commissioner to attend to the matter. My whole course had been so unconventional and different from what he had been accustomed to receive, as the "Grand Mogul," that he was struck with the ludicrous feature, and burst out in a hearty fit of laughter.

About a month after a stranger called to see me during my office hours, and stated that the bill would be passed by the Legislature and that it would be reached in regular order during the last night of the session. That I would get what I had asked for, provided the bill was not displaced from its proper position on the docket. That in the haste and confusion of the last night of the session there was always great danger of a bill getting "joggled," when at the last moment it was not properly looked after. To guard against this he had called to advise me to write to a certain person stating that I would like to see him, and to hand him \$250.00 in bills and I would have no further trouble or expense. Of course I

understood what it all meant and I paid it out of my own pocket, as the only thing to be done, at the same time I knew that neither the committee of the Legislature, which had reported favorably on the bill, nor the ex-commissioner knew of the threatened hold-up which was no doubt a private one and a little matter of the assistant clerk of the House.

A week after, I was roused about three o'clock in the morning to receive a telegram from the ex-commissioner, to inform me that the bill had just passed and the amount was subject to the action of our treasurer. I thus received what I asked for, and not another public institution got a penny that session, as it was about the beginning of the Tweed trouble. Since the development of the system of bribing and graft after the Civil War, which has poisoned almost every relation of life in our country, this was probably as clean and honest a transaction as was ever passed through our Legislature by either party.

At a later period I was requested by the Board of Governors to see what could be done with the Board of Aldermen of the City of New York, in granting permission to the Woman's Hospital to sell the block of land, then the site of the hospital, between Lexington and Fourth avenues and Forty-ninth and Fiftieth streets, which had formerly been granted from the city for hospital purposes. The Board of Governors had decided to change the site of the hospital to Morningside Heights and 110th Street, if the permission could be obtained, as on that site the hospital had already acquired title to a portion of the land needed. The proposition had been under consideration for several years but nothing had been accomplished with the Board of Aldermen. Personally I was opposed to any such radical change, as I believed the locality was the proper one for the hospital, and one where good service could have been rendered for the next fifty years. The site at that time had become a very noisy one, but, if necessary to change the same amount of land could have been obtained in the neighborhood for less than half the receipt from the sale. In addition, the proper hospital could have been built and with an endowment fund left to aid in its future support, and this plan I had hoped to the last moment would be adopted, as the most rational and prudent one to follow.

When the matter was referred to me, Mr. Richard Croker was then the controlling power in the City of New York, as the chief leader of Tammany Hall, and the first step necessary was to see him. In a chance conversation with Mr. John D. Crimmins I mentioned the subject and stated I had never met Mr. Croker. Mr. Crimmins said, Come and dine with me, on a certain day, as you will then meet Mr. Croker and you can see him afterward at his office. I was seated alongside of Mr. Croker who reminded me of General Grant, as he seemed in the same manner to

know the value of every word, and he wasted none. Yet we had some conversation and I was rather pleased with his acquaintance. I saw no evidence of the cloven foot, which I had been almost forced to believe through the expression of public opinion did exist, notwithstanding his patent leather shoes seemed to be normally filled and shaped.

After a few days I called to see Mr. Croker at his office in Tammany Hall. He was polite, heard all I had to say, but said little himself, except to express a doubt as to it being a wise move to change the locality of the hospital. He gave me a letter to the chairman of the Board of Aldermen, whom I found was also opposed to the change and to the city giving up its title to the land, but said that the matter would come before the Board in the regular way, to be referred to a committee, and that I would be notified when to appear before it. I was summoned in the course of a week, and after some discussion it was only on my representation as a physician, in regard to the bad effects of the constant noise caused by the passing of a train every minute or two, that permission was granted to sell the land, giving the city the same claim on the new purchase. Thus ended an honest transaction, carried through promptly and without the cost of a penny to any one, but for my car-fare.

Tammany Hall was organized over a century ago, and has a dual purpose, a benevolent feature and a political one. The public know nothing of the benevolent phase, although it has done good work and I am told is always in operation. The political feature is aggressive and is always active, hence, as with a progressive individual in any community, Tammany is never free from the opposition of a host of enemies, by which its members are always being maligned, and the more incredible a story can be made the more certainly will it gain credence with those of the public who are not in sympathy. I have been asked how it is that every grand sachem of Tammany can become so wealthy and be an honest man. I can give one source at least of his wealth.

Previous to every election a general committee of Tammany Hall becomes active in raising as large a fund as possible for political purposes and this is given to the grand sachem, who is expected to carry the election for the Democratic party, and, to do this, much of his time between the elections is occupied in keeping the district leaders active. His chief business is to carry the election by spending such portion of the fund, provided for that purpose, as his judgment may dictate. No accounting is ever required by the organization, and he becomes entitled to the remainder to compensate him for his services. As this is an understanding between the members of Tammany and its leader, it is a matter with which the public have no business. Should the election happen to go against the party, and there should exist any evidence that the result

might have been different, the leader is generally promptly deposed. No one can be at the head of the Tammany Hall organization for any length of time without becoming a very wealthy man, as the position gives him many other opportunities for adding to his wealth, if he is able to avail himself of his advantages, and he can do so by a perfectly honest and legitimate course.

It is a remarkable circumstance as to how large a proportion of individuals there are in the community, unable to divest themselves of the belief that a Catholic and Democratic office-holder is seldom an honest man, especially if he should be a member of Tammany, and the impression thus existing rests as a rule entirely on charges made without proof. Of Tammany I know nothing personally beyond having had many friends in the organization whom I thought were honest men. Nor do I know of anything in the teaching of the Catholic Church, or in politics, Democratic or Republican, tending to cause dishonesty. When an office-holder has proved to be dishonest I have always thought the flaw existed in the individual, who failed to live up to the requirements which would be exacted by both his religion and party.

I belong to a faith and political party which are so generally misrepresented and not always from ignorance, that I have long since ceased to believe anything I hear or read against friend or foe, unless accompanied with the proof. It was a matter of common report that as soon as Mayor Low came into office as mayor of the City of New York, a most thorough investigation was made of all the books in the different departments of the city which had been for so many years in the hands of the Democratic party, and they were all found presumably correct. At least, we have no reason to believe that the Republican party would, from any motive of charity, have suppressed the information had it been found otherwise. I thus assume it has been proved by this investigation that the Democratic administration had honestly conducted the affairs of the City of New York in the past. This circumstance is of interest to me as a Democrat.

At the time of my resignation as Visiting Surgeon, November 1, 1900, I requested to be allowed to make some special suggestions for the benefit of the Woman's Hospital. At a regular meeting of the managers I did so and in presenting my resignation I stated my reason, that, while I had never been in better condition for the work, I was advancing in years and I wished to sever my connection at a time when I hoped I might be missed for the services rendered by me. Moreover, I was unwilling to serve longer, as I had known of noted instances where physicians outlived their usefulness in such a position.

I stated I had found there was a field for new surgical investigation in

connection with certain injuries from child-bearing, of which the profession as yet knew nothing; that I had been desirous for years to investigate the matter by original research, but could never spare the necessary time to carry out my plan. I desired the granting of a special favor and the only one I had ever asked for myself, in return for my long service, by making me Emeritus Surgeon to the Woman's Hospital, and have my son appointed Surgeon, as my successor. This would enable me to work in connection with him, which I could not do with any one otherwise related. As I had closed my private hospital and given up all private practice, I would in the future be able to give more time to the hospital than I had ever been able to do before in advancing the special work I expected to undertake with the hope of being able at some future time to do something for the relief of those cases which had been discharged as incurable. I had remained so far in touch with them that many could be hunted up and placed in my son's service, if he should be appointed. I hoped then to enter on a new field of original investigation, in which, as in the past with Dr. Sims and myself, the work would rebound to the reputation of the Woman's Hospital. I stated, moreover, that under ordinary circumstances I would have hesitated to recommend my son for the position, through the fear that in the weakness of human nature I might exaggerate his worth. But after due reflection I felt I could advocate his appointment in the best interest of the hospital. If there was any value in connection with the teaching of Dr. Sims or myself, which had apparently caused the name of the Woman's Hospital to be known throughout the civilized world for its original work, my son, from the force of circumstances, was the only one who could carry on the work after me.

Through his connection with the Woman's Hospital for nearly twenty years and having had charge of my private hospital for a long period, he had assisted me in the performance of every operation I had performed during that time and had charge of the after-treatment of all those cases. It was well known to the Board of Managers that during these twenty years as Assistant Surgeon at the hospital he had performed, and especially of late years, a large proportion of the more difficult surgical operations in my service, and that his results were fully equal to those obtained by any other surgeon. Moreover, should my judgment prove at fault, in consequence of my relationship, the Board possessed the remedy, as no appointment at the present time was for a longer period than a year. Should he prove not fit, he should not be appointed for another year under any circumstances, and I would be the first to advocate such a course.

My communication was received with the utmost apparent courtesy,

but that was the last of it, as not so much as the compliment of a nomination and vote was given to conferring either the honorary position I had asked for myself, nor to the appointment of my son as my successor.

I received a fulsome set of resolutions in relation to my services to the hospital, bearing the earmarks of having been drawn up by one of my supposed professional friends in the Medical Board. If he possessed any sense of the humorous he must have enjoyed greatly the construction, of which I will give him credit for not believing the truth of a single encomium. The Board of Governors are to be judged from the same stand-point, for had they as individuals believed in the truth of these resolutions, claimed to have been passed unanimously, they as laymen would have hesitated in refusing any request made by me, in return for the long and invaluable service set forth as having been rendered by me to the hospital.

I never had the slightest issue with any of the male or female members of the Board of Governors, so that they could only have been influenced by the apparently passive action of the medical men connected with the institution; in fact I have been told that if a single member of the Medical Board had given any expression as to a desire or advantage to the hospital that I should continue connected with it, the result would have been different. The estimate shown by the action of the Medical Board as to the value of my life-work and after so long an association, certainly presents an occasion for a sad comment. The comment is no less justifiable in connection with the statement that since I was placed at the head of the Woman's Hospital, to the time of my resignation, there has been no medical man connected with the institution who was not thereby placed directly or indirectly in my debt. The few whom I did not appoint and who served in the hospital were at least provided through my efforts with a field for gaining experience. With my instructions to some and the opportunity thus given to others, the stepping-stone for their advance in life was afforded directly or indirectly by me, since none could have had the advantage of the Woman's Hospital had it not been in existence. However, it is probably not just to hold them responsible for a want of appreciation for something of which they failed to acquire any knowledge, but I felt more their failure to have profited by my teaching, as I labored to give all every advantage.

But every cloud is said to have a silver lining, and in proof I can claim to have received more than my due from the vast majority of those who had been connected with the hospital, or were benefited by my teaching; and their honest and sincere acknowledgment of their indebtedness forms the most gratifying feature in my professional life. Before my resignation I was bitterly opposed to the plan contemplated for moving

the Woman's Hospital from Forty-ninth Street to One Hundred and Tenth Street and I did not make friends by my opposition.

But one single rational plea could have been offered to justify the move, and that was in consequence of the noise from passing trains and from the steam whistle and bell ringing. I claimed that such a nuisance would have to be done away with in the near future, and in less time than I predicted steam was abolished and electricity employed. And when the sale was made but half of the block should have been sold to the railroad, as a building of any height could have been erected on Lexington Avenue, or on any other property in the immediate neighborhood, where the wishes of the founders of the Woman's Hospital could have been carried out for at least the next fifty years, and would have been within reach of the poor whom it is supposed they wished benefited. It has been moved to a locality beyond the reach of the poor people, who could not be received as free patients if they came, as for many years the present hospital will be unable to meet its expenses from any other source than by donations and from the board of patients brought in by the physicians.

As I was in no way responsible beyond obtaining permission to sell the land, I am now fully satisfied that the move has been made for starting a new hospital, with which neither the name of Dr. Sims nor myself can ever in any way be associated. Our names will be inseparably connected in medical history with the Woman's Hospital, as we were the only ones who ever did any original work there, and from us the hospital became known throughout the world.

In the absence of original work on the part of the medical men connected with the present hospital it is destined to remain unknown to fame, even in name by reflected light, and it cannot exist as a special hospital for the same reason, and must degenerate into simply a boarding-house, supported by the board of those who could as well be treated in a general hospital. However well the work may be done, which is done, there is nothing which is not equally well done elsewhere in every well-appointed hospital in the country.

Therefore a necessity for the new hospital at the time of the move did not exist and does not at the present time, and its failure as a special hospital is therefore inevitable.

Chapter XXIV

My gratuitous service of over fifty years in different hospitals—My private hospital—Physicians should have more authority in the management of hospitals—Present system of being managed by successful business men, where their wealth seems the chief recommendation, has nothing to recommend it—The young physicians do not receive the consideration due them as members of a learned profession—Their food as a rule is the poorest, while with their work and responsibility they need the best—Their sleeping accommodations are generally inadequate and always crowded—They are compelled to live in the same room in which they sleep—Every physician in a hospital should be paid something—His services are valued less than that of a servant girl—The public and not the physician receives the benefit of the experience gained by the extra service in a hospital—The law does not require anything more after a physician has received his diploma—The additional knowledge is an undoubted advantage, but to gain it he is taxed in the loss of time and for his current expenses—The appointment of the senior physicians and surgeons should not go by favor as at present, but by a competitive examination, as is the custom in all public service but the judiciary, and the term of service should be limited by age—The senior physician should also be paid by the public, as the judge on the bench—There is no more reason that the service of one should be a gratuitous one, than that of the other!—By a competitive examination and proper compensation the public would be better served than at present—Lady managers are not, as a rule, fitted to judge as to the qualification of a physician for hospital appointments—An interesting illustration given—Both public and private hospitals need more public supervision than is given them at present—Some views expressed as to the management of Catholic hospitals—As a rule, the charitable institutions of the Jews are better managed than those under the care of either Protestants or Catholics—As to the best care of the destitute—The members of a branch of the Irish Federation in New York organized the first branch in America of the United Irish League, on Mr. Redmond's appointment as leader—Mr. Redmond has proved a most successful leader of the Irish Party.



DURING the whole fifty years of my professional life I was in daily association with hospital work, and for over thirty-five years I maintained a private hospital of forty beds, more complete in detail than any public one; therefore, if it be possible to acquire a practical knowledge of hospital management, I should have obtained it. In consequence of the knowledge which I believe I have acquired relating to the practical

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management of a hospital, I feel it to be all the more a duty to comment on the defective methods now generally adopted.

The condition is an absurd one that physicians should have nothing to say and can exert so little influence in the management of the hospital to which they are attached. It seems as if to-day the only qualification considered as to the fitness of a Governor or Manager is as to the amount of wealth he or she may possess. It would be equally absurd to put a busy practitioner of medicine on the board of management for the steel or sugar trust, or any other industrial concern, and expect him to take an active part in directing the detail work, as to make hospital managers of these "business" men.

Under these circumstances he must necessarily be but a figurehead as to qualification and must leave the detail work to the employee, who cannot be held properly under any check or directed. There should be no board of management attached to any hospital without having physicians constituting a majority of its members, that at least the medical service should not suffer.

A still greater evil rests with relation to the resident younger physician. After an experience of over fifty years, I can truthfully state that I have never known an instance of where they have been properly housed and fed, or where they have been treated with the proper respect due them as members of a learned profession. The members of the medical profession are generally regarded by those in authority as a necessary nuisance, and treated as such. I once overheard a lady manager of the Woman's Hospital say to a friend: "What charming and Christian-like work this would be among the sick and afflicted, if we could only get rid of the doctors!" She would have been even more confirmed in her opposition to the profession if I had given her my opinion, that there was about as little in her relating to Christianity as could be conceived of. But I may have erred in my judgment. I certainly am aware that I have not always been politic, for this woman suspected I regarded her as a Pharisee, and as I took no pains to disabuse her mind, to some extent I believe that I was responsible for her dislike of physicians. She seemed to be a member of some committee, the duty of which had nothing to do with the management of the domestic affairs of the hospital, but to assume that of the clergyman, and, without judgment, to the decided detriment of the patient. As a mild protest on my part had no effect, I had to tell her, if she would attend to her unquestionable but neglected duties, connected with the domestic interests of the hospital, I would try to attend to mine, by caring professionally for the patient, and would promptly call in a clergyman whenever needed.

But I have digressed. It is all important that the young physician

should have a light and sunny room and be by himself. As he is seldom able to leave the hospital during the daytime he needs the sunlight, and it is necessary that he should be by himself and not be disturbed in his rest every time his room-mate is called upon. It is more necessary for the physician to receive the best food than for any one else in the house, in order to preserve his health, for his duties are the most exacting, and so called "Irish stews," hash, and a "scrap" diet can not sustain him properly. At the present time from what I hear in most of the hospitals of New York the food of the young men is often not so good as that provided for the servants, and that is poor enough, and only equalled by much often given the patients.

There is too much money put into the present hospital buildings for show, with the purpose of attracting special attention and maudlin sentiment for the use of the managers to beg with in order to wipe out a debt which should never have been contracted. It seems to be necessarily a part of the stock-in-trade for a hospital to be in debt, as a means of exciting sympathy for those "who are heavily burdened from their labor in the vineyard of the Lord!"

But let us again return to our subject. The young physicians are generally served with their meals in any out-of-the-way- place, with the least appearance possible as to any suggestion of the comforts of home, and very frequently they are forced to take their meals with those they would not be called upon to associate with in private life. The servant-girl is often provided with better quarters, although they may be more crowded, and with better food, and is subjected to less restraint while she receives some compensation in addition for her services. No matter what the capacity of a young physician may be, he must necessarily render more valuable service at all times than a servant-girl, and he should, therefore, be paid something for his services.

Every physician connected with a public hospital should receive some compensation from the public authorities for the public benefit rendered. On what grounds in justice should the physician be taxed by having to render a gratuitous service to the public for the experience he may gain, when it is the public who will receive the greater benefit from the knowledge acquired? This custom took its origin in the early days of Christianity and continued for centuries after, when the priest was the only one of education and the only one with any medical knowledge in the community, and he also was the hospital nurse, but he no longer fills the position of physician, and the physician should no longer give his hospital service free to the public. It is true while in practice he may earn a living and sometimes more, but not, as a rule, does he receive from the public that which he is entitled to, from the fact that after he has

gained that experience he never receives in after-life compensation for half his labor. It is only a matter of conscience with any physician that he sacrifices the additional time, and incurs the additional expense to gain this practical knowledge, by which the public is alone benefited. It is a most serious matter with many to give the time and obtain the means during the eight or ten years necessary to fully fit a physician for practice. There is no law to force any physician to make this additional sacrifice. If he did not seek to escape an infinite amount of worry and sense of responsibility in after-life, he might be content in his ignorance to hold, "where ignorance is bliss it is folly to be wise." A physician with only a theoretical knowledge of his business is lawfully able to begin practice as soon as he receives his diploma. It is certainly folly to hold that the public is benefited by the practice of the ignorant practitioner who is probably not conscious of the deficiency, or by the charlatan, who has no care beyond robbing all with whom he comes in contact. It is therefore entirely for the public benefit that a physician should obtain all the practical knowledge possible. The lawyer is not expected to render any professional service free to a public hospital, unless he does so voluntarily! Why, therefore, should a physician be forced to do so?

Of late years a physician is called upon to pay an additional tax; the value of his professional services is of secondary importance, and his standing with the hospital authorities is just in proportion to the number of patients he sends to the institution able to pay the most for their board, and thus contribute largely to paying the expenses of the hospital. If he is negligent of this exacted duty his services will soon be dispensed with, or his position will be rendered uncomfortable.

With all it is nothing but money, money, with less and less true charity felt year after year for the poor, and for whom there are at best but scant accommodations furnished in proportion to their number and need. This often necessitates, from lack of accommodation, their discharge from the hospital before it is advisable to do so, in order to make room for others. As one of the urgent evils of the day, there are too many patients treated in the hospital simply for their board, who are able to pay something outside for attendance at home. This practice is now carried to such an extent that on an average there remain only from ten to fifteen years a physician can expect to gain a support and a maintenance for his family after his death, while the rule is to leave his family in destitution. His income is seldom so great as that of an average boss plumber, who acquires only a rudimentary knowledge of his business.

It has been only of late years that hospital managers have been willing for a physician to receive any compensation from a patient whom he has sent into the hospital; yet he was expected to treat all

free, who elect to enter his service, and without any reference to their means.

Within a comparatively recent period before I resigned from the Woman's Hospital, one of the lady managers "charitably" fitted up five suites, one to be under the care of each physician on duty, for which an extra charge of fifty dollars a week was to be made, each physician was to keep his suite filled, from which it was expected that the hospital would thus be in receipt of a steady income of a thousand dollars a month, and yet at that time the managers were unwilling for the physicians to receive any compensation from those who could afford to pay. This was one of the two occasions in late years where I was able to exercise influence to defeat the whole plan, and not one of these rooms I believe was ever occupied.

It is claimed that well-to-do patients are better served by going to a hospital than they can be in a private house. This is an absurdity, as with trained nurses and a moderate outlay it is possible to give every advantage in a private house. Where a surgeon sends a private patient and he receives his full compensation, as in private practice, there may be something claimed by the surgeon in the advantage to himself of being sure, in case of emergency, the patient will receive the prompt attendance of the resident physician, but nothing more. The injustice of the practice is felt by the majority of physicians and surgeons, who have no hospital position or influence to obtain one. Their patients leave them and arrange beforehand with some hospital physician, who sends the patient in on their card as if from his private practice, so that the favored few who have hospital appointments receive all the benefit.

The fact is, the whole system of hospital management, in relation at least to the physicians and surgeons, is defective if not unsound throughout. The best men in the profession do not always get hospital appointments, especially where the appointment goes by favor or influence. No medical man should receive such an appointment without an examination and after having been found competent by a paid board of irreproachable men who have no connection with the hospital. At least some action in the line I have indicated is necessary, and he should be fully compensated for his services by receiving a certain percentage on the cost to the public of keeping the hospital in operation. Moreover, after a stated period he should afterwards undergo a second examination, to judge as to his *continued* fitness, as few men keep up their studies after they have fairly settled down in practice. This plan would insure to the public the best service and it would then pay for the best service, which it does not now always receive. A competitive examination would also give the worthy young man of equal fitness a chance for gaining a position

which is to-day impossible. If the younger man has to wait until he can claim a position from his professional reputation, it can seldom be gained before a period of life when a younger man than he would render to the public a better service. As to undergoing a competitive examination, fairly conducted, it could be no disparagement to the dignity of any one but the inefficient. The right of knowledge as to the efficiency of a physician would lie with the public beyond question as to a *quid pro quo*, if it paid for services rendered.

Finally, as in the public service, with the Army and Navy and often with the judge on the Bench, there should exist a limit as to age, when the service must cease, and fifty or sixty years should be the limit, except in the consultation service, where any period would answer short of second childhood. Many men are competent to render better service later in life, but with very few does there exist any incentive, and a limit would provide against many hanging on too long. It is reasonable to expect that the incumbent could retire without needing the position to sustain his reputation during the few years he may remain in practice. The younger man needs the position, as he has yet to gain the reputation, and has at the same time both the knowledge and activity for better serving the public.

I wish to make no invidious reflections on any of the lady managers, as I have known a number, and without respect to creed, who were above reproach, and I would as soon doubt the justice of Almighty God as to believe they would fail in receiving reward for their good deeds in this world. There have been many others, however, whom I found impossible to understand, but, beyond the natural outbreak of a reasonable degree of temper sometimes, I have tried not to be unjust. But there are certain positions for which women are not fitted, for experience teaches they are by nature partisans.

I have never yet met a woman who, in my judgment, should have a vote, except as a figurehead, or ever take part in the election of a medical man for a hospital appointment, nor should she be placed in a jury-box, for the same reason. I make this statement in no reflection on the intellectual status of women, as in my experience their average intelligence is better than that of men. I cannot recall a single instance in my experience where the opinion of a sensible woman was at fault on any subject relating to every-day life if she gave it offhand on being asked, and yet she would be unable to reach any conclusion based on logical reasoning.

The first impression of being able to judge quickly is given as an instinct to woman for her protection. There never was but one Portia, and she was a creature of the imagination.

Women are not qualified for making medical appointments and at

the same time I must state, as my opinion, there are very few business men any better qualified, but many would seek to make a judicious selection on the information obtained from physicians outside.

This I will illustrate by an instance which occurred some years ago in the Woman's Hospital and with the details of which I am familiar. A vacancy had occurred in the position of surgeon, and according to the by-laws the Medical Board had the privilege of sending in the names of a certain number of physicians, for the consideration of the Board of Governors, although it often happened the action of the Medical Board was ignored in the selection.

The late Dr. Charles Carroll Lee had been an assistant for a number of years to the late Dr. Peasley and the latter nominated on this occasion Dr. Lee, who received the unanimous vote of the Board and the only one who did so among five or six other men who were nominated at the same time. When the selection for filling the vacancy came up for consideration before the Board of Managers, Mr. John A. Parsons, a member, nominated Dr. Lee, when he was interrupted by one of the lady managers, who expressed her surprise at the nomination and with the query: "Do you not know he is a Jesuit?" Mr. Parsons's answer was: "Why, Madam, I always heard he was a surgeon." He then explained to the Board that while he, as a member, was officially responsible so far as his vote would influence the result, he was without means of being able to judge of the fitness of any medical man for the position. Dr. Lee's name had been endorsed by the whole Medical Board, which was the only source to which he could look for the necessary information; he would therefore vote for Dr. Lee, but in case he was misled he proposed to hold the Medical Board strictly to account for their action. Dr. Lee received the appointment notwithstanding he was a "Jesuit," and only, I believe, in consequence of Mr. Parsons's praiseworthy and judicial position.

A few days before the meeting of the Board of Governors, I called on one of the lady managers, with whom I had been almost in daily association for many years, to urge Dr. Lee's appointment. After having heard what I had to say, she turned to me with a cold, if not a merciless expression, and said: "Dr. Emmet, I do not know how *you* got in here, but we are determined that the Jesuits shall never get a foothold in this institution." I so far forgot myself as to burst out laughing in her face, and answered that she was quite right, as I could not conceive of a more incongruous position of affairs than the Jesuits having the management of a Woman's Hospital. That such a thing should never be allowed, if from no other reason than a sense of propriety; if any effort was ever made on the part of the Jesuits to get control, I would most heartily

exert all the influence in my power to prevent it. I, moreover, stated that I had somehow been under the impression that the Jesuits had been more sinned against than sinning, and was therefore unprepared to understand the possibility of the existence of such a sportive tendency on their part as the manager feared. I believed the Woman's Hospital was yet safe from the danger she anticipated. That I had a brother-in-law in the Order who, I knew, would not be likely to lend himself to any such step as she feared, and he probably was the only Jesuit who had ever heard of the Woman's Hospital, and he only through my connection. I assured her in addition, that looking after the diseases of women really could never come within the vocation of the Jesuit Order, as their business was confined strictly to teaching boys and young men in schools and colleges, and she might certainly make her mind easy that the hospital would remain free from their influence.

I said, moreover, a Jesuit is a Catholic priest, always the most learned man that it is possible to make of the individual, that he may be able to teach to the best advantage. Formerly, when members of the Order were placed in charge sometimes of separate parishes in Catholic countries and thus were thrown in contact with the world, outside of their Order frequently, as the only educated members of the community, they took part as individuals in public affairs and as politicians, and thus excited the enmity of those in opposition. But there was nothing in the teaching of the Church or the Order to encourage such a course, and so far as either would exercise any influence it would be to forbid it. That many Protestant clergymen, as she knew, never hesitated to preach political sermons and to urge their congregations to vote in accord with the inclination of the clergyman. Yet it would not be just to hold the authorities of any of these sects responsible for the individual action of these clergymen. That while Dr. Lee was a member of the Catholic Church, he had no more closer relation with the working of the Jesuit Order than she had.

After a moment's hesitation, as if in doubt as to my reliability, her answer was: "Dr. Emmet, it is all very well and you may say what you think best, but we know what the Jesuits have done in the past, and we know what they would do again if they had the opportunity, and we are determined they shall never get a foothold here!"

Poor woman! She doubtless voted against Dr. Lee as a "Jesuit," and thought she was rendering a service to God by doing so! She has long since gone to join the great majority and by this time probably she has become more charitable.

No hospital, public or private, should exist without a license or charter to protect the public against the quack and the professional shark. The public hospital should be subjected to a supervision of the public

authorities wherever the physicians are paid for their professional services. I have the credit for having opened the first private hospital, and I was prompted to do so in the best interests of my patients, as they were thereby benefited to a degree which was impossible to obtain in any public one. But may I never be held responsible for the abuse of practice existing to-day in many of the so-called private hospitals. They should also be licensed and placed under a sufficient judicious supervision to check such abuses and to which the honest practitioner could never object. It is easy enough for the authorities to ascertain accurately as to those who might be termed "above suspicion."

From observation at home and abroad I have formed the opinion that no hospital should be allowed to exist as the private property of any Order of Sisters who are "in the world," and where the whole power and management of money matters rests with the Mother Superior. No rule is without exception, but human nature is too weak to put even a saint on earth in such a position, unless the vocation be to care for the poor and for those in poverty.

Everything under such circumstances goes by favor in the influence of a single individual, and the desire for the accumulation of property becomes irresistible, to the detriment of the faith and the loss of the true spirit of charity, which our Lord would claim if He were on earth.

If a purely Catholic hospital is desirable, it should exist as church property, and all medical matters be placed strictly under the management of the board of medical men on duty, and with these there should be associated a board of managers or trustees, but in the minority, a certain number of clergymen appointed by the church to represent its interests. The Bishop should have power to suspend or remove a surgeon in accord with specified rules of the by-laws, in case a majority of the medical board fail to meet the exigencies within the time designated.

The "Sisters" should have charge of nursing the sick and of the domestic affairs of the hospital, but under the supervision of the Medical Board in all matters pertaining to medical affairs.

To my knowledge there had been scarcely a single Catholic physician of prominence within the period of my connection with medical affairs, who could hold a position for any length of time in one of these hospitals, if he "interfered" or made any effort to have the medical affairs of the hospital conducted on any other line than that meeting with the approval of the Mother Superior. Until recently, it has been impossible for the young Catholic physicians, and especially in surgery, to gain in this country any practical knowledge of their profession, unless in a hospital conducted by those of another faith. It has been through no spirit of tolerance that in these Catholic institutions all the important medical

positions are filled by Protestants, but simply because the Mother Superior finds the Protestant physician more subservient to her will. Of course there are a few Catholic physicians attached to every Catholic hospital, but they are not there on any other term than by favor, and so long as they are not antagonistic. Certainly, their professional position was not considered in their appointment, half so much as the estimate put on the possibility of their wives and friends being able, through their influence, to contribute to the coffers of the institution. Personally, I would be the last to offer any objection to the services of Protestant physicians in a Catholic hospital, since my whole professional life has been spent among them. But from the beginning of my professional life I have seen the young Catholic doctors in this country with the exception of but a few individuals, laboring under the greatest disadvantage. This has resulted from the difficulty which has existed in gaining a practical knowledge of their profession without going abroad, and this extra expense few could afford. Therefore, under the circumstances, the Catholic hospital should have been reserved exclusively for the Catholic physicians, as in many of the Protestant hospitals, from one cause or another, the appointment of a Catholic never occurs. Fortunately, within a recent period Fordham University has established a Catholic Medical School, and with it will be associated a general hospital where the young Catholic students will be taught, by an innovation, from the beginning their studies at the bedside, a practical knowledge of their profession, and in this respect the Fordham Medical School will be unlike any other from the new method of teaching, the need for which I have advocated since I was a medical student. As in teaching a knowledge of a language, the only practical means is to speak it first and to teach the grammar afterward.

So far from many of the hospitals being a greater benefit for the poor, or the chief provision in them being made for those who we are told will always be with us, I can only state in my experience the expectation will prove a farce, except with those whose vocation is to care for the penniless, and their vocation merits the blessing of God.

Place a woman in charge of the sick, with no other purpose, and by reflected light she represents all that our Lord has associated with true charity. If she be a Catholic sister, so much the better, for there can then exist no other motive but the service of God, without distraction from the influence of the outdoor world. This was fully illustrated during the Civil War, by the devotion of these good women to the care of the wounded and I have yet to meet the first Jew or Gentile who was unwilling to acknowledge their utility and spiritual influence.

Before dismissing this subject of hospital management, I must bear

testimony to the fact that the Jewish public institutions are as a rule, so far as I have been able to judge, better managed than those under either Protestant or Catholic influence, and they provide better and more liberally for their poor. Moreover, the physicians are treated by the Jewish hospital authorities with far more consideration and liberality; in fact, no comparison can be made.

In connection with the late Dr. Lee's long service at the hospital, it will be of interest to the reader to learn something as to my first acquaintance with him and his appointment as an assistant surgeon to the hospital. The doctor was a great-grandson of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Dr. Lee was surgeon in the U. S. Army and during the Civil War he was in active service from the beginning to the end. During May, 1865, he was ordered to New York to serve on a board for examining surgeons seeking promotion, or discharge. Having completed this duty, he decided to resign, settle in New York, and to become a practitioner of medicine. I made his acquaintance almost immediately after through an amusing mistake.

For several years previous I had been greatly annoyed by the publication of certain reflections, as to my service in the Woman's Hospital, in a second-rate medical journal of the city; but these innuendoes had always stopped short of being a libel or of making it necessary for me to notice them. At length in one issue I was charged with making my living and keeping up my private hospital by enticing patients from the public hospital, who would pay me something for extra attention. This was a malicious lie, since I had kept the public hospital going at a great loss to myself, by sending cases for operation before the clinic from my private hospital, as I have already stated. I, therefore, at once demanded the name of the writer of the paragraph, which was published as an editorial, and the refusal to give me the information and the wording of the answer satisfied me that the editor had a hand in it. As I believe in short accounts, I sent one of my assistants to find where the editor's office was. I started out to settle the matter as soon as I could get away from my office work. As I rang the bell, I read "Charles Carroll," but the sign being in rather a dark place I must have mistaken the Lee for M.D., without looking at it closely. When the doctor entered his office to see me, I told him who I was and raised my arm to give him a cut across the shoulders with a light rattan cane I had in my hand. He so quickly seized my wrist and showed so much strength as he held my arm I could not strike him, and I at once realized I was likely to get a thrashing. In the coolest manner possible he said: "Young man, I do not know from what lunatic asylum you have escaped, but if you will listen to me a moment I shall show you that you are about to make a fool of yourself!"

He then told me who he was, and we had a hearty laugh over the incident, which was the beginning of a long and uninterrupted friendship, lasting until his death. A few weeks after, a vacancy occurred in the hospital and as I then had the power of appointing my assistants, I made him one. He, as a stranger, was grateful for the opportunity I thus gave him to establish himself, and I always felt myself a subject for congratulation in having secured an assistant so loyal and efficient.

Our last action as members of the New York branch of the Irish National Federation was to organize the first branch of the United Irish League in this country. Mr. Michael Fox, now president of the Gaelic Society, and the corresponding secretary of the United Irish League of New York City was then the secretary of the City Council of the Irish Federation of America, and the most active in effecting this organization, and he will bear witness that its existence was entirely ignored afterward by those representing Mr. Redmond's interest.

The course of the Irish Federation and the service of every one connected with it remained from the beginning to the end above suspicion and free from calumny. Every one connected with the organization served it free from all thought of self-interest and politics. No other incident of my life ever gave me greater satisfaction than my subsequent experience when I was able to appreciate the incalculable benefit the Irish cause derived in this country, as a direct result of my judgment in keeping open the Irish Federation to the last. The advantage derived from this circumstance seems never to have been appreciated. As a consequence the existence of the Federation to the last, and through its skeleton branches, it was rendered possible for Mr. Redmond to effect his organization in so short a time, when he visited the United States in December, 1901; a result which would have been impossible for his former supporters to have accomplished had a different course been followed by those connected with the Federation.

Great injustice was done some of those connected with the Irish Federation as I wrote to Mr. Redmond (see Appendix, Note No. VII), for they were ignored, and, in fact, all of us were, in so far that none of us were consulted in relation to the future interests of Irish affairs in this country. The whole Irish interest was placed in the hands of those who were not the best fitted for the service and who were entirely partisan in their methods, and Mr. Redmond's instructions were not carried out by them. Nevertheless, there was no one connected with the Irish Federation who did not put aside all personal feelings in the situation and exercise all his influence in Mr. Redmond's favor and to some advantage, as there were many who considered the appointment of Mr. Redmond as being ill-judged. Time has, however, proved Mr. Dillion to have been a

master in practical politics in acting on Mr. Wm. O'Brien's suggestion, who, I believe, first named Mr. Redmond for the position. "All's well that ends well," as no one could have filled the position so well as Mr. Redmond has done.

Mr. Michael Fox, then secretary, and Mr. Patrick Gallagher, chairman of the First Branch, and myself, with some of those mentioned by Mr. Fox in the Appendix, are now the only persons living, so far as I know, who were actively connected with the control of the affairs of the Irish National Federation at the time when it ceased to exist. No others in the country made greater effort than the members of the first branch of the United Irish League did in advancing Mr. Redmond's interest at that time, and those who have lived have maintained their interest to the present day, notwithstanding the first branch of the league was ignored and had to disband.

It is not necessary, therefore, to offer further proof as to how fully we supported Mr. Redmond from the beginning and how much I now appreciate Mr. Redmond's service and friendship. Mr. Crimmins, our treasurer, is still living, but some years had passed since we had any need for his services. (See Appendix, Notes VIII and IX, giving a letter from Mr. Fox who makes reference to the situation and mentions some of the members of the League present at the last meeting; it also shows that the organization was fully equipped, with its office at 47 West 42d Street.)

St. Peter's Church, Dublin
Supposed burial-place of Robert Emmet



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It is not necessary, therefore, to offer further proof as to how fully

we appreciate Mr. Redmond's service and the help of Mr. Crimmins, our treasurer, is still living, but some years ago we had a need for his services.

St. Peter's Church, Dublin

Supposed burial-place of Robert Emmet

of the members of the league present at the last meeting; it also shows that the organization was fully equipped with its office at 47 West 4th Street.



Chapter XXV

Spent the summer of 1903 abroad—Made an effort to locate the burial place of Robert Emmet—Extended excavations made in the neighborhood of the supposed site of the Emmet family vault in the churchyard of St. Peter's, Dublin—Reasons given for believing that the remains of Robert Emmet were eventually placed in the family vault and that this vault was afterwards destroyed, and with all the other vault covered in by a thick layer of concrete, and over all several feet of earth were placed—Visited Dublin in 1880—Then Dr. Madden was of the opinion the burial had taken place in the Protestant parish church at Glasnevin—On making an excavation it was proved that no one had been buried there—The uninscribed grave in St. Michan's churchyard, which for so many years had been supposed to have been Robert Emmet's grave, was also opened and it was proved the remains found there had no connection with him—Statement given as to who made these investigations—A mural tablet was placed in the transept of St. Peter's Church, where on removing the floor, the headstone was found to mark the supposed grave of Christopher Temple Emmet—*Ireland under English Rule*, etc. was issued in New York, during September, 1903—Feb. 14, 1904, we celebrated our golden wedding, and received in church a special papal blessing—One of the first wedding presents to arrive was the likeness of the Holy Father, on which he had written an expression of his good wishes, and his special blessing for both of us, and signed "Pius X, Pope"—Account of the reception held to receive our friends—In the evening gave a dinner of sixty covers to all of the Emmet family able to attend—This was likely the last gathering of the clan, and it was a memorable occasion—I left the following day for Palm Beach, Florida—Views relating to the grip—Believe every case should be isolated and treated as any other contagious disease—An old negro's views in relation to ironclad vessels.



IN June, 1903, I went abroad to visit my son and family living in Warwick, England, and for a special purpose, to carry out which my son met me at Queenstown on the arrival of the steamer. It had become necessary to establish, if possible, the location of Robert Emmet's burial place. As this is a subject of the greatest interest to so many persons, I must detail in full what was accomplished, and this purpose cannot be carried out better than by giving a copy of the report which was prepared at the time and printed by Mr. Stephen J. Richardson in the *Gael*, with illustrations, and reprinted in the first edition of my work, *Ireland under English Rule*, which was issued immediately after. In the second

edition issued at a recent period, the report was completed by additional material, and from this last I will quote the report in full:

HISTORY OF THE INVESTIGATIONS MADE IN DUBLIN TO ASCERTAIN POSITIVELY
THE BURIAL PLACE OF ROBERT EMMET

At the close of the eighteenth century, the Emmet family of Dublin, Ireland, resided on West Stephen's Green and Lamb Lane near the corner of York Street. The church of that parish was St. Peter's, fronting on Aungier Street. According to a map used by "The Wide Street Commission," between 1790 and 1800, the shape of the land plot of the churchyard may be described as an oblique truncated parallelogram. Aungier Street, on the east side, ran north and south. Its north boundary line formed a right angle and extended to St. Peter's Row, or White Friars Street on the west, which latter thoroughfare running from northwest to southeast shortened the length of the south boundary line greatly in comparison with that of the north wall with which it was paralleled. St. Peter's Church at the time occupied the middle third of the ground plot, in the form of a parallelogram, from east to west, with the addition of an incomplete transept extending nearly to the north boundary wall. Subsequent to 1860 a similar addition was made to the south side of the church to complete the cross. At one period, along the outside of the south wall of the churchyard ran Church Alley, from Aungier to White Friars Street. This is now built over. In the southeast corner of the churchyard, at the angle of Aungier Street and Church Alley, extending back upon the church property for twenty-two feet, stood a watch or guard house. This building was used before the beginning of the last century and was removed about 1830.

The Emmet burial place or family vault was situated in this churchyard, but no map is known to be in existence by which the exact spot can be ascertained. The only indication is given by Dr. Richard R. Madden in his work, *The Lives of the United Irishmen*, in the second edition of which, published just previous to 1860, he records the death and burial of Dr. Robert Emmet as follows: "Dr. Emmet died at Casino, near Milltown (outside of Dublin) in the autumn of 1802. He was buried in the graveyard of St. Peter's Church in Aungier Street, on the right-hand side of the entrance, close to the wall on the south side."

He also states that the tomb or vault had the following inscription:

"Here lies the remains of
Robert Emmet, Esq., M.D.,
who died the 9th of December, 1802
in the 73rd year of his Age."

Mr. Fitzpatrick, in his *Sham Squire*, is the only other authority on the location of this burial place. He simply states that it was situated in the southeast corner of the churchyard.

In 1880 the writer failed not only to find this tomb but any other in St. Peter's churchyard. He found on inquiry that all the tombstones had been removed some years before, but were yet preserved, and that several feet of earth had been spread upon the surface of the ground to raise it to the level of the street in front. The tombstones, after removal and after the filling in of the yard, had been placed in piles along the west boundary wall. These were carefully examined at the time of the writer's visit, but no trace of any bearing the name of Emmet was found. As the inscribed stone found by Dr. Madden, marking the Emmet vault or tomb, was a flat one, lying horizontally over the entrance, it was inferred by the writer that this was not removed with the others but was merely covered over when the ground was filled in to the level of Aungier Street and back to White Friars Street.

The tombstones examined in 1880 are now secured upright against the walls of the church and yard, and one of them is laid in the floor of the recently built portion of the transept on the south side as though to mark the vault or grave covered by that portion of the church; but in the absence of any map or plan among the church records which might have been used as a guide to the removal and placing of the tombstones in their subsequent position, we must infer that the latter was decided at haphazard and with complete indifference as to the rights of the living and the dead.

On the approach of the centenary of the death of Robert Emmet, the writer was urged, through letters received from widely separated parts of the world, to initiate, as a representative of the Emmet family, an effort to discover the place of his ancestor's burial. Before placing on record what has been accomplished in furtherance of this object, it is necessary to place before the reader, in detail, some circumstantial evidence which has for a longer or shorter period been known and more or less accepted by the present generation of the family in regard to the manner and place of burial of Robert Emmet. Everything relating to the life and death of his grand-uncle possessed, for the writer, intense interest, from his earliest childhood and throughout a period when he was in full and frequent communication with his father, his grandmother, his uncles and aunts who had known personally their kinsman, Robert Emmet, and who must have been familiar with all the circumstances of his death and burial. Although the writer cannot recall ever hearing the subject of Robert Emmet's burial discussed by any contemporary member of the family, the impression received at that period, and long maintained by him, was that his ancestor had been buried in an uninscribed grave, as was his well-known wish. No doubt was ever cast, so far as the writer knows, upon this assumption until all those who had knowledge of the

subject had passed away. The existence of the family burial place in St. Peter's churchyard was known to every member of the family before the publication of Mr. Madden's work, and it was equally well known that several of the younger children, as well as Christopher Temple Emmet, the eldest son, were interred there before the death of their father, Dr. Robert Emmet; that the body of the mother of Robert was placed there but a few days before his execution, and that his sister, Mrs. Robert Holmes, dying a year later, was also buried with her parents. It must also have been known later to the children of Thomas Addis Emmet that at the time of their uncle's execution every male member of his family, near relative or connection, was dead, in exile, or imprisoned, so that in consequence of this and the disturbed state of Ireland, it was impossible to place his body then in the family vault. But after the release from prison of Robert Emmet's brother-in-law, Mr. Robert Holmes, and of Mr. John Patten, the brother of Thomas Addis Emmet's wife, it must have been learned from the Rev. Thomas Gamble, a connection of the family and assistant curate of St. Michan's Church, of his disposition of the body of Robert Emmet after he had removed it from the gatehouse of Potter's Field, Dublin, on the night of the execution. It cannot be supposed that these two gentlemen, who were men of great prominence and living for over fifty years in Dublin after that event, remained ignorant of the disposition of their relative's body, nor is it possible that, had there been any doubt in the minds of his relatives in New York, that Robert Emmet's body had not been finally placed at rest with his father and mother, the fact would not have been discussed; for, even before the death of Thomas Addis Emmet, no reason for secrecy any longer existed. All the facts must have been known to at least ten members of the family, the last of whom did not die until the writer had passed middle age.

No one now living knows when the body of Robert Emmet was removed from the receiving vault of St. Michan's Church, where it is believed to have been placed by Mr. Gamble. But it is known that Robert's sister, Mrs. Holmes, was interred in the family vault in St. Peter's about a year after her brother's execution, and for some unexplained reason this interment took place at a late hour in the night. Why could it not have taken place, as was the usual custom, publicly and in daylight? Is it not a natural inference, in the absence of any other known reason or plausible theory, for so unusual a procedure, that the same hour and place were chosen for the removal also of her brother's body and for its final interment in the family tomb? The lateness of the hour and the darkness, combined with the necessary opening of the vault, would have made the transference of Robert Emmet's body and its burial feasible with secrecy and the avoidance of public disturbance.

It was only at the time of the writer's last visit to his old friend Dr. Madden, in Dublin, in the summer of 1880, that he was impressed with the possibility that Robert Emmet's body lay in the Protestant cemetery of Glasneven. He yielded to Dr. Madden's opinion in this because of the latter's thorough and extended study and investigation of the subject. Elsewhere¹ this visit and Dr. Madden's opinions and information on the subject have been given in full. Since Dr. Madden's death the writer has realized the fact from many circumstances not plain at that time that the former had, even at the time of his visit, reached an extreme old age when, as he has since learned, his mental faculties had become greatly impaired. At that time he gave the writer several letters which proved that he had forgotten other circumstances and had wandered away from facts which in earlier life he had accepted as proven. One of these letters in question, written many years before, was from the Rev. Patrick Carroll, rector of the Protestant parish church of Glasneven, in answer to an inquiry of Dr. Madden. Dr. Carroll, in this letter, stated that in his efforts to clear up the churchyard, on taking over the parish, he had set upright a number of headstones which had fallen and encumbered the walks and that he recollected personally placing the stone, which is now popularly supposed to cover the grave of Robert Emmet, in its present position in order to get it out of the way; that he had had it removed from some distance, and from the other side of the churchyard. Dr. Carroll's statement may be taken for what it is worth.

In St. Michan's churchyard, on the left side going from the church down the central pathway, there is an uninscribed, flat tombstone which has for many years been regarded as covering Robert Emmet's grave. For some years past this grave had been cared for and protected from desecration by Mr. J. F. Fuller of Dublin, who is a distant connection of the family of Robert's Emmet's mother, the Masons of Kerry.

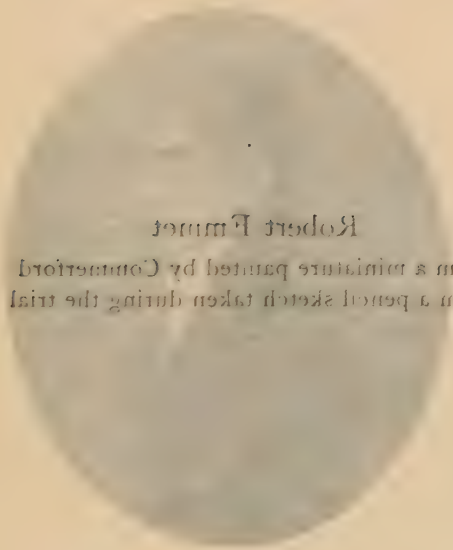
At the beginning of the investigations about to be described no one doubted that full proof would be found in one of the three situations designated as the actual place of Robert Emmet's burial.

Chiefly upon the representation of Francis J. Briggar, Esq., of Belfast, and the recently published work of David A. Quaid, Esq., on Robert Emmet, the writer took the first steps in these investigations. These gentlemen kindly undertook to obtain the necessary permits, and particularly through the efforts of Mr. Quaid, who was a solicitor of Dublin, all arrangements were perfected by July 4, 1903. At an early hour on Monday, July 6, 1903, in the presence of Messrs. Briggar, Quaid, Fuller, the Rev. Stanford F. H. Robinson, assistant curate, Robert Emmet, a son of the writer, and the writer himself, a wide trench was dug toward

¹ *The Emmet Family*, etc.

the west along the south wall of St. Peter's churchyard. This excavation was extended from the foundation of the old guard-house for twenty-eight feet beyond the supposed site of the Emmet vault on the southeast part of the yard. In this distance a vault was uncovered eight feet long by eight and a half feet wide, with the tops of two brick graves, which were unopened. As far as the excavation extended, along the south wall of the enclosure and in line with the east wall of the new portion of the transept and almost to the south wall of the church, a concrete surface was exposed about eight inches in thickness. This seemed to have been spread over the original surface of the yard, after the headstones and footstones had been removed, and upon it the earth had been filled in, increasing in depth toward the west. The top of the vault found was ten feet west of the foundation of the guard-house, projected above the concrete, and was near the present surface of the ground. This vault, which occupied the supposed situation of the Emmet vault, was opened at both ends after the removal of the concrete and earth which covered the remains of a flight of stone steps. The vault contained four coffins in a fair state of preservation. On two of these were coffin plates bearing different names, and, from the dates inscribed, it is probable that they were the last buried before the prohibitive law went into operation. It was probably the receiving vault of the church. Nothing in connection with the Emmet family was found throughout a careful search of five days, during which an excavation was also made along the south wall of the church to the right of the entrance on that side. At different points openings were made in the concrete surface and the ground in every direction probed and sounded by means of an iron crowbar to the depth of several feet. It was demonstrated by these means that the single vault found was the only one existing in that portion of the churchyard. In no instance were the remains of any grave disturbed or even approached with the crowbar within four or five feet. Throughout these operations one or more of the gentlemen mentioned above was always present to superintend the work.

So far nothing had been discovered to show that Robert Emmet was not finally buried in the family vault in this churchyard, but if Dr. Madden's description of the locality of the vault, in its relation to the present entrance of the church is correct and if Mr. Fitzpatrick's statement is true that it was located in the southeast corner of the churchyard, or more properly in that relation to the guard-house, which formerly occupied that situation, the fact is now clearly established that the Emmet vault and others, if they existed in that neighborhood, have at some later period, been demolished and filled in. The only other hypothesis is that both Dr. Madden and Mr. Fitzpatrick were wrong in regard to the locality



Robert Emmet
From a miniature painted by Connorsford
From a pencil sketch taken during the trial

Robert Emmet

...to the southeastward. This excavation was made in a garden house for twenty feet in length, and on the southeast part of the garden house was a vault eight feet long by four feet wide, containing two graves, which were separated by a low wall to the south wall of the garden house. The new portion of the vault was made of a concrete surface eight inches thick. This seemed to have been over the original surface of the ground after the headstones and footstones had been removed, and upon it the earth had been filled increasing in depth toward the west. The top of the vault found was ten feet west of the foundation of the guard-house, projected above the surface and was near the present surface of the ground. This vault, which was the original situation of the Emmet vault, was opened

Robert Emmet

From a miniature painted by Commerford
From a pencil sketch taken during the trial

...which was situated along the ... church to the right of the entrance on that side. At different ... tion probed and sounded by means of an iron crowbar to the depth of several feet. It was demonstrated by these means that the single vault found was the only one existing in that portion of the churchyard. In no place were the remains of any grave disturbed or even approached with the crowbar within four or five feet. Throughout these operations one or more of the gentlemen mentioned above was always present to intend the work.

... description of the locality of the vault, in its relation to the site of the church is correct and if Mr. Fitzpatrick's statement is located in the southeast corner of the church



Robert Emmet

they both ascribed to it. What disposition was made of the large, flat, inscribed stone which marked its site and covered the opening to the vault in Madden's time? If it had been left *in situ* and the top of the vault covered over, this stone would have been found above the concrete; if it had been left on the surface of the ground it would have been found beneath the concrete by the use of the iron crowbar.

We must therefore either assume that the vault was deliberately destroyed or its contents were removed and deposited elsewhere. In this connection, the fact is noteworthy that the covering stone of the vault is not to be found among the hundreds of others already referred to, which are carefully preserved even to the pieces which in many cases had been broken off.

The church has a large entrance at the back or west side, which, according to the recent testimony of a number of persons did not exist in the old church. Before the present church was altered, White Friars Street, on the west side, was much above the level of the churchyard. Therefore, the present main entrance to the church would have been very awkwardly placed, and, if it existed, could only have been reached by a series of steps. It is an interesting circumstance, that, if we assume that Dr. Madden had reference in his description to an entrance then existing on the west side, it is in reality the only spot where the locality would be termed "along the south wall" of both the enclosure and of the church. At the same time, it would also be to the right both of an entrance *from* the street and *to* the church. Therefore, it was still possible that the Emmet vault was located in the southwest portion of the enclosure, along the south wall of the churchyard and also of the church.

At this point in the investigation, further search in St. Peter's churchyard was suspended until the necessary permission to extend the excavation along the whole south wall of both the church and enclosure could be obtained from the authorities. The extreme degree of courtesy already shown by the church authorities throughout the investigation makes the hope a plausible one that this will be granted.

In the meanwhile, to save time and avoid possible future delay, the uninscribed grave in St. Michan's churchyard, already referred to, was opened August 1st, in the presence of Messrs. Quaid, Fuller, Sir Lambert H. Ormsby, President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland, of 92 Merrion Square, Dublin, and Alexander Frazer, Professor of Anatomy, of 18 Northbrook Street, Dublin.

In this grave the remains of two bodies were found. First, that of a girl of about thirteen years; below, at the depth of six feet, that of a man which, after a careful examination of his skull and jaw-bones had been made by the surgeons present, was pronounced by them to have been at

least seventy years of age at the time of his death. The cervical vertebræ also were perfect, a crucial test in regard to the body of Robert Emmet, and the length and size of the thigh-bone proved him to have been a very tall and powerful man. Robert Emmet was neither. After a thorough examination the bones were replaced and the grave filled in.

This discovery proves, beyond peradventure, that Robert Emmet was not buried in this grave which has so long a time been popularly ascribed to him.

A thorough investigation was subsequently made by Messrs. Quaid and Fuller of every other portion of St. Peter's churchyard as well as that covered by the transept, and which was being refloored at the time, but without being able to locate the family vault. But under the transept a headstone was found which had marked the grave of Christopher Temple Emmet, Robert Emmet's elder brother, and who was in all probability buried in close proximity to his father's vault. Until this stone was found it was supposed that Temple Emmet's remains, in accord with tradition, were deposited in the family vault. As nothing was found but this headstone, and on which was also inscribed the name of an elder sister, it is possible that the remains of both may have been disinterred and placed in the father's vault when it was subsequently built, and the headstone was likely buried where it was found, on filling in the empty grave.

It was thought advisable to mark the locality where this gravestone of Christopher Temple Emmet was found. In accordance with this determination the gravestone was let into the wall on the west side of the transept, and above it was placed a large brass mural tablet with the inscription:

This wall stands over the supposed site of the
Emmet Family vault which was apparently removed
to make room for the foundations of the new transept.
Thomas Addis Emmet, M.D., of New York, and
other members of the family have had this brass
placed here A.D. 1908.

To obtain permission from the vestry of the church to place this memorial, it was necessary to substitute *removed* for the term *destroyed*.

A Dublin paper states:

The present representative of the family, Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet of New York, and his sons, have borne the cost of the memorial. The armorial bearings are beautifully done in correct heraldic colors, and at the four corners of the brass are the emblems of the four Evangelists. The lettering is raised

and on a dark background instead of being simply incised. The ornamental margin is done in Celtic ornaments brought on in color.

The family vault had evidently been destroyed, filled in, and covered over with cement so that its locality could never be identified.

The supposed grave of Robert Emmet in the Protestant churchyard at Glasneven was also investigated by David A. Quaid, Esq., but nothing was found to the depth of eight feet, thus corroborating the statement made by the Rev. Dr. Carroll that the headstone did not mark a grave, but had been placed there by him to get rid of it.

In September, 1903, my work, *Ireland under English Rule, or a Plea for the Plaintiff* was issued in two volumes, after an incredible amount of labor. As I decided to use no quotation unless I could first compare it with the original, I was very much restricted in the amount of material I could make available. I was surprised to find out how few quotations given by reliable writers could be depended upon for accuracy. The work had a fair sale, but chiefly among those who were not of Irish blood. It served, however, a good purpose to advance the cause of Home Rule by directing to some extent the formation of public opinion, by the information imparted as to the true condition of Ireland. It was dedicated as follows:

This work is dedicated to the Sons and Daughters of Ireland scattered over the earth in quest of a home denied them in their native land.

Since its publication I have written various papers and addresses relating to American and Irish historical subjects, of which I have little or no record. During this period as I have grown less able to go abroad and to attend the public meetings relating to Irish affairs, I have watched closely the public press and have made myself useful to the cause, from time to time, by writing an occasional editorial for some newspaper, which has generally been accepted, and I have written a number of letters, sometimes anonymously, for the press with the object of directing public opinion as to Irish matters.

My wife, in the autumn of 1903, suffered from an attack of grip, contracted from a female friend who thoughtlessly kissed her while the disease was being developed. In a few days I also contracted it, and on convalescing I noticed for the first time that my hearing was impaired. Mrs. Emmet made a fair recovery but did not regain her strength fully.

We celebrated our golden wedding on February 14, 1904, after having passed the fifty years in unusual good health, as a rule, while I had prospered and with every reason to thank God for the many blessings He had bestowed on us.

Incidents of my Life

Application was made to obtain a papal blessing for the occasion, but the Holy Father sent a special one. I arranged to obtain it quietly after we had received communion at an early mass, but it got noised about among the congregation, and when we arrived we found the church packed from door to door by those who had known of us since their childhood. From the interest my wife had always taken in every fair and undertaking in connection with the church for nearly fifty years, she was generally known as the "Mother of St. Stephen's." I had for many years been the oldest pew-holder in the church, having rented a pew shortly after the church was built, and had long been one of the trustees. So that we had been sufficiently connected with the church to bring together probably fifteen hundred members of the congregation, and from the expression of many kindly faces we saw, I believe we had the good wishes of all present. Our dear friend, Father Colton, who had been so many years in charge of St. Stephen's Church, had a short time before been made the Bishop of Buffalo, and he kindly came to New York to officiate. After mass had been finished, we walked up within the sanctuary rail and knelt in front of the High Altar, where we received the papal blessing from the Bishop and his own congratulations.

On reaching home, the first thing I received, of the many presents sent us, was one from Rome. The Holy Father had sent us his photograph on which he had written in Latin:

To our beloved children, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Addis Emmet, who are about to commemorate the fiftieth year of their married life, we affectionately impart the Apostolic Benediction, while praying the Lord to grant them the enjoyment of all prosperity and happiness for many years.

PIUS X, POPE.

To the kind interest and personal effort of an old friend, the most Reverend Dr. Farley, Archbishop of New York, we were indebted for the issuing of the Apostolic Benediction and his own blessing.

The following is a portion of the account published in the *New York Herald* and evidently written by some lady who had been present:

Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Addis Emmet commemorated the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding by giving a large reception yesterday afternoon at their residence, No. 89 Madison Avenue. The reception which was attended by several hundred was a most delightful affair of the numerous members of the Emmet family and the friends of Dr. and Mrs. Emmet, who have long been identified with fashionable life in New York.

Elaborate decorations throughout the house consisted of yellow roses, jonquils, and other spring flowers. Dr. and Mrs. Emmet, who received alone

in the main drawing-room, stood under a large marriage bell made entirely of yellow jonquils.

Mrs. Emmet was attired in a gown of rich black velvet with trimmings of exquisite point lace. Her ornaments were diamonds and pearls and she also wore a lorgnette of gold, one side embellished with her initials in diamonds and the other with a representation of the thistle, an emblem of her ancestors, set in emeralds, diamonds, and an amethyst. This ornament was a present from Dr. and Mrs. John Duncan Emmet, whose wedding was celebrated in the Cathedral last week.

The lorgnette was worn with a gold chain set with precious stones, a gift from Dr. J. Duncan Emmet, whose present to his father was a gold wedding medal, cast in France, a facsimile of the silver medal given to him by the Rev. Wm. J. B. Daly, who officiated at his wedding.

The baskets of flowers sent were banked against the walls of the parlors on the sides of stands forty feet in length, and from the ceiling to the floor, and arranged as to color to give a most artistic and unique effect.

I believe few young people ever had at their start in life a greater number of testimonials of regard, or congratulations from so large a number of individuals, than we received at the near close of our journey in life. Frequently after death it is possible to form some idea as to the number attached to the deceased, but it is of rare occurrence that the living are ever gratified with this knowledge. A host of friends appeared at the reception to offer their congratulations, and many who did so had passed out of our memory, but they had maintained a kind remembrance of us. And for days after the accounts of the golden wedding were published we were in receipt of letters of congratulation from friends throughout the country.

Immediately after the reception everything in the parlor and dining-room but the pictures on the walls was removed from the house and stored for the night. In a clear running space of sixty-five feet a table was laid with over sixty covers and to dinner I had a grand gathering of the clan, including all but several invalids and some young children. We had a jolly good time all to ourselves. About eleven o'clock, after all had done their best and could do no more, we rose as a committee of the whole and went into regular session to one side, while the remains of the dinner were removed and everything connected with the feast but ourselves gathered up and out of the house in half an hour.

We then formed a grand Virginia reel with my wife and myself at the head, and we made a praiseworthy effort to keep up our end, and had we been younger, we would have asked no odds. We finished our figure in a very creditable manner, and then dropped out, glad of the rest, for the younger people gave us a good shaking up, prompted

probably by the feeling that it would be the last opportunity they would ever have.

At a late hour, a memorable day in the history of the family was brought to a close, and one like it is never to occur again. After my death there will be no one living of the name who knew the old people connecting us with Ireland.

An effort was made to pay their respects to me and no influence is likely ever to get all of the name together again. With different interests and widely scattered, the greater part of the family must soon become strangers to each other. I have known every member of the name connected with Ireland who came to this country, with the exception of my grandfather, and an uncle in the navy, who died shortly before my birth. I now stand like some old tree of the primitive forest, storm-scored and bent, like "the smouldering pine standing as a shattered trunk," a landmark, but when the end comes, my place will remain vacant.

On the following day, we closed the house and my wife and I set out for Florida to spend the remainder of the winter, as we needed a long rest. We both had suffered from an attack of the grip, every winter for several years past, and this disease had left its mark in lowering our vitality with more rapidity than the advance of age. Of all diseases I fear the effects of the grip more than any other. I would rather have an epidemic of cholera or small-pox or both together, than one of grip. Neither of these diseases has ever produced so many deaths or so much bad health as a consequence. The disease is even more contagious than either cholera or small-pox, and yet without even the restraint that common-sense would suggest, when the sufferers should remain at home for their own benefit until convalescent. For several days the disease is being spread before the sufferer is likely to go to bed, when the probabilities are many must suffer from pneumonia or some other complication which could have been avoided. The time must come when the law will compel the reporting of every case of grip to the Health Board as is done with other contagious diseases, and then, with the proper care from the beginning and in confining the patient to bed, much of the bad effects of the disease will be guarded against. It is the most insidious of all diseases, from the fact that the beginning is generally so mild in character that the necessary care is not taken until too late.

There exists in medical literature an account of some one hundred and twenty epidemics of this disease during the past thousand years or more, as a form of the so-called plague, as it varies so often in type and consequences. This disease has been endemic, or peculiar to the country, in all the old eastern cities with nothing but surface drainage from as remote a period as we have any medical record. Like the cholera it

would seem in time to gain strength and as a stream overflowing its banks it would, about every twenty-five or thirty years, spread over the world as an epidemic until it had expended its force, and then disappear for years. For about twenty years it has never disappeared and it is now likely to become one of the diseases of this country and probably cholera will likewise remain with us. Unless the powers of the Christian world join together for their own protection, stop all pilgrimages to Mecca, and enforce the observance of proper sanitary measures in the East, this result seems inevitable with more fatal consequences from delay.

The mild climate of the South has probably prolonged my life, since I can no longer remain North after the first of January. For one whose tastes and chief interest in life have become at last narrowed down to the limit of his library, it is hard to be in exile about six months of every year and away from home. It is not unpleasant moving about, seeing new people and getting fresh ideas, but I have the desire to do certain literary work which I can only do at home, within reach of the needed books of reference, and at my age it is easy to realize that I have not a very great length of time before me to accomplish what I wish.

In Florida the hotels begin to close early in April and too soon to return home without the risk of contracting a severe cold, a consequence I naturally wish to avoid. After a short stop at St. Augustine on my way North, I have generally remained for a while at Old Point Comfort, Virginia.

Before my hearing had become impaired, it was my delight when travelling to drift about among the people, as I often thus obtained much subject for thought and entertainment. On one occasion, while standing near the end of the dock at Old Point, I overheard the following conversation between two old negroes, one evidently being from the country on a visit to his city friend: "Look here, dey tell me dat ship out dar" [the *Texas*] "is made of iron." The rejoinder was given: "Uncle Sam now makes all his ships of iron." After a moment's reflection, it was said: "Aha! I tell you now I don't want nothing to do with no boat made of iron. You take a skillet and knock a hole in it and put it in dat ar water, ain't it gwine to the bottom, sure? Now I tell you when you is on dis here land dar' you is, but when you is on one of dem things, whar is you?" Rather a sagacious commentary on the ironclads, from the old negro's standpoint!

Chapter XXVI

The condition of my wife did not improve at Palm Beach, nor did I do better—We both suffered from an attack of the grip on our return home, and were confined for over a month—One morning I read to her from the newspaper an account of a dinner given the night before to Dr. Osler, to which I had not been invited, nor did I know it was to be given—I cited the incident to my wife as a proof of how completely I was “out of the swim,” and forgotten—Next morning I was notified by a committee of one that a dinner was to be given to me on my seventy-seventh birthday, just a week off—It seemed something impossible that I could be present at a dinner in a week—But my wife appreciated the honor more than I did at the time, and that I had given up for the want of some regular occupation—With her interest and assistance I made an effort, got to work at once preparing an address—Each day of effort gave me a new lease of life—In a week I attended the dinner, which proved one of the chief events of my life—Without the new interest this dinner gave me in life, I would, in a few months, have ceased to exist from pure inanition, as I thought my life’s work was done, and I was simply waiting for the end—Went to dinner and never enjoyed one more,—in the meeting of so many old friends and many new ones, whom I had thought were indifferent, while I was in practice, to me and my work—Began the making of a scrap-book by collecting everything relating to the dinner, and selected over one hundred quotations from Shakespeare—My wife took the greatest interest in my work and particularly in the quotations, as she knew nearly every one present, and was greatly amused at the application of the quotations—I was urged to publish the book and issue a copy as a souvenir for every one who was present—My wife’s sudden death.



WHILE at Palm Beach in the spring of 1904 I noticed with apprehension that my wife did not regain her strength as I had hoped would be the case.

I simply vegetated during the autumn and winter of 1904-05, slowly failing in health, and from want of strength, together with trouble from my old broken leg, I became confined to the house. Week after week passed and I saw no one but my immediate family. It seemed as if my life’s work being finished I could render no further service, and I was forgotten. My wife did not gain, and as we passed the winter in close companionship, her condition was a constant menace in my apprehension for her future. In the spring, from a visitor who was ill at the time, my wife contracted another attack of grip, and as

always happened, I in turn became a victim. For weeks we lay in adjoining beds with a nurse looking after us. My wife's troubles increased as I slowly was convalescing. One morning, while still in bed, I was reading the paper, and turning to my wife, said: "The profession gave Dr. Osler a large dinner last night. There is no man in the profession whom I would wish more to honor, and yet I was not even invited. But a short time ago I would probably have been one of the first to be consulted in giving him the dinner. Could any better evidence be shown as to how completely I am 'out of the swim' and forgotten?"

The following morning, one of "my boys," Dr. George H. Mallett, formerly an assistant at the Woman's Hospital, called to see me, my first visitor in six weeks. I was very glad to see the doctor, for in addition to having been formerly an assistant, I had for some time past kept a warm spot in my heart for him. He was the physician who accompanied my son to Bermuda when I was expected to die there, and I have kept in grateful remembrance his care of me. He soon told me that he had just attended a medical meeting held at Niagara Falls, and it had so happened that a number who had been delegates to several other meetings held in different parts of the country had met at the Falls. As if by inspiration the spirit had moved these gentlemen to agree that I was well deserving of a public dinner as an acknowledgment of my professional work, and their personal esteem. As a number had been several weeks absent from their business it was decided that the dinner had to be given that day week, on May 29, 1905, my seventy-seventh birthday, and Dr. Mallett had called to notify me.

To me, in bed and feeling unable to stand without difficulty, the whole affair seemed a hopeless undertaking, at least so far as it rested with me, and in despair I said: "Why can you not let me die in peace?" As I was told that all the arrangements had been made with Delmonico, and already considerable advance had been made by the aid of a number of willing workers with Dr. Henry C. Coe at the head, I felt that the play could not go on without Hamlet. During the half hour we talked the matter over, my wife did much to get me on my feet, as she appreciated the honor more than I did at the time. I got up immediately and was seized with some of my energy of old, and set to work to prepare an address. I telephoned to several friends for advice as to what the subject should be, and by a curious coincidence, the reply from all was to prepare some account of my life. This I set about doing and the setting of my brain to work again gave me increased strength, hour by hour, as I got the more interested in my work. After six days' work before the dinner I had gained a new lease of life and at the dinner I was quite as well in bodily strength as I had been for several years in the

past. I had supposed that the dinner was to be given by my personal friends, and chiefly by the young men who had been under me at the Woman's Hospital. As I had labored with them assiduously to give them every advantage, I had not appreciated the compliment in the giving of the dinner by them. I was, of course, pleased, but if I gave the incentive any special thought, it was in feeling it was natural to do so as some return for my work. The day before the dinner, Dr. Mallett brought me a list of the speakers, and names of many who were to be present at the dinner, and my first exclamation was:

"Why, there are men here who have been underrating my work for years; are they here to put the last polish on?"

Shortly after the dinner began, "His Grace, Archbishop Farley, who was on my right hand, remarked: "What a remarkably bright looking set of men!" They were all in active life, yet with the exception of my old friend, Dr. Abraham Jacobi, whom I had known since 1853, I did not see an individual who had known me personally previous to the end of the Civil War. Although I am only about two years his senior, he seems yet to be as active physically as in middle life, while mentally there has been no change. I have out-lived all who were in practice when I first came to New York, so far as I know to the contrary. Miss Emily Blackwell was for a time in 1847 with Smith and Allen, the quiz masters in Philadelphia, with whom I was studying. She settled in New York a year before me. I often met her in practice and she was a remarkably good practitioner. She has but recently died—passed her ninetieth year. Stephen Smith, my senior, is still alive, but was an interne at Bellevue Hospital after I began practice, and Ellsworth Eliot, who is also living, was an interne about two years later.

A natural degree of modesty would forbid any attempt on my part to give an account of what was said in relation to me. But for an accident the public would have remained in ignorance. The committee had engaged a first-class stenographer to report the proceedings, but as there was a long interval before the speaking began, a bottle of champagne was given him to kill time. When the speaking did begin, he could not be found, for he had drank the champagne, and as the proceedings interested him no more, he had cleared out. Fortunately, one of the physicians present took some notes for a medical journal. As these notes were only good so far as they reported and much was omitted which I had heard, I made an urgent personal request of each speaker to write out for me what each could recall having said. I then contemplated getting up a memorial manuscript volume with portraits and other illustrations, to be preserved for my grandchildren. While these gentlemen did me more than full justice, not one did justice to himself.

I have regretted exceedingly that a full report had not been preserved, for each speech was good, and taken as a whole they were the best after-dinner speeches I ever heard delivered on any one occasion, and I heard several of the invited guests express the same opinion during the evening.

I amused myself in picking out over one hundred apt quotations from Shakespeare, which I distributed through the volume I prepared, and used them as headlines and at the beginning of each section, and a number had a personal reference to some peculiarity of the individual.

After the dinner all my friends who saw the manuscript volume I had prepared urged that it should be printed. This I had done and presented a copy to each person connected with the dinner, and a few copies were placed in different libraries.

The toasts and speakers were as follows:

TOASTS

- IntroductionDR. E. C. DUDLEY, of Chicago.
 "Dr. Emmet, the Surgeon"DR. W. M. POLK, of New York.
 "Dr. Emmet, the Teacher"DR. W. H. BAKER, of Boston.
 "Dr. Emmet, the Medical Author"DR. S. C. GORDON, of Portland, Me.
 "Dr. Emmet, the Litterateur"MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP FARLEY.
 "Dr. Emmet, the Friend"DR. GEO. T. HARRISON, of New York.
 "Dr. Emmet, the Patriot"DR. F. J. QUINLAN, of New York.

The Divine blessing was invoked by
 HIS GRACE, THE MOST REVEREND JOHN M. FARLEY,
 Archbishop of New York.

INTRODUCTION BY DR. DUDLEY

DR. EMMET AND GENTLEMEN:

One should always be able to make an accurate differentiate diagnosis between his own property and the property of another. I therefore congratulate Dr. Emmet on his judicious choice of a birthday, since the 29th of May was also the date of my entrance upon this mundane sphere. Now, the question is, whose birthday is it? Nor do I know to whom this gavel belongs which I hold in my hand, but I am going to carry it home, ornament it with a silver tablet upon which shall be inscribed the name of Emmet, and then I am going to hand it down to my children, and my children's children. When your facetious Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements asked me to introduce the speakers at this dinner, he remarked that fashions travel west and that jokes travel east. The question before you then is, whether in thus referring to my journey east he has in mind myself or my baggage!

There have been times in American gynæcology when we have heard nothing but the name of Emmet, and the annual meeting of the American

Gynæcological Society, just held at Niagara Falls, would suggest the fact that these times have not altogether passed.

It might therefore not be inappropriate in speaking here of Dr. Emmet to repeat much of what was said at that meeting, and you know there would be precedent for this, for the Macedonians of old always discussed important subjects twice—once for reflection, when they were sober, and once for enthusiasm when they were drunk.

I had thought of addressing you in the original Latin, Greek, and Hebrew; but, then, you are not familiar with these languages, and His Grace, the Archbishop, on my right, is familiar—two prohibitory reasons.

If one were to speak of Emmet as a man and were to measure him on the criterion of greatness, modesty, philanthropy, civic virtue, morality, mental integrity, and good deeds; if by such a rule we were to measure him, he would stand up against the whole length of it. However, it would not be difficult to find numerous reasons why Dr. Emmet is such a man; he does not come of common stock but of preferred stock, for his father, his grandfather, and his more remote antecedents were men of gentle blood and men of intellect.

Seventy-seven years ago to-night our nourishing mother earth stood by the cradle of an infant, and thus she spake: "Waken, my man child, and take from me, thy first mother, my gifts. Thou of all weather and out of doors, I give thee will and might and love of the undefiled. I give thee strength of my forests, my rivers, and my seas, my sunshine, my starshine, and of my heart. I cleanse thee. The slime of the long years shall drop from thee. I start thee afresh, newborn. At night in my star-hung tent, the gods shall visit thee. In the day thou shalt walk in a way to become as a god thyself. I give thee scorn of the ignoble, trust in thy fellows, firm belief in thine own lusty muscle, and unconquerable will. I make thee familiar friend of hardships and content, spare and pure and strong. I give thee joy in the earth, the sun, and wind, and belief in the Unseen. This is thy birthright.

Numerous letters and telegrams of congratulation sent by loving friends had been received from many parts of the world. Some of these Dr. Polk read, as chairman.

Dr. Polk read a number of letters and made a few remarks relating to them before being introduced by Dr. Dudley, to respond to the toast assigned to him.

" Dr. Emmet, the Surgeon "

DR. DUDLEY'S INTRODUCTION OF DR. POLK

I suppose Dr. Polk has alluded to the characteristic modesty of Chicago in order to give me an opportunity of repeating the prophecy of a fellow townsman, that the time may come when the people of Chicago will think as much of Chicago as the people of New York think of London; but we are here, not to show that Chicago is greater than New York, for it is not; we only

think it greater. We are here to do honor to a man of the United States and of the world. On this programme we see the name of Emmet, *as the surgeon, as the teacher, as the medical author, as the litterateur, as the friend, as the patriot.* These and other qualities indicate the different phases of his character, each complete in itself, and yet we like to think of them in combination just as we like to consider, not one, but all the colors of the solar spectrum which combined to make up the glorious white light, like the white light of truth. So the qualities of Emmet when put together are combined in the formation of a clean and pure man.

Let us first consider Emmet as a surgeon; and just at this point I must give way to Dr. Polk, for as Whistler holds that the best critic of a work of art is one who is able to paint the best kind of picture himself, so Dr. Polk is quite prepared to criticise a great surgeon.

DR. POLK'S RESPONSE TO THE TOAST, “Dr. Emmet, the Surgeon”

Called upon to respond to this toast, one quickly asks in which niche should Emmet be placed. The answer comes loud and clear: as the man of great operative skill, as the man of broad and sound judgment; and look where we may, we find none that surpassed and few that equalled him. As we pass in review the events of our Department of Surgery which have transpired during the past forty years, we see that the name of Emmet is associated more prominently with the great achievements of that period than that of any one of his contemporaries. He it was who worked out best the evils springing from lacerations of the cervix, and devised the lasting methods of meeting them. In the days of his youth that distressing lesion, vesico-vaginal fistula, was at the fore, and the beginnings of his reputation based upon its cure by silver wire suture were looming above the horizon. But deep in the trials of an extensive hospital midwifery service, Emmet found the greater cure in recognizing the way to obviate the evil. He it was who drove it so upon us that the obstetrical forceps was not the agent through which these trying breaches were produced, but, in fact, the agent of prevention, and that the prompt, not delayed application of this instrument was the sure means of obviating the fistula; that sloughing, due to prolonged pressure of the foetal head when long held in the lower pelvis, was the cause of these false openings, and therefore that early application of the forceps to a delayed head when so placed was the crying need. Had he done nought else than this his name would deserve to go down to posterity clothed in lasting honor and covered with the gratitude of all mankind; yet he did more than this even for patients suffering motherhood, for look what his incomparable work upon the perineum has done for this class of sufferers. In spite of many an attempt to improve upon the lines laid down by him for repair of the perineum, his operation to-day stands out as the best of all.

When I entered upon work in the Department of Gynæcology, pelvic inflammation was before us as an unsolved problem. The contest was sharp concerning his interpolations, and one of the most telling concessions in

Emmet cases was made when at the meeting of the American Gynæcological Society in Baltimore, in 1886, he reviewed the subject, and said that as in all questions, as upon a shield, there were two sides, he had been looking upon one, while his opponents looked upon another; he had been regarding it mainly from the underside of the pelvic diaphragm, while they had seen it from the upper. But he laid down those wide and conservative rules of management which even the most radical of us have come to accept as the line to be followed in most of the cases of this disorder, and thus it has come to pass that whereas the time was when all inflamed uterine appendages were thought meet for sacrifice, we now see that Emmet's treatment leads the way to resolution in many a case, and even if the operation has to be done at last, the improved conditions permit of operative conservatism that saves many an ovary, and which there is good reason to believe may even further motherhood.

The limit of such a speech warns me the time to close this just tribute has come, for there are others present impatiently waiting to do honor to so good a subject, and yet I cannot stop without asking, what of Emmet as a man and as an associate in his chosen field of activity? Would time permit, I would gladly dwell upon the sterling qualities of head and heart which he has always exhibited in dealing with his fellowmen.

Have any of you read the Fifteenth Psalm (Latin Vulgate and translation Psalm xiv.) If not, turn to it to-night, and therein you will find David's definition of a "Gentleman," and all I would say of Dr. Emmet, and pondering those words and laying them beside the life history of this man you will realize, as I do now, that all of us have honored ourselves by coming here to-night, for we have lifted up and exalted one of our number, whose life is an embodiment of that sublimest principle of earthly life, "TRUTH."

"Dr. Emmet, the Teacher"

INTRODUCTION OF DR. BAKER BY DR. DUDLEY

I could speak at length about Emmet as a teacher, to whom all of us owe much; but my friend Dr. Polk, has reminded me that the function of a toastmaster is to keep the ball rolling, to keep order, and to keep quiet. When we think of Emmet as a teacher we think of him also as a hospital chief under whom we did not always lead the simple life, unless we consider the simple life as interpreted by our Philadelphia friends to be the "pace that kills." How familiar the memory, "Sponge, Doctor, sponge; why don't you sponge!" "Sponge every time you get a chance." "Let her live a little longer, will you, Doctor?" "I wish I could have some one who could assist me the way I used to assist Sims." He was a rare chief, a rare teacher. In the presence of his pupils "he would not smile, and smile, and smile and be a villain still"; on the contrary, his frown was always recognized as an act of friendship. That pupil is fortunate who receives his discipline from a friend. The history of gynæcology in New England is the history of a pupil of Emmet, and the next toast, therefore, "Emmet, the Teacher," will be responded to

by Dr. Wm. H. Baker of Boston, Professor of Gynæcology in the Harvard Medical School.

DR. BAKER'S RESPONSE TO THE TOAST, “Dr. Emmet, the Teacher”

I have always esteemed it one of the greatest privileges in my professional career to testify to the teaching of Dr. Emmet, and during the lapse of time I have selected the choicest parts of my knowledge which experience has proved to be of the greatest value, and have found myself more and more indebted to the teachings of our highly honored friend.

It is then most gratifying to me, Mr. Chairman, to respond to your call to speak of the high qualities of Dr. Emmet as a teacher. One of the necessary elements of a successful teacher is the possession of a thorough knowledge of the subject taught; another and not less important, from a humanitarian point of view, and last, the relation of the subject taught to other branches of learning of a more or less remote origin. No one who has had the good fortune to listen to the lectures, to follow through the hospital wards, or assist in the operating room, and thus come in daily contact with our illustrious friend, can gainsay that he possessed in an eminent degree all these qualities, and I am sure that I voice the feeling of all his pupils when I say that for originality of thought, thoroughness of working out the principles as well as the practical application of such principles, Dr. Emmet's work was pre-eminent. It is impossible to estimate the enormous value and extent of his influence as a teacher through the various channels of instruction given by his pupils, who have and are still holding the highest positions in medical schools of this and other countries.

His literary work also is a most important factor of instruction.

In these strenuous days, when we are accustomed to gain quick results by carrying out many of the teachings of our early and faithful instructor, we sometimes forget the laborious toil and patient persevering work which he expended before he perfected the application which led to the adoption of his methods. Nor can the thousands of women who are now being cured all over the world realize how much they owe their recovery to the teaching of Dr. Emmet; but we of the medical profession know and most gratefully acknowledge to him all the honor in this direction.

As an illustration of his individual perseverance, I recall his joy, when visiting the hospital one day, in telling me of a bed-ridden case which after nine years of persistent work, he had finally cured; and again I had the pleasure of assisting him at an operation in plastic surgery, which was the twenty-sixth performed under ether upon this one patient for the same trouble, and which resulted in her cure.

How many of us possess such a degree of patience? Or again, how many of us could keep our patient through the time of treatment? Yet, from such cases as these I learned the lesson of never yielding to defeat when sure of the right treatment.

Thirty-three years ago the casual observer paid but little heed to the

teaching of Dr. Emmet in regard to the importance of cleanliness in surgery, both of the operator and the patient, and it was not until the importance of the deleterious effects upon surgical wounds by the disregard of such teaching, as proved by the theories of Pasteur, that the profession was ready to accept and adopt such teaching and practices. Yet, I ask you to-day, looking back over that period of time and recalling the preparation of patients for plastic surgery by Dr. Emmet's instruction, which consisted in the hot water douches, which I heard at that time characterized as "boiling the patient," and again in following his method in the preparation of the operator, by scrubbing the hands and arms with soap and hot water, I repeat and ask you to-day, how much short of your accepted technique does the teaching of Dr. Emmet leave you?

I am glad to see on yonder Cathedral Heights the stones being laid for the new hospital building, yet its foundation cannot be stronger than the principles which Dr. Emmet has taught us, and its superstructure, with all its utility and elegance, must always remain a memorial to his life-work and teaching.

And now, my beloved teacher and friend, I congratulate you on this your anniversary day, upon that which has gone before, and upon the present honorable and festive occasion. That the crowning years of your life may be full of peace, joy, happiness, and a just recognition of the highest appreciation of your profession, and that your heart will be filled with our love, is the wish of us all.

"Dr. Emmet, the Medical Author"

INTRODUCTION OF DR. GORDON BY DR. DUDLEY

No man is in a stronger position than Dr. Gordon to prophesy that when the fog and smoke and haze of the literature of gynecology clears away, no matter how distant the past, Emmet's writings, Emmet's book on *The Principles and Practice of Gynecology*, will stand out as a star of the first magnitude, shining, not by pale reflection, but by its own light. It will be remembered that Grant's *Memoirs of the Civil War*, written with almost superhuman fortitude in the face of fatal disease, was received by the critics as an example of strong, terse, clear English composition. A single adverse criticism appeared from the pen of a professor of rhetoric, the review of a critical rhetorician of the work of a constructive rhetorician. The professor took exception to Grant's writing because in some respects he thought it did not conform to conventional standards of English composition. Mark Twain reviewed the review in words somewhat as follows: "If we could climb the Matterhorn and find strawberries growing on top, we might be surprised and gratified; but, great God, we do not climb the Matterhorn for strawberries."

Dr. Gordon, of Portland, Maine.

DR. GORDON'S RESPONSE TO THE TOAST, "Dr. Emmet, the Medical Author"

MR. TOASTMASTER AND FRIENDS: I came from the far North, where, as

some speaker has said, the moon is hung with icicles and there it looks no larger than a dinner plate. That same moon which smiles upon Florida and Louisiana may look colder in Maine, but it is just as large to us as to the people in warmer climes. I have lived in both latitudes, and know whereof I speak. And while we may, as Mark Twain may have said, have nine months of winter, three months late in the fall, yet I bring to our old friend Dr. Emmet to-night, just as warm a heart and just as hearty a grasp of the hand as the sons of the Southland. I extend to him, in behalf of the profession of the North, the most cordial congratulations on this his seventy-seventh birthday. Many of us were his pupils to a greater or less degree, and we have kept a warm place in our hearts for him as a teacher. If I may be allowed for a moment to depart from the spirit of the sentiment, permit me to say that I, in company with Dr. Tewksbury of my city, made frequent visits to the Woman's Hospital in the eighth decade of the last century, and day after day sat at Dr. Emmet's feet, like Saul at the feet of Gamaliel, and learned wisdom at his lips, while we watched that careful, systematic detail of his plastic operations, performed in a manner that no man excelled and few equalled. By this strict attention to detail that pervades everything he ever wrote, his work *The Principles and Practice of Gynæcology* is but a faithful record of his daily clinical work, written in a manner the merest tyro in medicine could fully comprehend. There was nothing omitted from the book that was done in the Woman's Hospital or in his private practice. It is the model upon which all treatises on gynæcology have been based and few of the modern text-books contain much that is new, except the illustrations.

If everything was not fully developed it was predicted, and the predictions are not far behind the fulfilment. I remember so well long ago, when the brilliant and fascinating lecturer, T. Gaillard Thomas, was revising his book, I was driving with him one day while he was making some drawings illustrative of the operation for complete laceration of the perineum through the sphincter ani, and I was admiring it, he said, “Oh, that is all Emmet's, I was simply copying him.” These were the days when the giants in gynæcology were in their glory; the learned Peaslee, the greatest American pathologist of his day; the indefatigable and dogmatic Bozeman, who did most excellent work, and later, the lovely and loved Lee.

But the careful, painstaking work embodied in *The Principles and Practice* of our guest to-night will forever remain as the one to which we shall all turn as the classic in this department of medical knowledge and science.

If I were to sum up briefly my estimate of Dr. Emmet as a medical writer, it would be somewhat in this way: Somewhere in his book he says, “As I advance in life I place a much lower estimate on the common-sense of the average individual.” Taking this as a text, I would say that, with an honest, intelligent earnestness of purpose, he combined an indefatigable industry in an unbounded field of clinical material and carefully discriminating, recorded the results of that industry in the most simple common-sense style. Wherever gynæcology is known or taught, there is Emmet's book, and will ever be one of the foundation stones of the science. It is a monument to him more signifi-

cant than brass or marble. There was no attempt at rhetorical effects, no exaggerated description of symptoms or technique, no reports of results that would challenge criticism, nor engender skepticism, but a plain statement of the causes, symptoms, and treatment that commends itself to the student of gynæcology throughout the civilized world.

This assembly to-night, composed of all classes of medical men, voice the general sentiment of thousands who cannot be present, but who wish you all that life can possibly give you. A short time before the death of Pope Leo XIII one of his Cardinals called upon him, and bidding him good-bye, said, "Holy Father, I hope you may live to be a hundred years old"; to which he replied, "My son, why limit me?"

So, bidding you good-night, I will not limit you in years, but will assure you of the best wishes of all present and a hope that you may live just so long as you can fully enjoy both peace of mind and comfort of body.

" Dr. Emmet, the Litterateur "

DR. DUDLEY'S INTRODUCTION OF HIS GRACE, THE ARCHBISHOP OF NEW YORK

Men, like trees, may die at the top, but not so with our friend. Having laid aside the labors of surgery, he has become the scholar and the man of affairs, broad enough to look beyond the narrow confines of his calling, to appreciate the relations of things outside; he puts his profession on a high plane, but he puts the world higher.

If we would not die at the top, we must not surrender to the sordidness and discontent of old age, but forgetful of self, we must cultivate larger interests, and so, like our friend, we may gladden the world, and even though we shall become the last leaf on the tree, having survived the winter's blast to the second spring, we may be not seared and yellow, but still green and filled with the fire and enthusiasm of youth. Some years ago, when Froude visited the United States, and when at the same time Canon Kingsley was so much in evidence, an Irish poet gave forth the following couplets:

"Froude informs the Scottish youth
That parsons have no care for truth;
While Canon Kingsley loudly cries
That history is a pack of lies.
What cause for discord so malign?
A little thought would solve the mystery;
Froude thinks Kingsley a divine,
While Kingsley goes to Froude for history."

We know that the Archbishop with all confidence may go to Emmet for history as we call upon the Archbishop not only for theology, but as well for an estimate of his friend, "Emmet as a Litterateur." I therefore have the honor of introducing His Grace, the Most Reverend John Farley, Archbishop

of New York, whose literary mind has withstood the shock of a theological education.

REMARKS OF ARCHBISHOP FARLEY

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN: I believe that I am the only layman present, the only person not a physician, a fact which only adds to the happiness I feel in rising to pay my humble but heartfelt tribute to your eminent guest and my friend of many years—Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, the Litterateur.

What has he accomplished in his chosen field and in the profession, at the head of which he has stood for more than a generation, as you, gentlemen, are here to testify, were more than sufficient to render illustrious the life of any one man, and to win for him a deathless memory among his colleagues and to earn for him the largest measure of that distinction which Ecclesiasticus warns us to bestow on the least members of your noble profession, when he says: “Honor the physician for the need thou hast of him. His skill shall lift up his head, and in the sight of great men he shall be praised.”

But, full as has been his life of purely professional work, he has found time to devote to literature, and to historic research, in which he has been so successful that I question if there are not many who, if choice were given, would as gladly be credited with the authorship of his purely literary work, as of the surgical and medical labors which have placed him where he stands to-night, the leading physician of the land.

It were too long, however pleasing a task, to review here and now all that has come from his facile and fruitful pen.

Besides being the author of numerous papers and addresses in connection with the history of Ireland, and of this, his own country, he has left us two books by which his name shall always be remembered: *The Emmet Family, with Some Incidents Relating to Irish History*, a voluminous work issued in 1898; and *Ireland under English Rule, or a Plea for the Plaintiff*, published in 1902.¹

The former, *The Emmet Family* has been pronounced a model, and the most complete family history ever written. The exhaustive story it contains of Dr. Emmet's father gives rise to the question in the mind of the reader, as to what one should admire more—the pure and lofty character of the elder Emmet so vividly portrayed or the affection which prompted this labor of love and of legitimate pride on the part of the devoted son.

The work of Dr. Emmet, however, which has naturally attracted most attention is *Ireland under English Rule*. Perhaps more than any other of his writings, this book seems to show his wondrous versatility of intellect, and that, while physicians may hail him as their leader, he was easily master of many things having little affinity with his life's work.

An American born, bearing in his veins the tide of Ireland's best blood on which nothing could long float that is not freighted with the love of that fair land, he has shown in this work in what light men of Irish faith and Irish

¹ Second Edition issued as a new work, 1909.

ancestry must ever regard the part England has played for centuries in the misgovernment of Ireland. While *noblesse oblige* is the legend one reads between the lines of every page of *The Plea for the Plaintiff*, the leading incentive in writing this history was, doubtless, to lay bare the truth to those whom it most concerns—the people of Ireland themselves. Over nine hundred volumes, the learned author has told me, were consulted in the composition of this monumental work.

It may fairly be claimed for Dr. Emmet's labor in this history that he has probably pronounced the last word on this subject which can be said to the purpose in this generation. His conclusions are that England will one day do penance for her misrule in Ireland, and "sue to be forgiven"; and that the Irish people must be united and patient, as the outlook for Erin in the near future was never brighter.

But I must close. . . . Mr. Chairman, I thank you for the honor of your invitation to speak to the toast so much after my own heart, how poorly soever I have responded; I thank you, gentlemen, for your patient and courteous hearing, and permit me to greet you, Sir, our guest, the noblest Roman of them all, with heart and soul in the greeting, *ad multos, permultos annos*.

" Dr. Emmet, the Friend "

INTRODUCTION BY DR. DUDLEY OF DR. GEORGE TUCKER HARRISON

Why can't we make friends like Emmet? The answer is clear: "There is only one Emmet." I have great pleasure in introducing Dr. Harrison, a friend who knows all about us and still likes us, who has something more than a capacity, who has a genius for friendship.

"If thou art at Friendship's sacred ca',
Wad life itself resign, mon?
This were a kinsman o' thy ane,
For 'Emmet' is a true mon."

I present Dr. George T. Harrison of New York.

" Dr. Emmet, the Friend "

It is with great pleasure that I rise to respond to this toast, for it is redolent of many sweet memories. There is no word in the English language that has suffered such abuse in its mode of application as the term "friend." In its true significance and proper use, however, there is none that evokes more tender and touching associations.

Says St. Augustine: "The friendship of men is dearly sweet by the union of many souls together."

Sallust declares that to live in friendship is to have the same desires and the same aversions; "*idem velle et idem nolle, ea demum firma amicitia est.*" It has been happily said there can be no friendship without confidence and

no confidence without integrity. Many men are absolutely incapable of friendship.

As Dr. Johnson remarks: “So many qualities are indeed required to the possibility of friendship, and so many accidents must concur to its rise and its continuance, that the greatest part of mankind content themselves without it, and supply its place as they can, with interest and dependence.” It has been reckoned as one of the many claims to our admiration on the part of that ornament of the Elizabethan Age, Sir Philip Sidney, that he was famous for inviolable friendships. When Socrates, it is narrated, was building himself a house at Athens, being asked by one that observed the littleness of the design, why a man so eminent should not have an abode more suitable to his dignity, he replied that he should think himself sufficiently accommodated if he could see that narrow habitation filled with real friends.

By which words, I take it, the great philosopher simply wished to discriminate between his true friends and the vast multitudes who thronged around him, attracted by idle curiosity or other ignoble motives. The comparison made by La Fontaine between love and friendship is as true as it is beautiful: “Love is the shadow of the morning which decreases as the day advances; friendship is the shadow of the morning which strengthens with the setting sun of life.”

It is the singular good fortune of our honored guest of the evening that he has realized the words of wisdom spoken by Polonius to Laertes:

“The friends thou hast and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel.”

Let me call the muster-roll of the alumni of the Woman's Hospital and sure I am that if the question were asked what name rises first to the lips, in recalling their most delightful experiences during their pupilage in that noble institution, the answer would come back with one voice—Thomas Addis Emmet.

The reason is not far to seek, because the name is a synonym of perfect integrity and exalted character. And while to-night all have assembled to crown him with laurel for the splendor of his scientific achievement, it is especially as the *friend* that we salute him and lay at his feet the offering of our love, esteem, and reverence.

“Dr. Emmet, the Patriot”

INTRODUCTION OF DR. F. J. QUINLAN BY DR. DUDLEY

The next speaker is eminently qualified to tell us of the most worthy representative of the young patriot who dying, said: “Let no man write my epitaph until Ireland is free.”

Dr. Quinlan of New York.

DR. QUINLAN'S RESPONSE TO THE TOAST

I have been requested to say a few words in response to the toast:

"Dr. Emmet, the Patriot"

I feel that any words of mine on such a theme must indeed be superfluous, since it is an historical fact well known to all my professional brethren here to-night, that the name of Emmet stands for all that is highest and holiest in the sacred cause of patriotism. The truest test of exalted love of country is tersely expressed in the words of the old Roman maxim—"Pro patria mori." And who does not know the history of that noble hero, that close kinsman of our distinguished and revered guest, who sacrificed his young life in his country's behalf? His name and his deeds are on the lips of every school boy, and his pathetic history is embalmed forever in the immortal lines of Erin's best beloved bard—Thomas Moore. Who of us has not paid the tribute of his tears and his heartfelt admiration to the patriot hero—Robert Emmet, that noble scion of a noble race.

No more convincing testimony to the patriotism of the Emmet family could be produced than the following eloquent words of the youthful patriot himself: "If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns and cares of those dear to them in this transitory life, O ever dear and venerated shade of my departed father, look down with scrutiny upon the conduct of thy suffering son, and see if I have ever for a moment deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism which it was thy care to instill into my youthful mind, and for which I am now to offer up my life."

Perhaps it may not be so well known to all here that a namesake of our honored guest, another Thomas Addis Emmet, a brother of Robert, proved his patriotism by enduring the horrors and humiliation of a long imprisonment for the holy cause. Indeed, were it not for this love of country, so characteristic of the Emmets, it is quite possible that our guest would not be with us to-night. For his ancestor and namesake, accused of conspiracy and driven from his native land, joined that grand army of worthy Irishmen who, forced by English tyranny to leave their beloved fatherland, sought a home and a refuge in this land of the free, and who by their brains and their brawn have contributed more than any other nation to the mental and material development of our glorious country.

The patriotic spirit which distinguished the Emmets in the old land did not fail to assert itself in the new, and so we find the same Thomas Addis Emmet commanding an Irish regiment in the War of 1812, and his eldest son, the late Judge Robert Emmet, at the same time a captain in a cavalry regiment, and the third son, Lieutenant Temple Emmet, serving under Decatur in the navy, all of whom warmly espoused the cause of their adopted country.

Dr. John Patten Emmet, the father of our guest and also Irish by birth, entered the United States Military Academy at West Point about the same time to fit himself for a military career, but after a few years was compelled by ill-health to abandon the strenuous profession of arms for the more peaceful, though not less heroic, profession of medicine. Here the Emmets lay aside the sword as the instrument of their patriotism for that mightier and more potent weapon, the pen. The profound erudition and marvellous versa-

tility of John Patten Emmet were recognized by no less distinguished an authority than the great Thomas Jefferson, President of the United States, who honored him with the professorship of Natural History, and afterwards of Chemistry and Materia Medica, in the celebrated University of Virginia, of which Jefferson was the founder.

It was at this period in his distinguished father's career that our honored guest was born at Charlottesville, Virginia. How eminently worthy to hand down the noble heritage of patriotism, learning, practical philanthropy, and professional skill he has proved himself by his own high achievements, the preceding speeches have eloquently informed us.

I shall mention but a few of the many practical proofs of his love for the land of his forefathers, for whose betterment he has been ever ready to labor ardently, to write eloquently, and to contribute generously. He was one of the Mansion House Committee, which was the custodian, and called together the great relief committee during the early seventies, which sent many thousands of dollars to the famine-stricken population of Ireland, thus saving many from the horrors of starvation and death. He was an early member of the Hoffman House Committee to aid Parnell, and was afterwards president for about nine years of the Irish National Federation of America, where he was instrumental in collecting and forwarding large sums of money for the use of the National cause and to forward the Home Rule Movement.

He had in many instances proved himself a gallant knight of the pen, ever ready to enter the lists in defence of his beloved Erin. In his articles, *Ireland, Past, Present, and Future*; *Irish Emigration during the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries*, a paper read before the American Irish Historical Society; *England's Destruction of Ireland's Manufactories, Commerce, and Population*, a public address delivered at the Cooper Union; *Why Ireland Has Never Prospered Under English Rule*, a magazine article; *The Emmet Family, with Some Incidents Relating to Irish History*, etc., a work of over four hundred pages, which has been judged to be the best family history ever written; and recently, *Ireland under English Rule*, etc., in two volumes, a work which has been already accepted as an authority, together with other papers and addresses, all of which plead Ireland's wrongs to the world with an eloquent cogency born of the most ardent patriotism.

It is eminently fitting, therefore, that we do honor to-night to Dr. Emmet as a patriot, whose lofty love of country is worthy to rank with those other brilliant qualities and notable achievements in the medical profession, which place him in the foremost rank of humanity's greatest benefactor.

INTRODUCTION BY DR. DUDLEY OF SIR WILLIAM HINGSTON

There is a unanimous call for a few words from the great surgeon of Canada—Sir William Hingston.

SIR WILLIAM HINGSTON'S RESPONSE

It was a pleasure and a privilege for me to accept the invitation extended

to me by your committee to be present at this dinner to honor Dr. Emmet, as, apart from the reverence I hold for his scientific work, to know him was to love and respect him. In travelling over Europe I have found that no name was so frequently mentioned in continental clinics as that of Emmet. This was true not only in the larger cities, but even in the smaller university towns. Practical gynæcologists thought no encomium too high to pay to his worth as a man and a surgeon. Personal friends of his, living in the same city with him, know that he well deserves the expression which the French inhabitants of Canada sometimes use with regard to one whom they thoroughly respect—"He is white all through," *Il est blanc partout*. It is not his books—and they are most valuable—nor his many important methods of treatment and operations, which have counted most in Emmet's career. But it is the example of his sterling honesty in his professional life and in the fact that he was never addicted to the doing of anything small or petty. Never did he do an operation for the sake of doing it, nor for the *éclat* or profit which its successful performance might bring to him.

With regard to one operation which has been much vulgarized in recent years, Dr. Emmet once said to me that he would rather a few women should have suffered without alleviation than that so many should have been operated upon without reason and without necessity, and that he would almost prefer not to have been the originator of the operation. In Canada, Dr. Emmet is held in as high estimation as in his native country, and the tribute of respect meted out to him here fairly represents the feeling of the profession across the sea.

INTRODUCTION OF DR. EMMET BY DR. DUDLEY

There is, perhaps, a question as to whether it is good form for one to drink to his own health. Let us, however, propose the health of our beloved leader in such a way that he will have to join us:

When we are seventy-seven, may we mentally, morally, and physically stand as straight as he does now.

I was called on at so late an hour that I made but a few extemporaneous remarks, having but little reference to what I had intended to say, but what I had prepared has been already worked into the narrative of the Incidents.

I was reported to have said [from the *Medical News*, New York, June 3, 1905]:

In his closing address, Dr. Emmet said that an Irish friend of his, who was very old, announced that he expected to see his friends only once more, and that at his funeral. Personally he is very glad that he had the opportunity to see his friends before the funeral. During the week that had passed since he learned of the dinner that was to be given him, he had felt that if he were a woman he would go off into a corner and have a good cry over it. Some of the memories of the past came crowding back, and perhaps there is

nothing that he could tell of more interest than to speak of himself. Since the age of fourteen he has had "to hoe his own row." As a boy he had been a kind of Buster Brown. Many a time he has had his ride through the streets of Charlottesville on a razorback hog."

It would be a repetition to repeat the portion following. In conclusion:

When he came to New York he had \$300 and was glad to make visits in the tenements for twenty-five cents a visit; and was especially rejoiced when the money was paid on the spot. He had been blessed beyond the average, and something of the blessing he had tried to pay for by helping young medical men when he could. At seventy-five he began the study of Irish, and had found it one of the consolations of his later years. To all physicians he would say, "have a hobby and get as much fun out of it as you can." A celebration like this to-night makes him feel forty again, and the best that he could wish to all the friends who had been so kind to him, is that life may flow on as full of sunshine for them to the end of a long, long life, as it had for him.

Dr. Emmet was so much gratified at the remarkable success of the dinner in every respect, that he addressed a letter of thanks to Dr. Coe, as the Chairman of the Dinner Committee, and received the following reply:

MY DEAR FRIEND AND MASTER:

I am deeply touched by your letter, and when I read it I felt that I had been richly repaid for my work in connection with the dinner. It was purely a labor of love and it might have been a larger one and more widely advertised gathering, like the Osler banquet, but I can assure you that every man there came gladly and without urging, while at least one hundred more would have been present if the time of the year had not been unpropitious.

I send a few letters which may be of interest to you. Had I known that the speeches would be so good I would have provided a medical reporter to take down verbatim. I *did* have a reporter, but after drinking his bottle of champagne, he skipped without waiting for the toasts.

Let me assure you of my unchanging affection and respect, and wish you may continue to grow old gracefully for many years to come.

Cordially yours,

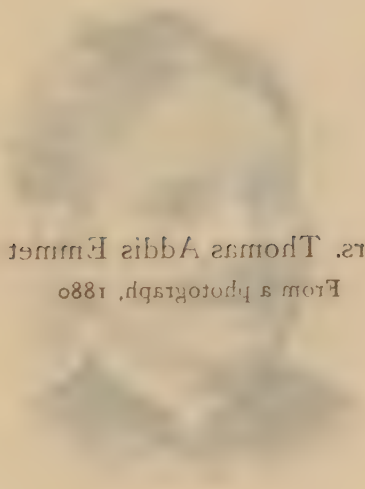
HENRY C. COE.

Shortly after I received another letter from Dr. Coe.

DEAR DOCTOR EMMET:

Through the kindness of several friends who wished to show their affection for you, although they could not be present at the dinner, we came out so far ahead financially that I have ventured to put the surplus into a loving cup.

Mrs. Thomas Abdis Emmet
From a photograph, 1880



They will serve as a constant reminder of the fact that you have that which
no other company age—honor, love, obedience, and troops of friends.

Cordially yours,

H. C. COE.

After I gave at my residence, a dinner to the committee and
when the loving cup was presented.

Inscription on the loving cup:

Presented

to

THOMAS ADDIS EMMET, M.D., LL.D.

In commemoration of a banquet given by his professional
friends on his seventy-seventh birthday—May 29, 1905
in token of their esteem as expressed in the following toasts:

DR. E. C. DUDLEY, of Chicago.
DR. W. M. POLK, of New York.
DR. WM. H. BAKER, of Boston.
DR. S. C. GORDON, of Philadelphia.

Mrs. Thomas Addis Emmet, M.D., LL.D.

From a photograph, 1880

"Dr. Emmet, the Patriot".....DR. F. J. QUINLAN, of New York.

DR. WILLIAM HINGSTON, of Montreal, Canada.

HENRY C. COE, M.D.

GEORGE H. MALLETT, M.D.

LEROY M. BROWN, M.D.

Book: *The Principles of the Art of the Doctor* (dedicated to his father.)



This volume I have illustrated and arranged especially for my grandson, Thomas Addis Emmet, son of Robert. In doing this I wished to leave to him an example of my work of this character, which has been so constant a source of relaxation and pleasure to me during a long and busy life. "Illustrating" has been my chief "hobby," and as an incentive to the acquisition of knowledge it has done much, I think, to refine my life and place it upon a higher plane. As a resource of constant interest, it has occupied fully my leisure moments and has thus saved me from many a temptation.

To few men has the opportunity ever been granted to balance their life account, as I have been able to do, on the testimony presented at this dinner by those who have been in a position to judge of my merits. With the Grace of God and unusual opportunities, I have been able to benefit humanity, and in the judgment of my confrères, I have not passed a useless life. Thanks to God, if this be true.

It is a prayer I express in the wish that, should my grandson reach his seventy-seventh birthday, the incentive of his grandfather's record may have enabled him to make a like claim to faithful use of his opportunities, and in the discharge of his duty.

THOS. ADDIS EMMET.

NEW YORK, October 6, 1906.

Below in Irish text:

GO MBA H-É BAIL Ó DÍÁ AIR

Literally, in English: May God grant him the same opportunity.

If an apology be due to the reader for the space given to an account of this dinner, it must rest on my conviction that this incident was the most important one of my life.

My wife took the greatest interest in everything connected with this dinner, and when the account was printed she had a hearty laugh over the apt application of many of my quotations from Shakespeare.

Shortly after this time came the turning point in her health and her condition became one of constant anxiety to me. She returned to the city after spending the summer in the country somewhat stronger, but it was only temporary. On the 24th of November her summons was a sudden one, and with her spirit to the next world passed out the bright light from my life.

Chapter XXVII

Spent the winter of 1905-06 at Palm Beach—Had to make a great effort to keep myself steadily employed—Made much progress in the study of Irish—Slipped while getting out of a bath tub and was injured—Wrote a paper on the "Battle of Harlem," showing it was not fought in the neighborhood of Columbia College—At Narragansett Pier during the summer of 1906—Had another fall over a trunk—May possibly be getting used to it, as the fall did not cost me my life—Dec. 29, 1906, was invested by His Grace, the Most Rev. Archbishop Farley, with the insignia of a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Gregory the Great, from His Holiness, Pius X—An account of the proceedings—Copies of letters written for the public press relating to Irish affairs—Passed the summer with my son and family in the Scotch Highlands—The altitude above the sea was too great for the condition of my heart—On my return wrote an open letter for the public, showing the great change for the better which had taken place in England during the past generation towards the Irish people, and the needs of that country—The Methodist Bishop, who, when asked, on entering the House of Commons, whom he served, answered: "The Lord Jehovah," was mistaken by the official at the door to be the valet of some Scotch Lord bearing that title—In June, 1908, published an important letter on the Irish situation of affairs—With some home truths for the Irish people themselves—An original plan for gaining Home Rule for Ireland.



SPENT the winter of 1905-06 at Palm Beach, Florida, seeking to keep myself steadily employed with my Gaelic studies and with writing in relation to Irish matters. During the winter, in getting out of my bath, my foot slipped on the smooth bottom of the porcelain tub and I fell, striking my chest, just over the region of the heart, with great force, on the edge of the bath tub and my head against the floor, where I lay for some moments stunned. I had more or less pain for several weeks on taking a long breath, with some irregularity of the heart, yet I gradually got better, but with an intermitting pulse.

During the winter my attention was called to an article published in one of the New York evening papers relating an account of the Battle of Harlem Heights, which was located by the writer of the article as having been on the present grounds of Columbia College. As this subject had been one to which I had given much study, I prepared an article and sent it

to the paper. The manuscript was returned, thanking me, but with the statement that the subject was not desirable for publication! As the same result had happened to me several times before from my efforts to educate the public by giving the truth, I put the article away and forgot it. Some time after, during a visit from Mr. William Abbatt, the editor of the *Magazine of History*, I mentioned the circumstance. He desired to see it and published the article in the September (1906) number of the magazine. The greater portion of this is given in Note X of the Appendix, and will be a subject of interest to many who are interested in historical events in connection with New York.

I spent the summer of 1906 at Narragansett Pier, keeping myself hard at work. Coming from my bath one morning and passing along a dark passageway I stepped aside to let a woman pass, when I fell over a steamer trunk left outside one of the rooms. I fell over the length of the trunk with great force, striking my chest in almost the same place over my heart, and my head against the floor, leaving me unconscious. I was picked up by a nurse, who was looking after some one sick in an adjoining room, and I was heard to express myself, with a sigh, in a manner every Southerner will understand as the result of early association: "The old nigger ain't dead yet." With the instinct of a surgeon, I had run my hand down my leg, knowing if it was broken the probabilities were that I would be in the hands of an undertaker in less than a week. I have no recollection of making the examination or of using the expression, but I have no doubt I did so. "The old nigger" came very near being "knocked out," as it was some time before I recovered from the shock and my heart settled down to its regular work.

Shortly after my return to the city I was notified that I was about to be the recipient of an honor I could never have anticipated, and soon cards of invitation were issued, stating:

The Most Reverend Archbishop of New York
cordially invites you to a
Reception
at the Archiepiscopal Residence
452 Madison Avenue
Thursday, December twentieth, eight-thirty P.M.
in honor of
Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet
who will then be invested by his Grace
with the insignia of the Order of St. Gregory the Great
lately conferred on him
by his Holiness
Pius X.

The Catholic News, New York, Dec. 29, 1906, gave the following report:

On the invitation of the Most Rev. Archbishop Farley about 250 gentlemen including prelates, priests, and laymen, gathered at the Archiepiscopal Residence on Thursday evening, Dec. 20th, to witness the investiture of Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet with the insignia of Knight Commander of St. Gregory the Great, to which honor he had been raised by Pope Pius X.

The ceremony which was most impressive, was performed by the Archbishop assisted by the Right Rev. Bishop Cusack, and Monsignors Mooney, Lavelle, Edwards, McCready, and Kearney. The papal brief¹ was read by the Rev. O. J. McMackin, after which his Grace placed the insignia, a gold octagonal cross, bearing an image of St. Gregory the Great with a ribbon of the papal colors, about Dr. Emmet's neck, his Grace then tapped the recipient of the order three times on the shoulder with a sword and said, "Arise, Sir Knight!" Then followed the reading of prayers to which the entire assembly responded.

The Archbishop, standing on the dais, with the prelates grouped about him, delivered the following brief address:

"SIR KNIGHT AND GENTLEMEN: I shall not detain you many minutes, as there is a gentleman here who is to speak to you and who can speak more eloquently than I. But I cannot permit such an occasion as this to pass without giving expression to my own feelings.

Seldom is it allowed to me to take part in a ceremony, outside of the higher and holier one of my esteemed office, which gives me so much gratification and pleasure as the ceremony which I have taken part in here this evening. I am called upon by his Holiness, Pius X., to invest one of our most distinguished citizens with the insignia of Knight Commander of the Order of St. Gregory the Great.

As you know, the Church in the course of history has instituted different orders of knighthood from time to time as exigencies calling for such orders arose, but it is a long list to mention them all. Some of them, however, are familiar to you, among which may be mentioned the Knights Templars and Knights Hospitalers. These orders of knighthood have passed away because the need that called them forth has disappeared. But they have left behind them on history an indelible mark, and although the Church no longer has these orders of knighthood, our non-Catholic brothers have felt it an honor to take up their names.

Later on the church instituted other orders of a less militant character, and amongst the most honored of these is the Order of St. Gregory the Great, instituted by Gregory XVI., in 1831, in honor of Gregory I., the first of the name, Gregory the Great, who has left his name in the history of the Church and has come down to us after fourteen hundred years as one of the greatest names in the Church's history for his learning and valor.

It may be asked how is it that the Pope can single out the deserving ones from amongst his millions of faithful servants? He is on the watch tower of

¹See Appendix, Note XV.

the Church, overlooking the whole universe. He notes not only the service that is rendered to the Church by ecclesiastics, but also the work of laymen who have claims upon his appreciation. In the brief that has just been read for you, his Holiness recites some of the reasons why he has chosen you, sir, for this distinction. He refers therein to the fact so well known to all your fellow-citizens that you have arisen to eminence in your profession.

I was present a few years ago at a demonstration, unique in the history of the medical profession, given to Dr. Emmet, where some 145 physicians tendered him a dinner on the occasion of his seventy-seventh birthday. A large proportion of the physicians present had formerly disagreed with Dr. Emmet's theories, and the dinner was given as an acknowledgment that he was right and they were wrong. This and such things came to the knowledge of the Holy Father. He also learned that in your passionate love for the truth you did not overlook the claims of the true church, and having found truth you lost not an instant in embracing it, and that, too, at a time when we were not so well represented as we are to-day. To-day we stand well represented amongst the leaders of every profession. In coming into the Catholic Church you brought with you the prestige of a name most honored in history. To-day we stand in the presence of a condition of things that calls forth the profession of faith from the heart of every Catholic in the land. I am compelled to say that you are one of those who would not hesitate at any instant, any moment, to make any sacrifice to show your devotion to the head of the Church, the brave, glorious, suffering, patient Pontiff, Pius X.

Sir, may your years be long yet in the land. May you wear this new honor as you have worn the honors that have already come to you, and may this insignia go down to your posterity with the other marks you hold in the nobility of the name of Emmet."

The Archbishop introduced Dr. James L. Walsh, the Dean of the Medical Faculty at Fordham University, who delivered an eloquent eulogy on the career of Dr. Emmet.

To give what Dr. Walsh so kindly stated would be but to repeat much cited at the birthday dinner; if I found fault it would be; "It out-Herods Herod."

It is but just to place on record the expression of his personal relation:

This is the man whom the Pope has honored with Knight Commandership in the Order of St. Gregory the Great, and there can be no personal doubt of how well deserved the honor has been. We members of the medical profession look up to Emmet as one of the great workers of our progressive science during the nineteenth century. Even more than a physician, however, he deserved to be honored for the noble example of unselfish manhood that his life has been, and all of us who are here assembled may be proud to think that he has been for long years a fellow-member of that Church to which we are all glad to belong.

Incidents of my Life

May he live long to enjoy the honors that have come to him so worthily in his old age, and may we in New York have the privilege of being able to greet Sir Thomas Addis Emmet as one of our most distinguished New Yorkers until the twentieth century shall in its glorious progress have cast into shadow even the brilliant deeds of the nineteenth.

I might here close my life's account as the merchant balances his ledger. I am assured by those who have had the opportunity for judging that I did not hide away the talent intrusted to me, but availed myself of the opportunities given me, and that my life's work was creditably performed. If so, I will receive the only tangible reward, the one to be bestowed hereafter.

The Holy Father, Pope Pius X., whom, I believe to be God's representative on earth in all matters of Faith, has likewise indorsed my efforts. While this indorsement is not a matter of faith, and is but the action of a human being, the office he holds places him in such an exalted position that I cannot doubt it as an assurance I will receive a reward hereafter.

During the winter of 1906 and spring of 1907, I wrote a number of letters and articles for the public press in relation to Irish political matters. They were all for educational purposes, and the following, in relation to the near future, was one of the most important written for the *Irish World* of New York.

DEAR MR. FORD: I was very glad to read Archbishop Ryan's letter and I thank you for sending it to me. I sail early to-morrow. I am going abroad to see my grandchildren. The trip seems to me a great undertaking, but it may not be God's will that I should have the strength of to-day if I delay going.

Now that you have published my letter, written in January last, I feel at liberty to explain more in detail the views I have held for years and am surprised that others have not recognized the same difficulty.

How is it possible for the English Government to grant to Ireland the first step towards Home Rule, without having previously nullified with the consent of Ireland as the other claimed contracting party, the Act of the Union? That Act was to provide a special form of government (which, it is true, was never carried out by England) for that country, and with a purpose admitting of no other form. Therefore, two forms of government could not exist for Ireland at the same time, nor could a substitute have a beginning in action until the obstruction had been removed.

There can be no question as to the existence of a Parliament for the Kingdom of Ireland, although its action had been warped and perverted by force in the interest of a favored section. By force the action of this body was placed in abeyance, but no action of a government—and especially an alien one—could destroy the prerogative of an elective parliament, which has its beginning and must have its ending with the will of the people, and which

by right could be the only limit of its power. The English Government may by force disperse the members and prevent a meeting of the Irish people, but when the force of suppression becomes removed, from any cause, the full powers of Parliament as previously existing are at once in being.

I cannot believe if an honest desire exists to render justice, that any court in England, made familiar with the method and truthful details of bringing about the so-called Union of Ireland and England, could hold on the evidence, that such a Union was legal, honest, or desirable.

The English must be educated as to the necessity for justice and fair play, or the Irish people must be content to wait and to watch their opportunity to right themselves in England's difficulties; and come the opportunity certainly will. On the other hand, if England could appreciate that not only her own gain, but even possibly her own preservation, as a first class power, rests with gaining Ireland as the only available ally, thus securing a lasting peace between the two countries. But there can be no lasting peace until Ireland has a full measure of Home Rule in the management of her own affairs; nor can there ever be a lasting peace between the two countries until the Union has been repealed, and until this has been accomplished there can be no Home Rule in any form. With repeal of the Union there would exist the needed *status quo* from the Irish Parliament. Home Rule would be gained in consequence.

[I would add in addition that if every English member of Parliament was in favor of Home Rule for Ireland, any consent would have to be defined and it would be found impossible with the best intentions, for that body to agree on details. Repeal the Union, and as soon as this has been done, the Irish Parliament will possess the power and right it formerly had to manage its own affairs.]

I send you a copy of a letter in my possession [see Appendix, Note XI] written by James Duane, a member of Congress (1780) from New York during the Revolution and one of the Committee of Secret Intelligence, who here writes a confidential letter to George Clinton, the Governor of New York.

This letter shows that the Parliament of the *Kingdom of Ireland* did possess the power of protection. History shows that this power was considered innate, and was fully acknowledged to be so by George the Third, King of Ireland, and was guaranteed to exist by the action of the English Parliament, in the form of the most binding obligation possible to be formed between two contracting powers. Yet the obligation was carried out by England with as little good faith as she ever observed any other pledge made with a Power too weak to enforce an observance. In violation of her honor she forced the so-called rebellion of 1798 that she might claim the necessity of the Union, and both purposes were accomplished by a degree of brutality and corruption never equalled in history. Now for a repeal of the Union, and Home Rule afterwards.

THOS. ADDIS EMMET.

NEW YORK, June 19, 1907.

I spent three months abroad, and some two months in the Highlands

of Scotland where my son had a place during the shooting season. I soon found the elevation was too great at my age, and with a heart which had been very irregular in its action since I had fallen several years before, I there suffered frequently from attacks of palpitation. I had to take less exercise, feeling that on reaching the level of the sea again I would soon be in my former condition. For a portion of the time every week we had a different house-party, and I enjoyed my association with them in acquiring some knowledge from the English standpoint as to Irish affairs, and I tried to learn if any change had taken place of late years. On my return on the steamer I embodied my experience in an interesting letter to the New York *Irish World*, October 26, 1907. (See Appendix, Note XII.)

I returned on the steamer with an old friend and former patient, living in one of the western cities, who enjoyed a good story and among many others she told me the following: A distinguished Methodist bishop who was very careless about his personal appearance told her, with great enjoyment, the following story against himself. He visited the House of Commons and sent his card in to a member for the purpose of obtaining admission. While walking up and down before the entrance waiting the answer, the assistant doorkeeper getting sight of him and taking him to be a valet waiting for orders, or fearing he might obstruct the way, called out: "Say my man, here! Whom do you serve?" "I serve the great Lord Jehovah," was the answer. As he had never heard of the title before and was not certain if it could be found in the British Peerage, he turned to the grand high functionary seated in state within the door and said: "Who is the Lord Jehovah, anyway?" The answer was: "Oh, he is one of those little one horse Scotch lords and there is no use bothering with him, let his man go on."

I went south early in January, 1908, much enfeebled in body, and on my return from Florida in April I had gained but little. Three weeks at Old Point Comfort, Virginia, was beneficial and I reached home in May very much improved in my general health and digestion. I felt strong enough to go to work, and began to read and annotate a number of books connected with Irish history, which I had recently received and needed in the preparation of the second edition of my work, *Ireland under English Rule*. I had scarcely begun when the occasion occurred for writing the following letter, to influence public opinion among those interested in Irish affairs—and published in the *Irish World*, June 27, 1908:

EDITOR OF THE "IRISH WORLD."

The following is an answer to a gentleman who sent me a letter to read in which was expressed the views of his correspondent on the present status in

Irish affairs. As the contents of the letter were in keeping with much that I have read of late in some of the Irish newspapers, I send my comment:

I thank you for giving me the opportunity of reading the letters addressed to you, and of using an old man's privilege of freely expressing his opinion. I may claim some right to do this. Through my great-grandmother, of County Kerry, the mother of Thos. Addis and Robert Emmet, I received my Irish blood, and my ancestors on both sides were settlers in that part of Ireland from early in the reign of the first James. Moreover, from close study in after-life of the Irish people and their peculiarities, I reached certain conclusions which may not be held as presumptuous if offered as the basis of this letter.

The natural disposition of the Irish people is, as a whole, charming and unlike that of any other nation; but it is often marred by defects rarely presented or associated together in the same individual of other nationalities. The old clan system prevented the development of a true national spirit, but in no country was love of home and the places of birth ever greater than in Ireland. It is only within a century and a half that any semblance of nationality came into being, but the spirit gradually increased and has become more general with the past few years. This was owing to the close association of individuals and the meeting of those from different parts of Ireland in the branches of the different Irish leagues.

But for this absence of nationality among the Irish people, the English domination of Ireland would have ceased centuries ago.

In consequence of this old influence and with less interest in common on account of the Penal Laws, the Irish became to a great extent mistrustful of all who were not in close relation with themselves individually, and had but little confidence in any leader from their own race.

The Irish people have always been easily roused to enthusiasm for any fresh undertaking, and as a rule, as easily discouraged, seeking frequent change from an unwillingness to exercise the patience necessary for accomplishing any result. Thanks be to God that He did not make all Irishmen alike, or even the greater part with the same defects. But unfortunately there has always been in evidence a sufficient number, with these defects, to retard the progress to some extent of every undertaking in Ireland for centuries past. Not infrequently complete failure has been traced to the same influence.

Under these adverse circumstances the impulse to find fault and freely criticise the work and motives of all who take an active part in public affairs, seems irresistible to many. No public man, or body of men acting as leaders, can claim to be above criticism, and an issue should always be made where tangible cause exists. But criticism, calculated to discourage others without reason, and offered simply as evidence of a supposed interest in the cause, is not justifiable. Particularly is this so when the critic is unable to offer a reliable substitute, not calculated to retard progress.

If he who is always calling for a fight, as the only means of relieving Ireland, would quietly shut his mouth and for diversion give the lion's tail the first twist, I am sure no Irishman would offer any objection. Moreover, if he could hold on long enough there need be no fear of his not having a following

and, while twisting others would be left free to act in accord with their judgment.

This plan of procedure should apply to all, and there is room for all to work for Ireland's relief to the full bent, provided the work of the majority be not impeded. All should be left with a free hand unless the exigency arises for expression of opinion, or for more positive action to be directed by the majority. In my own case I meet the issue which would be made by the statement that I give utterance only to such views as I know would meet the approval of the majority of the Irish people, and if my judgment differed from the majority I should be silent.

The simple fault-finder in Irish affairs is wanting in charity, and in reality he serves the English Government to the same extent as though he were under pay to create discord and mistrust among the unthinking portion of the Irish people. The last step necessary to establish Ireland's independence, as a people qualified to govern themselves, will be taken when all are willing to grant to others what they would ask for themselves—patience and a little charity in awaiting results, and particularly not to misjudge.

Until some approximation to such a condition has been reached, the Irish people must be satisfied to remain to some extent in a state of probation as to self-government. I believe that such a change is being rapidly effected. The force exercised by a united people is irresistible, and a valuable lesson is to be learned from the condition which existed in Norway and forced a peaceful separation from Sweden, which would have been impossible if unity had not been produced in Norway by putting aside every personal consideration for the public good.

I began to learn Irish history by tradition before I could read, and I have since endeavored to increase my knowledge by every other means. While I have been a steady reader my information has not been gained from so-called Irish history, of which nothing could be truer than Voltaire's cynical claim that "history did not always lie." In my experience the exceptions have generally proved the rule. It has been with me a life-long effort to train my mind to the study of circumstantial evidence as historic proof, so far as it could be traced as to cause and effect.

From the general destruction of Irish historical material by the English and the mutilation of much which has been preserved, the history of Ireland has never been truthfully written and never can be, I fear, unless the facts be drawn out with the aid of circumstantial evidence, often the most reliable as it is seldom at fault.

I have long reached the conclusion that there was no real failure for many years on the part of the Irish people to advance their cause for self-government. The idea so generally held by those who had not given one thought to the subject is that each special Irish movement, outbreak, or rebellion, had then its beginning. And as no result was in evidence at the end but the punishment of the participants, the whole was judged a failure. This is not true. As well might it be claimed in case of war that it had a beginning with each battle. Every movement made by the people of Ireland during the past one hundred

and fifty years, in the nature of resistance to the power of England, accomplished something and was a step towards the end. Consequently the act of every individual Irishman who ever made an effort to benefit his country rendered essential aid thereby to the completion of that particular step in which he took part. Personally, I have always had a feeling of the greatest respect for every individual who has ever made an effort to serve Ireland with the courage of his convictions, and I have maintained the sentiment without regard to his political views.

The present movement of the Irish people to improve their condition had its beginning in 1783, just after the termination of the Revolutionary War in this country, and since that time to the present there has existed no inertia, nor has the standard ever lacked a bearer. The action of the "Grattan Parliament," composed entirely of Protestants; the efforts of the Presbyterians of the North for religious freedom and Catholic Emancipation; the "Rebellion" of 1798; the "Outbreak" of 1803; Catholic Emancipation; O'Connell's efforts for the repeal of the fraudulent Union; the "Young Ireland" movement in 1848; the efforts of the Fenians; disestablishment of the so-called "Irish Church," "as by law established"; the first Land Act and all subsequent ones; the breaking up of the landlord system; the beginning of the redistribution of the land among the people, with a number of other equally important measures in their way—these were all part of the one general movement for the benefit of the Irish people.

The above-cited record is the result of Irish agitation. With each concession gained and fitted in its place as a properly chiselled and squared stone in a well constructed wall, the whole forms a solid foundation for what is to come hereafter and be based upon it.

Many will accept with doubt the statement that the much abused Fenian movement was the most important of all as to its beneficial results. The most enthusiastic participant in the Fenian organization, who finally accepted the end as a dire failure, could have had no anticipation of what was rendered possible to be gained for the benefit of the Irish people. What has been gained since was due to the practice of their much censured policy in the use of dynamite, as their last means of defence. Mr. Gladstone and others have fully acknowledged this statement to be true. The Irish people in addition have cause to be thankful that, through fear of the consequences, the provocation from coercion will never be offered again in Ireland.

Now, as to the true condition of the people and affairs in Ireland in the past and at the present time, I shall base my statement not on hearsay, but on what I know to be the actual condition from personal observation. My investigation extended over many years to a comparatively recent date, and there has been no evidence of any change since, but for the better. I have reason to believe that between seventy-five and eighty per cent. of the whole population of Ireland are to-day in sympathy with the National party, and the proportion is increasing rapidly, including many former Unionists and, it is claimed, even some Orangemen. I am ignorant as to the exact number enrolled as members of the different branches of the United Irish League, but

those who are not members form an insignificant part. As a whole it is the most numerous and best organized political body ever formed in Ireland. I am convinced no political party in any other country ever reached so near a unit in the desire for the rule of the majority.

I am equally certain no leader in this country within the memory of any one now living ever received so nearly a unanimous endorsement as Mr. Redmond obtained from every national convention which has met in Dublin in late years. It is claimed by some that nothing has been accomplished for Ireland's benefit under the leadership of Mr. Redmond, and in consequence the Irish members of Parliament should resign and leave Ireland unrepresented! The only deduction to be drawn from such an illogical proposition is that, as a prolonged effort of years produced no result, as claimed, a state of inaction would gain the desired effect, Home Rule or any other result as you will, but this expectation is the obtaining of something from nothing! There can be but one judgment as to the partisan from a practical standpoint. Those who hold such views, if honest, are either mentally deficient, or are in such a hopeless state of ignorance and general prejudice as to the true condition, that it is a waste of time to discuss the matter.

There is a homely and trite saying of the people as to the "cutting off the nose to spite the face," and this would be Ireland's position if she remained unrepresented in the Imperial Parliament. The relation of the Irish people with the British Government is not in our day one of sentiment or choice, but one in which the interest of Ireland is to be considered by her people only from the most practical standpoint. It is no favor granted to Ireland by which she would have a representation in the British Parliament, but a RIGHT. It is the only means of defence left her, and it is a potent one in guarding her interests. The Irish members as it were, are so many thorns constantly irritating the "body politic" by sturdy strife, hence nothing would give greater satisfaction to the members of the Government than to have Ireland represented only by their friends the Orangemen. Mr. Redmond is said to be the most expert leader in Parliament, and seldom fails in carrying his point. The Irish members are as a rule speakers, and expert in what is termed "Parliamentary law," which is based more on the ruling of Irish parliaments than on English authority.

On the other hand the average English member is hesitating in stating his case and generally ignorant of the rules to direct his action.

Therefore, the Irish members are generally able to maintain themselves in an advantageous position so long as their rights are respected by the presiding officer.

By the terms of the "Union" which were offered for Ireland's advantage, she was to have been governed by the same laws as the English people.

But this was ignored, as was many another British pledge, and since the "Union" Ireland has been governed either by martial law or by special Parliamentary legislation, so that every measure coming before the body has required close and constant supervision on the part of the national members. Within the space of this communication I cannot go to greater length

than to make the general statement, that there is no interest in Ireland which does not require the protection only to be gained by the closest attention of the national members.

Another complaint, and one coupled with the claimed necessity for absence from Parliament, is the boycotting of England, as if the absence of its members were necessary to induce the Irish people to revive their own industries.

For nearly two hundred years the Irish have neglected their own industries. No less is it to-day, as there is scarcely a first-class shop in Dublin free from signs indicating the English manufactures on sale. This would not be the case if the greater portion of the people did not desire to be seen clothed in English goods from the hat to the shoes, as if in token of their respectability, and with the women this desire seems even more marked. Some one hundred and twenty-five or thirty years ago, the hats, shoes, glassware, books, and many other products of Irish industry were chiefly used in this country and in other portions of the world outside of England and Ireland. It was then a complaint that the Irish people of means preferred the products of England, what we now term shoddy, to a better article produced at home. The poor people, on the contrary, at that time made for their own use almost everything needed for their wearing apparel.

But for the neglect of their own industries by those termed the better class of Ireland, England could never have destroyed the former prosperity of the country. It is time for a large proportion of the Irish people to realize the truth, that seeking sympathy and aid for the condition now existing in the country can accomplish nothing. The industries of Ireland can never be again established until the Irish people themselves create the demand in their own country by making the sacrifice as to some temporary inconvenience.

The Irish people are in the position of the country man in one of the fables of Æsop, who wasted his time in an appeal to Hercules to lift his cart out of the rut, instead of putting his own shoulder to the wheel.

So soon as any attempt is made in Ireland to boycott English goods or revive Irish industries, the necessity will be made the greater for the National members to be in Parliament to protect the interests of their country. Nothing would be easier, if there existed no opposing force, than for the English Government to crush out by special legislation any attempt to oppose her interests by the revival of Irish industries.

The present state of Ireland is indeed deplorable, and the discouragement due to the unnecessary delay on the part of the government in improving the condition is almost unbearable. But, in comparison with the squalid destitution and almost hopeless extent of the suffering which did exist some thirty years or more ago when I first began an investigation, there has been a radical change for the better; a change to an extent scarcely to be realized by any one who has not been a close observer.

It is true that Home Rule has not been gained, but nothing can be shown to prove it was possible to have acquired it by any other available method, nor does the fault-finder venture to make any claim for physical force, the impracticability of which at the present time is proved from the fact it has not

been resorted to by its advocates. Nothing has ever been granted to Ireland by England from any philanthropic motive. No better course seems available than the one now pursued, and until the majority decides on a change the present organization should receive the unquestioned support of every man wishing well to Ireland, and who is able to put aside his own personal jealous individualities for the good of his country.

Constant agitation in keeping the affairs of Ireland ever prominent and in obstruction to English interests has accomplished much, and the continued worry will necessitate the granting of more for the benefit of Ireland. Public opinion in England has to be formed by educating the people into some knowledge of Irish affairs. The dense ignorance which has existed among a large number, if removed, might influence many and develop a friendly spirit to the advantage of Ireland.

It is within range of possibility to convince the most prejudiced that the granting of full self-government to Ireland would be to England's interest, and the boon to be necessary for the future welfare of England, Scotland, and Wales. John Bull is opposed by nature to all change, but he is most sagacious as to his own interest, and in time he will realize the need of Home Rule both for Ireland and Great Britain. I am convinced from my own observation that there is a great change going on in England. There is much less ignorance, with an increased desire to have justice done Ireland. I care not for the incentive if the end is gained, be it from self-interest or from the desire to be relieved of a constant worry which Ireland is now becoming to England.

No one can truthfully deny the fact that the Irish National members of Parliament have accomplished much in educating the English people to the present condition of advance. But time is necessary to remove the prejudices of centuries. He who is not willing to enlist for the war, who is easily discouraged, or who has any doubt as to the final success of the Irish in gaining self-government, had better turn his attention to some other interest and take no part in the political movement.

Fortunately we are not all alike. Irish matters have been of daily interest for me during the past sixty years and each disappointment has but stimulated me, so far as lay within my power, to increased effort. I never was better satisfied than at present as to the progress made, and equally as to the management of both the political and financial affairs of the party. Every man seems to be in the right place and doing his duty. I never was more certain that Ireland must have Home Rule in the near future, since it has become a necessity for England's future prosperity. In addition a repeal of the Union must follow if Ireland is to have the management of her domestic affairs. Total separation from England at the present time is impossible, but with Home Rule and repeal of the Union, it is possible for Ireland to become again most prosperous and in peaceful relation with Great Britain. The future must take care of itself.

THOMAS ADDIS EMMET.

This letter would seem to have been one of the most important I have

ever written to influence public opinion on the Irish question. Among a number of communications I received in relation to it I present the following, the writers of which I know sufficiently well to feel assured they had no desire to flatter, should they have erred in judgment. I believe I possess in old age as little self-conceit as the weakness of human nature will admit, and I print these letters as an individual feature, as part of my history and with no other feeling than one of gratification in having accomplished something, as I hope, for the benefit of a cause which has been identified to such a degree with my life's work.

ST. COLMAN COLLEGE, FERMOY [Ireland],
11th July, 1908.

DEAR DR. EMMET:

I thank you most cordially for the newspaper cutting of your printed letter to the *Irish World*. It is one of the most thoughtful and admirable letters, or rather reviews of the whole Irish agitation, I have ever read. It is an independent, unprejudiced, scholarly, and statesmanlike appreciation of the Irish question through its various phases. It can not but do much good to the National Irish cause. The Irish Party have not been able to accomplish up to the present everything we have a right to get, but it has accomplished very much, and would have done more, if we were free from faction [generally influenced by personal or miserable sectional feeling]. We are, as a people, improving in our sense of the all importance and necessity of National Union. The latest achievement of Parliamentary action is the University Bill, from which much good is expected, if it passes into a law as now approved in Committee.

I have brought home with me a great admiration of all I saw in New York and Boston, and I shall never forget the kindly and generous hospitality extended to us.

Believe me yours most faithfully and thankfully,

✠ ROBERT BROWNE,
Bishop of Cloyne.

The following is from an old friend:

"IRISH WORLD," NEW YORK,
June 24, 1908.

MY DEAR DOCTOR EMMET:

I want to congratulate you very heartily on your admirable letter which you kindly furnished me for publication in this week's *Irish World*. In all honesty I venture to say that it is the ablest and the most practical utterance on the Irish question that I have read in any book or heard from any mouth on either side of the Atlantic. I have had a high appreciation of your ability, for long years back; but your great letter, of this week, raises you, in my judgment, above all the able men on either side of the Atlantic who are devoting their services to the upbuilding of Ireland. In saying this, I would not detract an iota from John Redmond or John Dillon, or any of the noble hearts

Incidents of my Life

who are devoting their lives to the uplifting of Ireland. But I speak to you as I feel and as my judgment and conscience dictate. May God bless you and long preserve you to continue the good work!

I am, my dear Dr. Emmet, sincerely yours,

PATRICK FORD.

In my own judgment the most important portion of this letter relates to the gaining of a satisfactory degree of Home Rule for Ireland by the only method which now seems feasible.

Some years ago while in London, on my returning home, I visited the House of Commons where an important discussion was expected on Irish affairs, and the late departure of the steamer train left me several hours to avail myself of the opportunity. Before the regular order of business for the day was entered upon some member asked that permission might be granted to one of his constituency in Wales, and so far as I could understand the motion, to sink a shaft on his estate to determine the presence of coal. At once some wiseacre was on his feet to enquire if the interest of the Government had been provided for, in case the precious metals were found. He was informed of the impossibility of such an occurrence, and that the law provided for such a contingency. Notwithstanding the explanation, at every turn came up the same enquiry,—“*But in case the precious metals were found, etc., the Government interest must be protected, etc.*” I heard this gone over to an empty house, until I was obliged to leave, and apparently no progress had been made towards gaining the permission.

That such a case was not settled by some local authority and that the business of a great country like England could be brought to a standstill in Parliament for hours, satisfied me, with subsequent investigation, that the whole system and the general management of Imperial affairs needed a radical change. It convinced me that England and Wales stood in need of Home Rule for the management of their local government.

Subsequently, when preparing the first edition of my work, *Ireland under English Rule*, published in 1903, and with the recollection of this case impressed upon me, I wrote at the beginning of Chapter XI of the first volume—“The system which has been developed in the United States of leaving to each State the management of its own domestic affairs is, as a whole and notwithstanding many defects, more conducive to the welfare and happiness of the greater number of people than any other, under which all classes have the right of franchise. With such a form of government and with repeal of the present fraudulent ‘Union’ with England, Ireland would in a few years teem with prosperity and a contented people.” I have frequently given public expression to my

views as to the need of Home Rule for Great Britain as well as for Ireland, in different open letters written by me for public consideration. More recently I have done so in the second edition of *Ireland under English Rule*, in the second volume, page 281, and I there quote from the letter we have just been considering.

Scotland is the only prosperous portion of Great Britain and the condition of Ireland in comparison is deplorable.

Nevertheless a large element of the Scotch people have for a considerable time been demanding Home Rule in the form of a Parliament or legislative body in Scotland to control affairs purely Scotch. And for years there has been a Scotch Home Rule Association in existence, supported by many of the Scotch members of Parliament as well as by many other influential Scotchmen. We may add that Irishmen ought to be in strong sympathy with the Scotch movement for Home Rule, for the reason, if no other, that a great majority of the Scotch members supported Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill, and that ever since the Scotch members have been staunch friends of the Irish party and its policy.

No one who has given the subject the slightest thought or investigation can deny the existing necessity for a most radical change in the methods of the British Government. I have given this subject much thought and it seems the most important defects can be removed by Home Rule for England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, with a *written* constitution as the most important feature, which a Supreme Court shall interpret for the benefit of all and thus insure stability to the system; abolishing hereditary titles, with a radical change in the House of Lords, which may be allowed to retain its name, but the members should be elected by the people, and in other respects with power based somewhat on our United States Senate.

These changes will correct the chief defects of the present system, which have existed as relics of feudal times.

Some modification of the United States form of government has been adopted in all the British provinces, *where self-government has been in operation*, and has therefore been tested from an English standpoint.

A radical change has been going on rapidly in Great Britain, but more particularly in England. The profound veneration which formerly existed for the nobility has disappeared, and that for royalty is to a great extent one of indifference, while the people are becoming more democratic in their views. The conservative element, which is so dominant a feature with the English people, may for a time preserve the form of being ruled by a king, but he will become more and more of a figurehead. Every other change I have forecast as a necessity will be in time brought about in England, and possibly in the near

future, unless the country becomes more prosperous. The number of unemployed persons in England is appalling and rapidly increasing.

England can no longer prosper as a manufacturing country nor by her commerce alone, as she has ceased to be "Mistress of the Sea," for reasons which I cannot enter upon. The unemployed, with a great proportion of the people now crowded in the towns, must in the future look to the cultivation of the soil for their support, and the Government will have to put them back again on the vast tracts of country once thickly populated, but now held by the wealthy for shooting purposes.

England's condition has much in common with that existing in Ireland, but the Government has not yet appreciated for her own welfare that the need for moving the people from the large towns to the country is more urgent than the necessity existing in Ireland, as great as it is, for clearing the congested districts. In one instance, however, the people have become patient and tolerant from the suffering of centuries, and possess an all-abiding faith in God's mercy; while in England, should the Godless masses, who are the denizens of the London slums and the manufacturing towns, ever rise in their might from starvation, the horrors of the French Revolution will be outdone in response to the brutal instincts which these people are supposed to possess by the world at large.

The critical condition of England insures the fullest measure of Home Rule and future prosperity for Ireland.

A plea for Home Rule to be established as a necessity in England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland would be the only course against which the plausible objection of dismemberment of the Empire could no longer be urged. This plan is perfectly feasible and the only one which could be brought into operation without delay, after the English people understand the urgent necessity for its adoption.

I have given this subject much thought and can claim to have originated this solution of the difficulty in gaining Home Rule for Ireland, one perfectly feasible if the English people could be brought to realize the urgent necessity for its adoption.

I have frequently given public expression to these views and in different letters written by me for the consideration of the public. More recently I have done so in the second edition of my work—*Ireland under English Rule* [vol. ii., page 261], where I have reproduced this letter and have advocated a Home Rule legislature for England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, by which England would be chiefly benefited.

The fault finder will doubtless hold that in advocating the plan of Home Rule for each portion of Great Britain, the position of the Irish people will be compromised. This is not true. To a certain extent it

is of advantage to the Irish cause that the people of Great Britain should be educated to realize the principle of Home Rule and the advantages, and thus allay the opposition from ignorance. The Irish know perfectly what they want, and what alone will again make them prosperous, and they will accept no less. Therefore, advocating the principle of Home Rule for all, is not a willingness to accept what may be agreed upon, and as usual from an English standpoint, as a fitting measure in common. Any thought given to this subject can but make it apparent that with the diversity of interests, and with nothing existing in common between the great majority of the Irish people and other sections of Great Britain, it is not possible to formulate any measure of Home Rule which would be equally conducive for the welfare of all. To bring about this needed change in the form of government is no longer one of expediency, as something to be acceptable and in accord from an English standpoint, but, from necessity it must be what is needed for Ireland's future welfare, and Ireland must be the judge. It can not be claimed that anything was left undone from an English standpoint during the past centuries of misrule in Ireland, and certainly no one will hold that the result has been a success. England's future as a first-class power is in the balance; without a prosperous Ireland, and Ireland as a friend and ally, England must inevitably become a second- or third-rate power.

It is possible for England, as the stronger power, yet to delay, notwithstanding Ireland now holds legally the balance of power, and is entitled to receive all she may demand short of dismemberment of the Empire. But in case of such a contingency there will be no outbreak in Ireland from the delay unless coercion be resorted to, as the people feel too certain of their future success. At least eighty per cent. of the Irish people are a unit in their demand for Home Rule, and history records no instance of the ultimate failure of any united people in gaining their purpose.

Chapter XXVIII

Issued the second edition of *Ireland under English Rule*, etc, after giving a year to its revision, and nearly the same length of time getting it through the press—Derived an important advantage in finally obtaining a good index—While writing the first edition, some fifteen years ago, I placed on record that in the near future a conflict would arise on some purely English measure, between the House of Commons and the House of Lords—The action of the House of Lords in throwing out the Budget confirms the prediction—The House of Lords has been but consistent as it has vetoed every bill passed by the House of Commons for the relief of Ireland during the past hundred years—But it did not become a “personal” matter until the interest of England was interfered with—Comment upon the changes of the past seventy-five years in this country, from a life of simple tastes to one of extravagance and waste—The accumulation of gold in the past sixty years—Gold is the only permanent standard of value—We have had an inflation which was not one based on gold, but on something yet to be earned by the gradual development of the country—Inflation has encouraged a taste for speculation and extravagant living, based simply on credit—The cost of the Civil War was met by one third specie and two thirds credit—In a state of prosperity the natural resources of the country are supposed to develop at the rate of ten millions of dollars a day, and the wealth of the country as a whole is supposed to increase at that rate, and long since the indebtedness of the war would have been absorbed if we had not developed the most extravagant government and people on the face of the earth—The expenses of living have naturally increased, stimulated by the existence of a tariff which enriches comparatively a few individuals under the claim of prosperity, while the great majority of the people are becoming impoverished—“Cheap money” is never a sign of prosperity—Money is as much of a product as wheat or any other commodity, and has its market price—A high rate of interest on a gold loan represents prosperity and permanent wealth—Coming conflict between labor and capital—Packing the Supreme Court, to give a factitious value to paper money issued by the United States, together with our tariff, are responsible for the extravagance now existing in every station of life—No country can prosper, and the people pay over twenty-five percent. of income as an indirect tax—We are paying more than double that proportion—Cold storage; under the present system is a menace to both the purse and health of the people—The only remedy for the high price of living is to place all articles of food on the free list, to be imported free of duty or tax—Subject the trusts to the issue and record of a special permit tax, and limit purchasing power of material for storage.



URING the following spring, with the summer spent at Narragansett Pier, and the winter in Florida, I was engaged daily to some extent in getting *Ireland under English Rule* into shape for the second edition and in getting it through the press. More than the equal in contents of either volume was of entirely new material, and the remaining portion so changed or rewritten that it would have been wiser to have issued the whole as a new work. The work makes no claim to being a history of Ireland, as I had neither the historical material at hand nor

the special training for such an undertaking. I could have repeated in my own words the content of so-called history, as all others have done, but I followed an entirely different plan, of far more use for educational purposes, in showing the result of England's misrule, and as of necessity my knowledge was limited, I have used what contemporary writers have placed on record and so far as possible have given the Irish and English version, and tried when it could be done to prove my case on English testimony. I used no quotations at second-hand without having the original text in my possession for verification. The result has been that I thus accumulated a greater amount of valuable information as a book of reference than any other writer has succeeded in doing. Moreover, the work contains as complete an index as was ever issued, since it is believed to be with cross-references an exhaustive one. As all that a writer had placed on record in relation to any given subject is quoted, word for word, the reader has placed within his reach the material contents, winnowed out from what would constitute a larger library relating to Ireland than exists anywhere, in public or private hands. This work has extended over many years, and as I have often had no use for many works I have consulted, after I had verified the quotation, they have been resold when purchased, or returned when borrowed or hired, so that my library contains but a small portion of the works I have consulted. The same course was followed in relation to hundreds of books or pamphlets which were rejected from being of doubtful value, or containing nothing which could be utilized. The mode of arrangement of the material and the full quotations thus render the work both original and unique. Throughout the volumes I placed at the head of each chapter, and elsewhere, a terse extract from some writer to catch the eye, and more likely to be remembered than if simply read and passed over in the text. For instance, showing the necessity for Home Rule, that a people may form a government best suited to their wants, the following would always be remembered:

For a good government a nation forms its institutions as a shell-fish forms its shell, by a sort of slow exudation from *within* which gradually hardens as an external deposit, and must therefore be *fitted to the shape of that which it invests and protects.*

AUBREY DE VERE.

Her [Ireland] virtues are her own—her vices have been forced upon her.

ROBERT HOLMES.

A people without a language of its own is only half a nation.

THOMAS DAVIS.

When Englishmen set to work to wipe the tear out of Ireland's eye, they always buy the pocket-handkerchief at Ireland's expense.

COL. EDWARD SAUNDERSON, M. P.

[While an Orangeman, Col. Saunderson was in sympathy with his native country.]

In a climate soft as a mother's smile, on a soil fruitful as God's love, the peasant mourns.

THOMAS DAVIS.

God made the land, and all His works are good;
Man made the laws, and all they breath'd was blood;
Unhallow'd annals of six hundred years:
A code of blood, a history of tears.

(Unknown author.)

These poor people [the Irish] have been accustomed to as much injustice and oppression from their landlords, the great men, and all those who should have done them right, as any people in that which we call Christendom.

OLIVER CROMWELL, 1649—Morley's *Life of Gladstone*.

Few would be likely to doubt Ireland's just cause of complaint, after seeing Cromwell's endorsement.

When writing this work many years ago and as printed in the first edition, as well as the second, just issued, I predicted the present condition of affairs in England, caused by the recent action of the House of Lords in rejecting the Budget [vol. i., 278—first edition, 1903]:

“As a rule the House of Commons has been indifferent to Ireland's welfare, and whatever action has been taken by that body was directed chiefly to holding Ireland by the throat. Yet at times there were individuals with the forethought of statesmen, who laid aside their British prejudices against the Irish people, and made honest effort in the House of Commons to right the wrongs attending the misgovernment of that unhappy country. Such efforts, having passed the House of Commons, were almost invariably defeated by the action of the House of Lords, as the members of this body have never assented willingly to the passage of any measure relating to Ireland unless it were a Coercion bill or some provision detrimental to the welfare of the country.

“In truth it may be held that the Lords of England for several hundred years past have been responsible directly or indirectly, for the greater part of Ireland's suffering, and have been generally the direct cause of the misgovernment of the country, as the head of the Ministry was generally taken from that body. At one period the House of Lords was a powerful organization, as it represented the wealth, education, and political influence of the country as well as the office-holders, who constituted a class almost entirely composed of their impecunious relatives. But they have long lost the blind reverence of the people, and as constituted at present it would be difficult to conceive of a more useless appendage to the body politic than the English House of Lords.

Collision with House of Lords Predicted 397

The Lords no longer represent more than their own personal interests and those of their kinsmen, the Irish landlords. Moreover, they have long since become blind to the fact that their course of action must surely lead to their own elimination. No one can better recognize the drift of public opinion than a stranger travelling through the country, especially if he judiciously seeks for information from the people about him. This the writer has frequently done, and he is convinced that a great change in public opinion has taken place in England during the past thirty years. Her late Majesty, from living an exemplary private life, held the respect of the people during her lifetime and was succeeded by Edward VII; but for the future no one can do more than offer a conjecture. It is evident, at least, that the great veneration for royalty and nobility that formerly existed does not exist in England to-day. As regards the House of Lords, the indications are clear that sooner or later it will come into serious collision with some action of the House of Commons, *not connected with the interests of Ireland*, when the wish of the people will be quickly asserted. After some revolutionary movement the House of Lords will cease to exist, or will remain as a figurehead without the power of doing harm to itself or the country."

No one living at the present time, save those who have long completed their life's work, can realize the extent of the revolution which has taken place in this country during the past seventy-five years, the period of time my personal remembrance and experience would embrace.

The transition has been from a simple life in the country for the majority and one of general thankfulness and recognition to God for His blessings, to one of general inflation, discontent, unrest, and agnosticism. This change has taken place in the quest of wealth; which always stimulates a desire for more, and for the gratification of artificial wants which far exceed the possibility of attainment. There was formerly, certainly, more contentment and absence of complaint, and at the time when a laboring man in the country could support on fifty cents a day a family which, in time, was always a large one. Twenty-five thousand dollars was a competency, on the interest of which one could then supply every reasonable want for a moderate sized family. I have often questioned if I were better off, when, as a surgeon, I could receive for two hours' work in the performance of some surgical operation, nominally more than my father as a professor in the University of Virginia could earn from his laborious work in a year!

Within the past sixty years the amount of gold accumulated in the world, the only true standard of value, has increased about two thirds, in addition to the amount obtained since the creation of the world.

The value of gold, as the standard, has remained unchanged but the increase in quantity not absorbed in developing the resources of the

country has naturally caused a certain degree of depreciation in the value of other products, while the seeming value of all tokens of credit represents really an inflation.

Certainly the sudden addition of twice the amount of gold previously in circulation could not double the value of a horse, for instance, but his value would thereby be reduced to one half according to a gold standard, while to purchase him would require twice as much or more in the nominal value of any token of credit, so that half the supposed value at least is evidently represented by an inflation.

The great increase of gold in the country would not be sufficient in itself to account for the present condition, if it had been needed for establishing new sources of wealth for the country at large. All the gold which remains unproductive as idle capital inflates the nominal value of all credit tokens not based upon it, the latter thereby losing more than half its earning power, as shown in the reduction of the rate of interest for its use. Hence the gradual increase in the apparent cost of living as the purchasing power is diminished.

With the advent of our fearful Civil War when gold and all securities were held to have increased three hundred per cent. in value, and when the credit of the Government stood at the same figures, there was certainly no increase in wealth, but a depreciation from inflation to $33\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. on the dollar, according to a gold standard based on the credit or purchasing power of the Government securities. The discovery of gold and the great indebtedness incurred by the Government to meet the expenses of the war, are the two sources of the enormous, but factitious increase of wealth in this country. This supposed increase of value I believe to be but an inflation due to the loss of credit, and this has caused the great increased price of labor, stimulated by a prohibitive tariff.

Necessarily, the expenses of living have steadily advanced and have more than doubled within the past ten years. The evil consequences produced by the sudden and great increase of gold, found in different parts of the world, would have been far more serious, at least in this country, had it not been held in check by the rapid increase of population. The increase was caused by the great famine in Ireland, and the forced emigration, from different causes, to this country from all portions of the earth. This emigration, in quest of employment and of support, necessitated a more extended cultivation of the soil, and this has saved for a time the country from bankruptcy and the full evil effects of the tariff, and may continue so long as we are exporters of breadstuffs.

The census of the country for several decades would seem to indicate that the natural increase of wealth, in the development of the country, has been about ten millions of dollars a day, and this increase alone

represents the true wealth of the country, which has been earned as a product of labor, and accumulated over and above our expenses of living.

The Civil War, in my opinion, was fought on an acknowledgment of indebtedness representing one third credit and two thirds "water" (in a financial sense), and I believe, for a fair valuation, the claimed wealth of the country must be reduced to the same standard, taking gold as the basis. This inflation and high price of living will exist from an unnecessarily high tariff, and until the resources of the country have been sufficiently developed to create new values, for paying off our Federal, State, and individual indebtedness, nearly all of which has yet to be earned as we have been living on credit to a great extent. I claim that two thirds of the supposed wealth of the country is fictitious. Money is as much of a commodity as cotton, tobacco, or wheat, and if the country were in a healthy condition of prosperity every dollar of capital could be employed in active development of the resources of the country. Experience has taught that where capital can all be employed in creating new values, the rate of interest would be seven or eight per cent. or higher, as the profit on such enterprises would average sufficient compensation to the operator to justify such rates for its use. The condition of speculation is apparently the same but is not so. Speculation is creating a fictitious value where there is no demand for development. When there exists in amount two or three times more of the "circulating medium" called money than can be actively employed, the fact is indicated by the decrease of rate to be obtained for its use. "Cheap money" is never an indication of prosperity for the people at large but a sure indication of inflation, and is always an incentive for speculation. Under these circumstances the wealth of the country passes into the hands of comparatively a few individuals, the wealthy become richer and the poor more impoverished.

But let us return to a consideration of the general indebtedness of the country, which, as I have stated, unless new sources of wealth be developed, the amount of our indebtedness will ultimately be repudiated to a great extent. Having spent what had yet to be earned, and from inflation, if we pay our debts in full it will be at the rate of two dollars for one at least.

The increment earned by labor and the sale of products we do not need for our own support, as exports are paid for in gold by other countries, represent a tangible increase of wealth. This development of wealth can only be gained from the soil, and by reducing our expenses and extravagances about two thirds below our present average.

We may have already reached a turning-point, since cultivation of the soil can alone permanently maintain the wealth of any people, and at this

time the aggregate of our agricultural products seem to be less. With the most extravagant government in the world for Federal, State, and city; with the most exacting tariff ever devised for increasing the wealth of those already wealthy and for pauperizing the mass of the people; with the greater portion of the people living beyond their means; with the growing dissatisfaction among the laboring classes, to hasten the coming strife between capital and labor, while the purchasing power of the price of labor is rapidly decreasing; and as the people of the country are crowding into the towns for the gratification of newly-acquired tastes, we must become less and less a self-sustaining people, and consequently with anything but an encouraging outlook for the future if our crops fail.

I have seen in my life, and the first instance was one of my earliest recollections, when the credit of this country from inflation suddenly collapsed after the failure of the United States Bank, then chartered by the State of Pennsylvania. It had originally been the bank of the United States administration and for many years was considered to be the equal in standing of either the Bank of England or France, but finally from political motives, the then-existing administration withdrew its deposit and refused to renew the charter which was then obtained from the State of Pennsylvania, without proper protection against speculation with its funds.

For a time there was an absolute loss of value to all property, specie disappeared, and the necessities of life could only be obtained by barter, and potatoes, butter, poultry, and other products became in the country the chief circulating mediums.

With a high tariff and with the great cost of living, our people will rapidly leave the country as soon as the cultivation of the soil fails to furnish a supply sufficient to meet the demand and the emigration will be to Canada, Mexico, and to wherever the expenses of living are found to be less than in this country. Then as a natural sequence, unless new sources of industry be developed, with the decrease of population will come a loss of purchasing power in the supposed value of all property, and the people will be forced, after bankruptcy, to return to simpler tastes and to a simpler mode of living. In short, with a country unequalled in its natural resources, we have been most prodigal in our efforts to destroy the value of our inheritance.

Two great political crimes have been perpetrated in this country, and we will be fortunate if in a hundred years from the present time we have escaped dismemberment, from the little consideration given to the diversity of interest in such a vast extent of country, and where so little thought has been bestowed on any other interest than that of political gain. The first step leading to the present condition is due to packing the

Supreme Court bench, a political measure as I have stated, and in defiance of the Constitution, to declare paper money issued on credit possessed the legal value of specie. So long as our credit was supposed to rest on a specie basis, on the public lands and other tangible property, a healthy check was maintained in limiting the expenses of the Government and in bringing about the necessity for economy to pay off the indebtedness incurred from the Civil War. By giving to paper money, but a token of indebtedness, a fictitious value of specie, we have spent, or are spending, the increment only to be gained by a gradual development of the country and by the labor of generations yet unborn.

Even a more detrimental effect, in checking the development of the country, must result from the present prohibitive tariff, with which we are burdened under the pretext of developing our industries. If the industries of our country are developed by the present tariff, the enormous gain benefits but a few individuals, while this profit is always exacted from the people as an *indirect tax*.

Nothing is more firmly established as a question of political economy than the fact that no people can prosper and pay over twenty-five percent. of their income by indirect taxation. I have no means of obtaining the exact ratio now existing in this country, but I believe it to be much nearer seventy-five than fifty percent. The benefit from a high tariff in developing the industries of a country for the betterment of *the people at large*, is fallacious.

In consequence of a "protective" tariff, the price of quinine to the consumer during the Civil War was at the rate of five dollars and more an ounce. In Mr. Cleveland's administration, the rate was lowered so that the cost was reduced to about seventy cents an ounce, and it has been recently claimed that quinine can be produced at less than fifty cents an ounce and pay a good profit! As an industry, the production of quinine was undoubtedly brought about and established as a most profitable undertaking for the producer, represented by two or three firms of manufacturing chemists who, in consequence, contributed liberally for political purposes. But will any one, not interested in the business, hold that the people at large were benefited by paying ten times the price it would have cost if it had not been "protected"?

The more equally the wealth of a country is distributed, the more prosperous will be the people and the greater will be the increase gained in the permanent wealth of the country, by establishing a greater number of enterprises for the development of its resources when every dollar will be earning its interest. In the handling of capital there is a limit to an individual's earning power for benefiting the State. One hundred men in business with one hundred thousand dollars each, can gain more perma-

nent wealth for the country, and will pay a larger proportion of taxes than one man could possibly accomplish with ten millions at his service. The greater the wealth of an individual the greater the amount of unproductive capital will he hold, from his inability to handle it to advantage and the less taxes will he pay in proportion. The time will come and it may have a beginning in this country, when the amount of wealth to be held by any individual will be limited by taxation, for the benefit of the country at large; and on the same principle as it is claimed all unimproved property should be taxed at a higher rate than that which yields an income and pays a proportionate tax. It is the rich man who does not need the increase who will hold unimproved property at a nominal taxation, until it gains value through the enterprise of others and he, having capital, should be forced to develop a value without delay, that it may pay a tax and thereby lessen the burden borne by others, and who cannot be benefited by the profit gained on the unimproved property of the rich.

As a Democrat, I am on general principles in favor of free trade. But reflection has convinced me unrestricted free trade can only be beneficial for a purely agricultural people. The first wealth of all people must come from cultivation of the land, and the profit gained from exporting the products, over and above that needed for the maintenance of the people, is clear gain paid in gold or its equivalent. With increase of population, and for investment, a need soon exists for the development of some industry, probably to utilize some raw material at hand. Then a protective tariff may be needed, but it should never exceed ten per cent. as an indirect tax. On the other hand, the industries of a country can never benefit the people at large by any tariff when it is necessary to import both bread-stuffs and raw material, and in time general poverty must be the result among the laboring classes.

What I have written may not interest the many, but it cannot be taken as the croaking of an old man, for I have given these and kindred subjects far more thought than many would to any subject so foreign to their relation in life. But all sources of information, subjects for thought, are of interest to me, and the deductions crudely drawn as they are may prove of interest to some of my readers.

The advantages and disadvantages in connection with the system of cold storage have been recently much discussed, and the question at the present time is being legally investigated as to how far the members of the trust have combined, from time to time, for the purpose of increasing the price of food. When the system was first put into operation it was claimed that, by means of it, no scarcity of any article of food could ever occur, and that the direct effect would be to insure moderate prices at all seasons. In this respect it has utterly failed.

I can only speak with authority in regard to my experience as a physician, from a sanitary point, as to the effect of cold storage on all food subjected to the process.

I am satisfied the existence of the cold-storage system adds greatly to the cost of living. The high tariff affords the opportunity for the packers to control for their advantage the price of every article of food passing through their hands, and this is done by causing the supply to be always less than the demand. In the beginning it was claimed cold storage would prove one of the greatest boons for the people, as it would be the means by which the poor could be supplied with many of the luxuries of life at a moderate price in all seasons, and that a scarcity of food could never occur. No safeguard was made, however, to protect the people from the greed and dishonesty of the dealer, while I believe experience will demonstrate that after a very limited period, with the exception of beef, every food-product becomes of little value, from the loss of its nutritive properties, long before it is generally allowed to reach a market, and much of it is then in a condition where its use is detrimental to health.

Having to spend more than the half of every year from home, on account of my health, I have given much thought to the subject of cold-storage food, which, although always of the best quality, had to be the chief reliance at the hotels where I have lived. From my own personal observation I have demonstrated that when I have lived on cold-storage food alone, I have steadily lost weight and was never free from a condition of mild blood poisoning, shown by loss of appetite and strength, with constant irritation of my stomach and bowels. In my judgment as a physician, this food could not furnish the material necessary for repair of tissue in the human body and its use might arrest or retard the growth of a child, and it probably never fails to do so. Only those in robust health escape the deleterious consequences and they probably only for a limited time.

What then must be the result from a sanitary point, with the poor, and those of limited means, who are tempted to purchase the worthless stuff put on the market at a somewhat reduced rate to get rid of it? Others, however, must decide as to when the use of this food becomes detrimental to health. I will simply claim from my own personal experience, that it is worthless for food, as it has lost all its nutritive properties. The time has come when the people should be protected from a system of no benefit to any one but the packers, who thrive as parasites on the body politic.

But little poultry or game comes on the market from cold storage before the bones of the legs and some portion of the breast-bone become

discolored and dark, together with a portion of the flesh in contact. This undoubtedly is evidence of decay, although putridity does not exist. Whenever I have eaten any of this discolored flesh or of that closely connected, through inadvertency or to judge of its effect, I have been made ill, and several times I have suffered seriously.

In accord with my experience the health-giving properties of an egg are so soon destroyed by a reduced temperature that it should never be put in cold storage; and the process of decay and loss of its nutritious properties begins as soon as air can pass through the shell and come in contact with its contents.

If the tip of the tongue be placed against the shell at the broad end of a freshly-laid egg a warm spot can be detected, and on opening the egg there will be found there a small clouded and partially detached portion, and so long as this warm spot can be found it is evidence that the egg is still viable, or has life properties—in other words that it is yet fresh enough to be hatched out as a chicken, and still possesses certain component properties on which its remarkable nutritive qualities depend.

If an egg immediately after being laid could be supported standing on the small end and not subjected after to either extreme of temperature, its vitality could be thus maintained for a longer period than under any other ordinary circumstances. If in addition it could be placed *in vacuo* without injury to the shell, it would be thus possible to preserve the contents unchanged for an indefinite period. The exciting cause of putrefaction comes from a certain condition of the atmosphere, and is not due to the temperature, as in warm climates beef and other articles can be preserved by drying and without impairing the nutritive properties. As crude and imperfect as is the method of putting up canned food, the exclusion of air as far as possible is based on a scientific principle; while by the cold-storage system decay is not arrested unless the article be left frozen solid, and it is yet a question if extreme cold does more than to arrest a concomitant of decay, which is offensive to our senses when putrefaction is taking place.

As soon as any egg becomes chilled through, and at a much more moderate temperature than is used in the cold-storage system, the warm spot I have described disappears, and the yolk settles down from the centre, to rest on the shell. Without being able to state as to the *post* or *propter hoc*, at the same time some change takes place in the properties of the shell so that it becomes pervious, and certain elements of the egg on which its nutritive qualities depend are lost, and air enters in the opposite direction to the interior. On the air coming in contact with the contents the process of deterioration begins, and soon it becomes valueless as an article of food, although it might be claimed to be still “sound.”

It is imperative for the benefit of the public that without delay it be positively determined how long each article can remain in cold storage without destroying its nutritive properties, or becoming a menace to health. Each article should bear a tag showing the time in cold storage, and this should be protected by a heavy penalty and be inseparable until it reaches the consumer. But as the lawyers will doubtless find a man has the right to keep his property in cold storage if he wishes, and there will always be fools enough to purchase, nothing can be done beyond making the effort to inform the purchaser as to the value of the article placed on the market. Yet there exists but one single remedy which will check dishonesty and act automatically as it were, and that is to put all food-products on the free list, as the revenue at present from a protective tariff, probably, does not meet the expenses incurred in the effort to enforce it, and an undesirable industry is supposed to be protected.

At Palm Beach I was charged seventy-five cents a dozen for fresh eggs and finally compromised on sixty cents, where ten cents would have been under other circumstances a clear gain, as the owner of the hens was at no expense. The price was claimed on account of the scarcity of eggs in New York, and yet on the same day I saw it stated in the *Herald* that by accident it had been found thirty-six millions of eggs were held in one single cold-storage plant in Jersey City, and no doubt the price of eggs in Florida, or elsewhere, will be quoted by the New York dealer as an evidence of their scarcity, and the necessarily high price in New York!

The cause of the great increase in the expense of living may be discussed indefinitely without being able to arrive at any conclusion. The one important point is to supply the remedy, as the burden has become a grievous one for the majority of the people. The remedy is simple and the only one which will afford relief, if our rulers have any desire to lay aside party gain for the benefit of the people at large.

Let our Republican Congress place every article of food on the free list and keep it there, and high prices must cease as soon as the articles needed can be brought to market. No combination could keep up high prices except for beef as the increase in price would stimulate the importation from all quarters until the supply would soon exceed the demand. Thus cause and effect would always regulate the price with a continued tendency to lower the cost so long as there existed a supply, and the importer could afford to undersell the market price.

This is so simple a matter and so self-evident in the result that there would be nothing more to be stated if it were possible to regulate the action of the trusts. Possibly their action might be checked by requiring the issue and record of a special permit tax, limiting the purchasing power

as to the quantity to be held in cold storage, as well as to the time when the special article of food in storage must be put on the market or destroyed, before its nutritive properties have been lost. It would be an easy matter for those familiar with the subject to arrange the details, and the only difficulty will rest with enforcing the law. We live in a corrupt age, and the power of the trusts at the present time in this country cannot be realized, and it is impossible for the people to be protected until an honest effort be made to destroy their power. With the concentration throughout the country of the wealth and power in the hands of a comparatively few individuals the lust for greater gain has demoralized the morals of the country. It is a common expression that "money will accomplish anything" and that "every man has his price." Individuals may seem to be honest in private life, but as business men and members of corporations there seems to be no hesitation in corrupting, by bribery or favor, the official or individual to accomplish their purpose. Such a tendency has existed since the creation of man, but every indication seems to prove that this evil is steadily increasing at the present time.

Chapter XXIX

Maynooth College—Letter from the Bishop of Cloyne, Ireland, as to the status of the young men educated there for the priesthood—An important letter—The Act of Union must be repealed before Home Rule could be attained for Ireland—From old age my life is now being narrowed down to a very limited field of usefulness—An account by T. P. O'Connor, M.P., describing a visit to me and my surroundings, on March 16, 1907—He repeated his visit the day before Christmas, 1909, on his way to the steamer, accompanied by Michael J. Ryan, the National President of the United Irish League of America and the National Treasurer, Mr. Fitzpatrick of Boston—All old friends, and the visit was well timed as I was bringing my "Incidents" to a close at the end of the year 1909—My Christmas Day was made all the brighter by the good news they brought me as to Irish affairs—On Christmas I received through the mail a Christmas card, as I had done for over twenty years, from a waif I had assisted as many years before—The reception of that card was the last incident connecting me with my professional work—No one can expect, after receiving in this world every evidence of prosperity, to be equally as fortunate in the next—On closing my work I have compared my remaining existence to a bubble, and with its collapse will end the story of my life.



Y last communication for the benefit of the public was in relation to a letter received from Dr. Browne, Bishop of Cloyne. Having been questioned several times of late in relation to the status of the young men educated at Maynooth for the priesthood, and in regard to their after relation with the Irish people, I wrote to the Bishop for information. His reply will prove of interest, since the subject in question has been misunderstood by many. (See Appendix, Note XIII.)

Self-government for Ireland, which will necessitate a repeal of the odious "Act of Union," is near at hand. In fact, the action of the House of Lords, in their usurpation of power in connection with the "Budget," insures a loss of veto on the acts of the House of Commons, and such action on the part of the Liberal party will be necessary for its own protection and it will prove to Ireland's profit.

There remains but one cloud to obscure the future of the Irish people, the failure to the present time in regaining the use of their native lan-

guage, and the great apathy existing with so many as to the importance of such an acquirement.

The situation is covered by the legend on the seal of the Old Irish Federation of America, of which I was the president during its existence: "Now or Never; Now and Forever." In my opinion the revival of the use of the Irish language at the present time is of greater importance than that of Home Rule. Nothing from the outlook at present can prevent the gaining of Home Rule, in some measure, to Ireland within the near future. But the kind of Home Rule, and as to how long the English Government will allow Ireland to hold it in the future depends entirely on how many of the Irish people acquire a knowledge of their native language in the near future which means unity and nationality.

As England brought about the so-called Union by bribery, so will she at some future day destroy Home Rule in Ireland if it be to her interest and she should have the power to do so. History always repeats itself. Nothing else but a complete revival in the use of the native language by the Irish people can furnish the necessary bond of union and weld all classes and interests into one common nationality; and this alone can furnish the power for resisting English corruption, through pride of country, in the preservation of her welfare. So long as the Irish are an English-speaking people, just so long will all Irish nationality remain inert, for the people at large and Ireland will continue, as she is at present, but a portion of West Britain; just so long will she continue to clothe herself in the shoddy of English manufactories and seek to do so as a token of respectability. So long as English is the spoken language of the country, just so long will all her affairs be conducted by English influence and to England's profit.

Thomas Davis, the poet and patriot of 1848, wrote: "A people without a language of its own is only half a nation." "A nation should guard its language more than its territories; it is a surer barrier and a more important frontier than fortress or river."

I think I have a fair knowledge of the people in believing that while one might yield through want and need to terms of corruption made in English, he would be more likely to have his self-respect roused into resistance of the same if offered in Irish. The love, pride, and reverence held by the Irish people of sixty or seventy years ago for their native language at a time when it was generally spoken, I have never seen shown by any other people and consequently believe its possession would be a safeguard to them. With Home Rule and an Irish Parliament, with its proceedings conducted in English, it would be nothing more than an appendage to the Imperial Parliament. But let the business be conducted entirely in the Irish language as it should be, not for the purpose

of concealment, but as the means of obtaining a dignified bond of union, and this would establish a pride of country which it would be difficult for England to corrupt. So long as English is the language of the country the people must remain in a state of slavery to English interests, and as in the past, open to corruption and bribery.

Would to God that I could by words impress the Irish people with the importance to their future welfare, as I see it, of the position I have attempted to point out. After a lifetime passed by the writer in his efforts to benefit the Irish people, and with year after year passed as if the future was but the embodiment of a hope deferred, he now feels that his occupation will soon be gone, by Ireland gaining what her people have so long striven for.

His advanced age necessitates that contingency under any circumstances in the near future. His life is now narrowed down to a very limited field of usefulness on account of his bodily infirmities, so that he is restricted chiefly to his library and the range of a single story in his residence. But so long as it is God's will to preserve his mental activity, his time will be fully occupied with literary work, which is a great source of enjoyment to him. One day must necessarily be but a counterpart of the preceding one; there can occur nothing in the future but his death which would be of sufficient interest to the reader. As it would be unreasonable to expect him to place on record such an event, he may well leave this duty to some one else, and bring his "Incidents" to a close with the end of the year one thousand nine hundred and nine.

It may be of interest to the reader to have an insight into my surroundings and the limited field of action to which I have become reduced in my old age. I cannot furnish a better sketch than the following from the pen of that brilliant speaker and litterateur, the Hon. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., who has been a friend of many years standing. As I only wish to give the reader this information and show where I shall pass the remaining portion of my life, I shall be excused from the charge of vanity. Mr. O'Connor wrote what at least he believed to be true and with no expectation of it coming to my knowledge, as I did not know that he had written it until over a year after, and then only by accident.

A Visit to Doctor Emmet

By T. P. O'Connor, M. P.

[From the *Irish Packet*, March 16, 1907.]

You all know who Dr. Emmet is. When Robert Emmet had been executed, and after his release from prison, Thomas Addis Emmet sailed for America. There he joined the bar, became one of its leaders, and one of New York's most distinguished and respected citizens, and to-day there stands in St.

Paul's Churchyard, Broadway, in the very heart of the busiest part of New York, his monument, in grateful recollection of his virtues and his services. And to-day his namesake and descendant Thomas Addis Emmet, perpetuates his convictions, his lofty patriotism and his excellent character.

Long before he was known to the world of Irish national struggle, Thomas Addis Emmet had become one of the glories and one of the most glowing lights of the medical profession. He came to New York, as he often told me, from Virginia with three hundred dollars in his pocket—just sixty pounds; and he had to live or die. In a few years he had so far succeeded by sheer force of tremendous intellect that he stood at the very top of his profession; and his inventions and discoveries in the treatment of women's diseases have made him the best known man in the medical world of America, and one of the best known on the continent of Europe as well. He established a great woman's hospital; he was the man whom every woman who was troubled with any malady requiring the surgeon's skill consulted—in short, he became an international and national celebrity.

Throughout it all he was an ardent lover of Ireland. No success in science, no splendor of social position, could make that burning love of Ireland, which he had inherited, lukewarm; and when Parnell and the modern Irish movement came, Thomas Addis Emmet was one of the many eminent citizens of New York who threw themselves into the organization in America. With his tireless pen, with his open purse, with his brilliant position, by his regular attendance at every gathering—not merely the great public meetings, but the unseen, uncelebrated private committee meetings,—he gave an example to every man with Irish blood in his veins of enthusiasm, faith, and sacred sense of duty. His name alone, apart from anything, was a tower of strength to the movement; but he was not satisfied without giving his precious time and energies as well.

Then came division and dissension; and this man, already getting old, after a life of incessant toil for more than a half-century, abandoned his home, his great practice, and came over to Ireland to see if by his personal intervention he could do anything to bring back Ireland to unity and to strength. He failed; the hideous malady had not run its course, and he went back sadly; and before he went he met with an accident¹ which permanently lamed him. He never complains, but it is a mark of the great sacrifice he was always ready to make for Ireland.

This is the man at whose house in Madison Avenue I spent my first evening in New York seventeen years ago; and he it was that made me realize what a gigantic movement we had in America. I had not seen him for years; and during my last trip to America (1907) every hour had been so filled that I could not get to him. At length it came to my last night in New York; and though I was really very fatigued, I felt that I could not leave America without paying my respects to this splendid servant of the Irish cause. So I went to his house in Madison Avenue.

I found him in his study, with the leg lamed in Ireland supported on a

¹ It will be seen elsewhere that his accident occurred during a previous visit, but the condition was very much irritated by the extra exertion necessary.

chair. There he was, surrounded by his books, his papers, his pictures, a somewhat lonely old man, for his beautiful and charming wife, one of the most distinguished looking and beautiful mannered ladies I ever met in my life, has passed away, and his children are married or living in Europe. But the spirit of the old man, now nearly eighty, burns with undiminished flame. Not a word of complaint, of wail, even of depression.

"And how is your mind?" I said.

"As clear and as active as ever," he replied. "I write eight hours a day."

And then he showed me some of his work. He is as marvellous for the versatility as for the depth of his powers. He is one of the greatest authorities on early American history. He knows every nook and cranny of the history of Ireland; he has read all the good literature of the world. He would probably have been a great man of letters if he had not been a great man of science. Never have I met a man whose mind appeared to me so direct, so full of prompt grasp, so ready. He showed me a book containing the account of a banquet which had been given him. It was not an Irish banquet, though there were plenty of Irishmen there; it was a banquet of the representatives of all classes and creeds of the medical profession and given in New York; and it was one long eulogy of him, as doctor, as historian, as patriot—above all, as a man, with nature's nobility marked on every gift of mind and character.

And seated in that somewhat dimly lit and small room, amid those books, the silence of the room in strange contrast to that tumultuous and thunderous life of New York streets outside, I felt as if I were in the presence of some mediæval figure long since counted among the blessed. For this old man still joyous and vigorous in the work of regenerating and freeing Ireland, cheerful, self-forgetting, devoted, made all around him holy ground. And I in my heart worshipped and prayed at the shrine of our cause, which can produce such noble figures and such lovely lives. I told him that I would tell our people at home of this interview with him. He gave his modest and deprecating laugh; but I had to tell it for his sake, and still more for theirs.

I had fully completed my task, as I thought, with Mr. O'Connor's description, and had been congratulated, or at least I had congratulated myself, which meant more coming from myself, and I was going to write that I never expected to see the manuscript again until it was in print, when I had a pleasant surprise.

"It was the night before Christmas," or at least a few hours before Christmas, when I received an unexpected visit from three gentlemen for whom I have a great regard—T. P. O'Connor, M.P., Michael J. Ryan, and T. B. Fitzpatrick.

Mr. O'Connor was on his way to the steamer, to sail early next morning, after having made a most successful tour through the country in the interest of the National cause of Ireland. He found me not an inch out of the way from the position where he had left me nearly three

years before, and with every detail in my surroundings unchanged, and if he should attempt to write another account of his last visit, he would have to copy what he had already written.

Mr. Ryan is the efficient National President of the United Irish League of America, and Mr. Fitzpatrick the National Treasurer, and our old friend who stuck by the Federation. The visit of these gentlemen gave a brightness to my Christmas which was unexpected, and all the more welcome from Mr. O'Connor's assurance as to the promising outlook for the future of Ireland.

Then came a pleasing surprise on Christmas morning, which necessitates the telling of the story as the last incident connecting me with my professional life.

Two days before the Christmas of 1869, a young woman, about twenty-three years of age, came into my office, with what I supposed from her appearance to be a large abdominal tumor, and I left her until the last, thinking the case would require a longer time than usual.

I found she was near the time for her accouchement and said, "Why did you come to me, as I never attend such cases?"

Her answer was that she was engaged, but not married; that she had left home several weeks before to obtain treatment for a supposed tumor, in hopes that she might be cared for in a large city without disgrace, which would break the heart of her father and mother. She had not seen any physician, but on inquiring had failed in finding any place where she thought she ought to go, and having spent all her money, she had been turned out of doors from the boarding-house where she had been stopping. After walking several hours without object, she happened to stop in front of my door to rest, and seeing my sign, which was weather-worn, she had come in to ask what she should do, expecting to find me an old man. It was evident she was truthful and worthy of all I could do for her, and as any other reputable member of the profession would have done under the circumstances, I set about helping her. I walked around with her to a moderate-priced boarding-house in Fourth Avenue, between Twenty-eighth and Twenty-ninth streets, kept by a woman I knew would be kind to her. She had a bundle of clothing with her, and needing only rest and food I left her, directing the woman keeping the house to see that she was provided with what might be needed for the child. On my return from church on Christmas Day I was told an urgent message had come for me a short time before, which I answered and was in time to aid her. She retained her room for three or four weeks until she fully recovered her strength, and had the happiness of looking after her baby. I then took her down to see Sister Irene, who a short time before had opened a Maternity Hospital and Orphan Asylum on the

corner of Washington Square and University Place, with apparently nothing but her prayers to establish her purpose. This was the origin of the present prosperous Catholic Foundling Asylum between Sixty-seventh and Sixty-eighth streets and near Third Avenue. I found the baby could be cared for at a moderate cost by Sister Irene, and the child was left there. I then wrote a letter very much to the point, and addressed to the young man to whom she was engaged, pointing out the necessity that the marriage ceremony should be performed immediately. I advised that he should seek employment at some distance from his present home, so that they could take the child with them and that after two or three years it could be taken back to see the grandparents, as if it were an unusually large child for its age. Moreover, the marriage could now be urged with the parents, as she had gotten rid of the tumor and should accompany him. She needed about eight dollars to get home. I gave her ten, and bade her good-bye. About two weeks after, a letter was left at my house, telling me she was married and they were on their way to where they were to begin life, and at some distance, as I had advised, from her old home. She thanked me with great expressions of gratitude for what I had done for her, and particularly that I had made no attempt to find out who she was.

They had been to Sister Irene and got the baby, which was in splendid condition, everything had been paid for and she enclosed the money in full for every cent I had expended for her.

Every Christmas after I received a letter containing a little curl of hair, or a small bow of ribbon which the child had used, and finally came a Christmas card regularly every year, all mailed in New York. This occurred every year since the Christmas of 1870, until 1908, when, from the omission, I supposed she had died. But last Christmas, 1909, while I was writing and bringing this work to a close, a letter mailed in New York as usual was handed to me by one of my servants, containing a Christmas card, with the direction written in the same hand with which I had become familiar during the past thirty-nine years.

There is but little difference in the experience of every practitioner of medicine, as all have had such cases coming under their care, and I can state I have never known an instance of a physician refusing aid to the unfortunate of this class; however disreputable he might be otherwise, he has honored his calling by protecting the friendless.

This case is to me one of special interest as the only instance I have ever known where the recipient has shown her gratitude during so long a period. And in closing an account of my Reminiscences, the reception of that Christmas card was, as I have stated, the last incident connecting me with my professional and life-work.

About 1890, I attended St. Stephen's Church one Sunday, at the ten o'clock service, which hour had been for years my usual one, as being the most convenient for a busy man. Through that influence, the nature of which no one understands, but one I have several times experienced, I became conscious that I was being steadily gazed at by some one to the side of the church and a little behind me. On turning my head, I caught the eye of a woman past middle life, some fifty feet from me, and with whose face I was familiar, but I could not recognize her. Turning suddenly, I caught her eye again fixed upon me; soon I saw her with her eyes closed in deep devotion and from the nature of her devotion and mode of blessing herself, it was evident she was a devout Catholic. When I looked back again, she had disappeared and had probably changed her seat, as the service was not finished and evidently did so that I should not see her again. I was curious to know who she was and on my way home it suddenly occurred to me that she was the waif I had helped some twenty years before.

What brought her into the Catholic Church I have no idea, for she was not a member when I knew her. She was so grateful for Sister Irene's care of her baby that possibly her appreciation of the service may have been the moving spirit.

I am reluctant to write the last words in closing my work, where the act is *de facto* at the close of my life. As it must be done, these last words cannot be given in better relation than in some reference to old age, that it may brighten the prospects of those who have not yet reached that stage of life.

Old age is generally made up of sorrow and unhappiness, and yet it rests with the individual to make it the brightest and most blissful portion of one's life. The thoughtless would deem themselves most fortunate to be left in full enjoyment of uninterrupted prosperity to the last. But sad indeed must the future be throughout all eternity for the individual whose faith had not been tested, while passing through a life of sunshine on earth as a butterfly; one whom God left to prosper by his own efforts and seemed to have forgotten! With the enjoyment of everything during life on earth, could more in justice be asked for in the next world?

Nothing purifies the soul so much as the practice of self-denial in the proper spirit, or to suffer from sorrow or adversity, if accepted cheerfully and without repine as a test asked of our faith, based upon the justice and love of God. Flippant criticism would pronounce such views as being those of a fanatic, but with as little knowledge of the truth as whenever judgment is passed on any subject neither understood nor the incentive appreciated. Fanaticism is the acceptance of a belief at

all hazard, with no assurance as to the truth or authority. Nothing can be purer than purity itself nor truer than truth, so that a true and pure love of God can never be associated with fanaticism.

So soon as we are able to accept the burden of old age, as an evidence of God's mercy in thus affording us the time and opportunity for showing our faith and love by accepting cheerfully our lot and without question, will we have begun our preparation for eternal life.

There are many who regard themselves as unfortunate if they are not the recipient of good fortune at every turn. A moment's reflection should satisfy any one that at best we are as individuals only entitled to receive our due, yet, if this was general, how few in the world would be prosperous? No one can expect from merit to possess everything desirable in this world, and to receive in addition a full measure in the next.

Old age is transient, and the period is at best of short duration, but as I have stated it lies entirely with the individual whether it be one of happiness, or one of discontent.

My whole life seems from the earliest childhood to have been redundant with the blessings of God, and my constant prayer of late years has been that I might prove myself worthy. My happy old age has given me some assurance that my prayers may be answered. My life is slowly passing away in the brightest sunshine, thanks be to God, and I have not a wish for more, unless it be for the benefit of some one else.

Some one has written,—Victor Hugo, I think,—that seventy years was the old age of youth and eighty was the youth of old age. I have found this to be the case. At seventy years of age almost every one is still hampered with the responsibilities of our past life and there is always a degree of anxiety in the uncertainty of the future, as to the disposition before the close of our lives. At eighty by common consent we will have become free, so far as possible while yet of this world, and new obligations are no longer pressed upon us. We have reached a period of rest for both body and mind, and time is gained for meditation on the past and to give due thought to the mercy of Almighty God for the opportunity thus afforded us. We find the outlook has become entirely changed as we pass our eightieth year and it becomes clear to us that we are to toil no more, having reached the summit. The declining course before us is straight, which we can follow with ease and in happy expectation to the end, if we have learned to appreciate God's mercy and to be thankful.

To indicate my insignificant existence in connection with the affairs of the world, with yet form and being, my life is now as fragile as a

bubble, floating on the surface unbroken by a ripple and passing with the current down the great stream of Life and near its mouth, where it is soon to discharge its contents into the boundless ocean of Eternity. "Here ends the story of my life"—so far as I can give it.

"And happy were I in my timely death."

Measure for Measure.

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Note I

See page 283

[Circular issued by Dr. Emmet when appointed President of the National Federation of America.]

NEW YORK, June 9, 1891.

TO THE FRIENDS IN AMERICA OF HOME RULE FOR IRELAND:

From all in sympathy with the sufferings of the Irish people, due to centuries of misgovernment, and all who advocate Home Rule as the only remedy to better their condition, we ask co-operation and assistance to bring about a consummation.

Deep has been the disappointment suffered by one generation after another. Each in turn has passed away, with hope deferred, to join the majority, yet with prayers ever raised on high that the sunburst of light and happiness might yet in the near future dawn on their beloved land.

How often have they been betrayed! In our generation the Irish people have suffered and almost lost their cause when success seemed within easy grasp. For months past every effort has been paralyzed through the acts of one man, most trusted of all, who sinned and fell by his own hand. He thus betrayed the welfare of his country, so blindly entrusted to his guidance, and dragged the chaste name of Ireland into the gutter with his own sullied reputation.

The necessity for assisting the starving and evicted tenants of Ireland was deeply appreciated in this country, and a noble effort was made to effect the purpose. Mr. Parnell was fully pledged to carry out this object, but he has betrayed his trust by his duplicity, his equivocation and his utter disingenuousness. His continuous selfish subordination of the welfare of the Irish peasantry to his own personal ends, in the matter of Home Rule, is no less conspicuous.

Mr. Parnell stands to-day responsible for the present sufferings of the evicted tenants of Ireland, so far as they might have been mitigated by the use of the Paris fund, in the application of which he has refused to act with the other custodian. This fund consists of over two hundred thousand dollars, the greater portion of which was raised in this country. This he now holds, as he does his political position, by false pretenses and to forward his own personal ends. The people of this country are too sharp-witted not to fully

appreciate his purpose, and the fact that he did not dare carry out his own proposition when the opportunity was given him, to meet his constituents at the polls, has shown to the American mind how fully he himself realizes his desperate fortunes.

He is yet claimed as a leader by a small portion of the Irish people. We raise no issue with them nor doubt their honesty, but we impugn their judgment. They will soon penetrate the glamour associated with the past service of an overrated leader.

Those who have worked and hoped for Home Rule in Ireland are not divided into two parties,—there exists but one party and a faction. Mr. Parnell was the first to advocate that the majority should rule, and the first to disregard the fact. The opinion held by the large majority of thinking men in this country, if expressed, would be to the effect that Mr. Parnell is now politically dead and can never be resuscitated to hold a position of trust.

When the cause was betrayed and there arose at first some difference of opinion as to the culpability of the act, Irish-Americans were unwilling to interfere and wished the difference settled by the Irish people themselves. We at a distance were better able to judge of the merits of the case, but our feeling of delicacy has been grossly misrepresented by the minority. Notwithstanding their representatives have canvassed this country for months past, in quest of aid and support, and to so little purpose, it is absurdly claimed by them that the people of America are in sympathy with their leader. Our silence and inaction can therefore do good no longer, but on the contrary, are freely used to the detriment of the cause we advocate. The time has now assuredly arrived for us to pronounce our denunciation on the one hand, and on the other, our fullest sympathy with those who represent the true interest of Ireland.

The future guidance of Irish affairs, in the bringing about of Home Rule, must be trusted only to the majority of those elected to represent Ireland in the British Parliament.

The members of the National party are not partisans of Mr. McCarthy, nor of any other leader, for with them the interest of the country is greater than that of any man.

Were Ireland a unit, her proportion of representation in Parliament is too small to gain Home Rule unaided and this can alone be obtained by assistance from one or the other of the two great parties in England. A large portion of the English people has at length recognized the justice of the Irish claims for self-government. Under the guidance of Mr. Gladstone the Liberal party stands pledged to the support of Home Rule for Ireland, and no true man has cause to doubt his intent or honesty of purpose.

Parliament may be dissolved this year, but certainly next year by limitation and the present party in office must appeal to the people. A desperate struggle will be made by the Tory party, with the aid of money, influence, and every other means, to gain a new lease of power, which, if successful, would neutralize every effort of the past twelve years to advance the cause of Home Rule.

The friends of Ireland cannot stand by inactive and expect the Liberal party of England to bear the brunt, nor more than their just proportion of the burden. Money is needed and needed quickly, and at no time has an appeal been presented to the American people for the support of a cause more in accord with their appreciation and love of self-government.

Few realize how much the Irish race aided during the Revolution in gaining the special form of government which we now prize so highly. Several of those who signed the Declaration of Independence were of Irish birth and others were of Irish parentage. Many of Washington's most trusted officers were Irishmen, and the sons of Erin in the Colonies were almost to a man found in the American ranks. Of those who were members of the Continental Congress and who formulated the unique system of Federal and State Government under which we have so prospered, a large proportion, especially in the Northern States, were natives of Ireland.

We can, then, justly ask for the people of Ireland that they obtain the right of self-government in the direct management of her domestic affairs—which experience has shown us to be most conducive to advancing the prosperity of mankind. And when the Scotch, the Welsh, and the English people themselves realize the necessity for such a boon we trust it may be granted them.¹

The National Federation of America is similar in organization to the one existing in Ireland and is for the same purpose. In addition to the officers, it will consist of a Central Board of Trustees for the purpose of controlling and transmitting the funds to the properly constituted authorities of the National party in Ireland. The funds will consist of donations and yearly subscriptions made by individuals and by the members of the local branches of the Federation and affiliated organizations, which will be organized throughout the country, and will be collected and forwarded to Mr. Eugene Kelly, of New York, the treasurer of the organization. The Board of Trustees will at an early day issue in a printed form the Constitution and an account in detail of the organization.

THOS. ADDIS EMMET, M.D.,
President of the National Federation of America.

Note II

See page 284

[Letter written by Dr. Emmet to the *N. Y. Freeman's Journal* on Irish affairs.]

EDITOR *Freeman's Journal*:

I have been abroad this summer to study the Irish question and that I might direct the movements of the Federation in this country accordingly.

The man is blind or will not see nor hear, who will still hold that Mr. Parnell can further serve the cause of Ireland. His selfish course has fully

¹ Probably the first advocacy for "Home Rule" all round.

cancelled his former good work. He is politically dead and only capable of corrupting those about him. He has still a small following; such as any man may have among the unthinking and hero-worshipping portion of the people. But the best part of the law-abiding and God-serving among the Irish people would more cheerfully assent to a continuance of Balfour's rule than to have any further connection with Parnell and his self-aggrandizing policy. One great *good will* spring from what we have suffered, that in the future there will be no chance for hero-worshipping, as the leadership of Irish affairs I think will not rest with any one man.

The necessity for such a course I labored to present in the strongest terms while abroad, and I think it will bear good fruit. The leaders of the National Federation of America certainly have no intent to serve Mr. McCarthy, or any other leader, but will work in the interest of the Irish National party, and this fact is well known abroad. The National League of this country is also dead to all intents and purposes, having outlived its usefulness. But we do not wish to supplant it, nor any other organization. It was simply necessary for the National cause that a new organization should exist—hence the Federation of America, into which I hope in time every Irishman in the land will become enrolled. During the past six months we have been at work, and in the near future I think the good fruit will be apparent to all, as the organization is now being effected throughout the country.

Very truly yours,

THOS. ADDIS EMMET.

September 27, 1891.

Note III

See page 292

[Dr. Emmet replies to Salisbury. The latter's attack on Irish-Americans exposed in its true venom.]

[From the *Sun*, Sunday, May 13, 1894.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE *Sun*.

SIR:

In the issue of your paper on Friday, May 4th last, a synopsis is given of Lord Salisbury's speech delivered the day before in Trowbridge, England, and with the headline, "The Tory Statesman's Comments on Irish-Americans."

I have allowed several days to pass with the hope that some "Irish-American," better fitted for the purpose, would answer these statements. As no one has undertaken to do so, I feel, from my position in connection with Irish affairs in this country, and consequently in closer relations with the Irish leaders than any one else, that it is my duty not to let these charges pass unchallenged.

This is an old trick of Lord Salisbury in the exhibit of special pleading, a want of fairness and even of truth when dealing with men and measures with

which he may differ. So far as regards himself I consider that the truth in relation to Irish affairs, however clearly shown, would be of little value, because with its acceptance his political importance and that of his confrères would be lost.

As President of the Irish National Federation of America I have had the means of knowing full well the views generally held by the people of Irish birth and descent in this country, and this to an extent which could not be appreciated by any one not familiar with the organization.

My belief is that the Irish people as a whole can be fully conciliated, and, in our day, may prosper and live in unity as part of the British Empire. The only difficulty as regards any portion of the Irish people would be from a small class of men who have been goaded to desperation by an overwhelming sense of England's injustice to Ireland in the past and who are in utter despair of ever receiving any reasonable consideration of their just claims from Englishmen. These men have not yet had the opportunity of realizing that the England of the future may be governed by new men and by men of fair and liberal ideas. In the past the acts of just such men as Lord Salisbury have driven the Irish people to deeds of desperation and, in our day, to place no trust in England's promises. But to gain the end of which I am most hopeful it is necessary that the English Government should recognize the urgent necessity for granting, within the near future, to the Irish people the management of their own affairs, with a fair representation in an imperial parliament.

It is only natural that many years must elapse, even under the most favorable circumstances, before the memory of the past five or six hundred years of English misrule in Ireland can be obliterated. Time alone can soften the impression made by the knowledge of the fact that scarcely ten years at any time has passed in all these centuries without the Irish people finding themselves compelled to rise up in arms against some still more tyrannical act passed for their greater oppression or humiliation. The countless number of lives which were thus lost, the number which were expatriated, and the incalculable misery entailed made as little impression on the English people as the broad sweep of the Atlantic was able to change, during the same period, the stony cliffs on the west coast of this afflicted country.

Yet with all this experience of the past and with a surprising common-sense view of the present situation, the Irish people are willing to-day, it is believed, to accept in good faith from the British Government the Home Rule bill as passed by the House of Commons. It will be received by the thinking portion of the Irish race as the only and as the last means existing for preserving their nationality, the Irish language, literature, and traditions. Every sensible man will concede that it is the wildest species of speculation to legislate for a condition which may never arise; the future must take care of itself. I state without fear of being challenged that it will rest on the good faith of the English people toward their neighbors in Ireland whether the future between them will be one of weakness and brute force, as in the past, or exist as a bond of strength in mutual interest and good feeling.

There has been no interference on the part of the people of this country, nor

any wish to dictate in the slightest degree to those abroad, who have had charge of Irish affairs. Not a single suggestion even has been made, to my knowledge, beyond pointing out the absolute necessity for insuring success to the efforts of the Federation, that the leaders should be united, and that the will of the majority should govern. As an organization the members of the Federation have acted strictly as Americans with Irish sympathies, and have worked with the majority of the National party, through its members in Parliament, to collect funds for meeting, as far as possible, the expenses in the cause of Home Rule. But the terms and the mode of passing the measure have been left throughout, without question, to the Irish leaders. The assertion made by Lord Salisbury that the Irish political leaders in this country are likely to interfere hereafter and help to govern Ireland in the future is absolutely absurd and without the slightest foundation even for the suspicion. It is our business to collect money and it is natural, therefore, that we should form our judgments from that standpoint. In all truth, then, I make the statement that if the amount of money contributed to the cause of Home Rule by any individual political leader is to be accepted as an indication of the interest taken in Irish affairs there will be no cause to fear a single Irish-American politician in this country.

According to my observation, also, the accumulation of wealth among those who become the most prosperous, and the seeking for the advantages to be gained by it subsequently, reduces their interest in Irish affairs to a nullity. Without a single exception, in my experience, it has proved to have been the case that the more an Irish leader, Democrat or Republican, has become identified with American politics the less interest has he seemed to show in those of his native land. So that the danger is not great to "our Ulster brethren" of being "given to slavery in order to please the triangle in Chicago or Tammany bosses in New York."

What an effort the conception of this fear must have been even for the imaginative and fertile brain of Lord Salisbury!

The fact is that interest in Irish affairs has been kept alive in this country chiefly by the laboring men, the tradespeople, and by the members of the different learned professions, and in only two or three instances have the leaders come from any other calling; and the rule has been, almost without exception, that the means of all have been more or less limited. Certainly these men are not fitted, as Lord Salisbury claims, to unsettle British commerce. Nor is it true, as he charges, "they would command all your trade routes and menace all your ports."

It would be well that England should realize the fact that a great moral influence has been temporarily exerted by the men in this country who have favored the Home Rule measure, and she should apply this for her own good and use the opportunity to render restitution for the past. The friends whom Lord Salisbury claims to have in this country have been as indifferent to Irish matters as if they were in England and members of the Tory party, where they belong, and they need no "conciliation" in their hatred for the Irish people which they hold in common with him. But public opinion in favor of Home

Rule has kept the peace and has held in check throughout this country the restless, the impulsive and almost irresponsible spirits who have felt as unpromising in mood to this influence as toward the British Government itself. Yet the check has been irresistible, and the knowledge of the existence of this condition in America has done more to keep the peace for some years past in Ireland than all the troops and constabulary forces Great Britain could command. It yet remains to be seen if the majority of the English people will grasp the opportunity, for on this turn may rest even the future existence of both England and Ireland.

If we can judge from the history of the past, and we have no right to base a supposition as to the future on any other ground, the fear expressed by Lord Salisbury of religious intolerance by the Catholic majority is equally absurd and is scarcely worthy of consideration. Not a single authentic instance of intolerance on the part of the Catholics of Ireland during the past two hundred years can be cited, while it can be easily shown that all the religious disturbance during this period has directly or indirectly emanated from the Orangemen. This order was first formed with a spirit of intolerance as the essence of its organization, and without it this body would have long since ceased to exist as a disturbing element in the country. In the south and west, or Catholic portions of Ireland, where in population the proportion has been frequently more than four to one, there has been no trouble. The Catholics have been even more than tolerant, have fully trusted their Protestant neighbors with the management of their private affairs and have universally placed more of them in office by their votes than they have those of their own belief. In so-called "Protestant Ulster," where, in truth, the Catholics form nearly half the population, and are equally as prosperous under the same advantages, I would ask if a single instance can be given of a practical Catholic, however well fitted, having been elected to an office of trust by an Orange constituency? I use the term "Protestant" simply as used abroad in contradistinction to "Catholic." But I deem it as a great injustice to class the majority of the people termed Protestants with the Orangemen. Those familiar with the past history of Ireland know that the greater portion of her leaders have not been Catholics, and many of the truest and best friends to the interests of the country at large have not been identified with that faith. The only enemies to Ireland's future peace and prosperity are the Orangemen, whose sole purpose in existence is to breed discord under the cloak of religion; with these the mass of the Protestants of Ireland have no more in common than have the Catholics. I do not believe that any charitable and fair-minded man in Ireland, or out of it, has the slightest fear that the Catholics in the future, with the fullest measure of Home Rule, will ever interfere with the Orangemen. All know, as well as the Orangemen themselves, that, from the moment the Irish people have the management of their own affairs, the Orange organization, as an element of discord, will have already outlived its usefulness to its Tory friends in England, and must at once become insignificant. There are many true Irishmen who are not Catholics who believe that these people came into the country originally for no creditable purpose, have lived since as so many parasites on it,

and have never been and never will be identified with the prosperity of the country at large.

Throwing aside all sentiment, and simply looking to the best good of Ireland in her connection with circumstances existing to-day, and over which she is powerless to exert any control, I sincerely believe that her condition is best as a part of the British Empire; far preferable, indeed, to the accepting of her independence *in her present state*, even if it were freely tendered by England.

THOS. ADDIS EMMET, M.D.,
President of the Irish National Federation of America.

May 10, 1894.

Note IV

See page 294

[A letter from Dr. Emmet to the leader of the National party in relation to the dissension continuing among Irish members of Parliament.]

HOTEL METROPOLE, LONDON,
 Sept. 21, 1894.

DEAR MR. MCCARTHY:

In accordance with the suggestions made in your last letter to the officials of the Irish National Federation of America, we were making preparations with the branches of our organization for holding public meetings in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, and some of the southern cities, to raise subscriptions for the national cause, and we had reason to anticipate highly satisfactory results.

When, however, the letter of Mr. Healy in reference to the subscriptions of Mr. Gladstone and Lord Tweedmouth was published the peril of the whole movement in America appeared to me so grave I felt it my duty to come to "this side" on twelve hours' notice to lay certain information before you as leader of the National party, before your colleagues, and before the Irish people.

I have no right or desire to dictate, or even suggest a policy to you and your colleagues, for we in America are always ready to accept without question the judgment of the party. But it is clearly my duty to bring to your notice the disastrous consequences to the movement in America from the constant recurrence of the scandal of public discussion of internal differences in the party.

You know that this is not the first time I have been compelled to draw your attention to this fact. I informed you on two different occasions that all our efforts to obtain financial assistance for the cause were rendered futile by similar public discussions of your internal differences. We had hoped from some of your communications to us written the past twelve months, that these public scandals were at an end. You transmitted to us a resolution of your colleagues in the party, passed, as we learned, by unanimous vote, which we understood to mean that your colleagues pledged themselves not to rush into

print with individual differences of opinions; and consequently we recalled the resolution of the Liverpool Convention, which expressed similar views. We interpreted the unanimous resolution of the party as a guarantee, if not, indeed, an honorable and binding pledge, that such public discussions should cease, and that on the faith of such a pledge we could renew our efforts for Ireland.

In spite of these resolutions and assurances we find another outbreak of the same proceedings. To us the great point of importance is the unity and discipline of the party. To maintain these it is absolutely essential, in our opinion, that all such public discussions as those recently initiated should finally be put a stop to. In our opinion these discussions should never be heard outside the doors of your party meetings.

We in America have all the more difficulty in understanding these scandals, as we have perfect confidence in you as a leader and in the party as a unit, and we are ready to stand by and support you to the end of the struggle. Neither the patience, the generosity, nor the patriotism of your friends in America is exhausted. We have the same warm hearts to give you support now as during the past. In the two or three years' existence of this organization we have been able to send you some \$68,000, and if it had not been for these periodic and recurrent outbreaks of public discussion you could, I believe, count on a regular annual subscription from our organization of \$50,000.

The principle of majority rule and unity in political organizations is so well established with us that no attempt of a minority to rule or to disunite the party will ever receive the slightest countenance from us. I appeal, then, to you, to all your colleagues without exception, and to the Irish people, to put down these disastrous discussions, to support the unity and discipline of the party, and to no longer paralyze the efforts of the best and warmest friends of the Irish cause in America.

Very truly yours,

THOS. ADDIS EMMET,

President Irish National Federation of America.

Note V

See page 294

[The following letter was printed in the *Dublin Freeman's Journal*, October 20th.]

89 MADISON AVENUE, N. Y.,
Oct. 4, 1894.

— Esq., M.P., London.

SIR:

Your letter of the 21st of September reached me but a few hours before leaving London for the steamer. I had then only leisure to acknowledge its reception, promising to give it my early attention upon reaching New York. Since you and Mr. — have decided, for one reason and another, not to put in writing a statement of your complaints against the majority management of

the National party, I am thus left by you without substantial grounds of complaint.

I have nothing then beyond that which I have learned by conversation with you and Mr. —, at which time I urged it upon you both to speak with the greatest frankness, since I had but the single purpose to bring about unity of the party, if possible, by means of action to be taken by the Trustees of the Federation of America. This action was necessarily to be based upon the report made by me on my return.

The statements in your letter seem but special pleading, as your profession has it, and it no doubt came naturally to you; but to me, more accustomed to gaining my end by the most direct way, they seem both vague and irrelevant. Above all, you failed to justify the claims you and your friends make that a party should be governed by its minority rather than by its majority.

However, the important point is not so much the difference of opinion between different individuals or sections within the party as that these differences should be fought out, not in the public press nor on the platform, to the detriment if not the destruction of the cause, but within the party meeting with closed doors. To the view of the public at least the Irish party should be united, and the decision of its majority should be the decision of the party as a unit after adequate and free discussion before the party vote.

I can see no reason in the proposals which you advance as a means of settlement. You and Mr. — ask that a certain proportion of the committee be given to Mr. Healy. By what reason can you justify such a claim? As I understand it, the committee is selected every year by ballot, open to every member of the party in Parliament, and any member may be elected. You propose to substitute for this method of election, which appears to me eminently fair and democratic, the nomination of a certain proportion of Mr. Healy's friends, leaving the remainder only to the majority. But what right has any individual to the claim of special representation on the committee? If Mr. Healy be entitled to representative proportion why not every other individual member as well?

The summary of your views as shown in your letter is that the minority is entitled to demand a portion of the committee, not because they happen to be representatives of any principle but because they are the followers of a single member. Thus, unless the will of the minority be submitted to by the majority, you and your friends claim the right to endanger if not ruin the movement, by rushing into print with the discussion of your internal differences. We should call such a policy in America that of "Rule or Ruin."

I note what you say as to the difference of attitude in different sections of the party toward Lord Rosebery's government. I have no right to suggest nor to forecast the attitude of the party upon a question so momentous as the defeat of Home Rule government, and the certain accession of the Coercionists. I assume that this matter will be debated fully and seriously at a meeting of the party. Nor have I any reason to suppose that Mr. McCarthy

and his advisers will be less ready than yourself to strike a vigorous blow, should such be needed. But I do assume that the decision will be reached by a party vote, and that this majority decision will be upheld as binding upon the party as a whole. I cannot conceive that you and your friends will face the responsibility of breaking the pledge to abide by the majority decision, of producing another split, and of bringing about years of Tory government, with the indefinite postponement of Home Rule for Ireland!

I read with regret the series of insinuations with which your letter concludes. That a man of your years should think it courteous or becoming to address such language to a man of my age surprises me; still more that you should use such language to me, when upon a visit to London, as you know, in the interest of Ireland only and at no little personal inconvenience. However, I do not care to be the censor of your good taste in this matter. The spirit which underlies these insinuations is far more important. You suggest that I have been acting in the interest of a section of the Irish party. Your sole ground for this baseless and insulting suggestion is a statement of my views which appeared in a Cork journal from its London correspondent. I state there simply that the people of America who support the Irish cause will stand by the principles of majority rule and party action. This you have the hardihood to designate "a one-sided view," hence I infer that your idea of an impartial view would be the declaration that America would support the minority of your party against the majority!

The further insinuation that my opinions were expressed before I had the opportunity of conferring with the minority you must yourself know to be unfounded. You are, I understand, the correspondent of another Cork journal. I saw you on the same day on which I was interviewed by the representative of the Cork paper, or it may be possible even on the day before.

While I conversed with him for a few moments only, I devoted the greater portion of an hour to you, I spoke fully, frankly, and with the kindest spirit in answer to your views, but nothing you then said changed my opinions. You were as free then to quote my statements as the other correspondents had, if it suited your purpose to do so. It is equally untrue, as you insinuate, that I was not willing to receive and to hear any representative of the minority. I saw you, I saw Mr. —, and was ready to see any one else. I heard fully all that both of you chose to say to me, and this before, as it happened, I had even seen Mr. McCarthy, or had held any official relation with the majority of the party. This fact, moreover, I stated to both you and Mr. — at the time of your respective visits. To the best of my recollection I said to you many things which I did not mention to the interviewer of the Cork journal, and some of these it would have been to the interest of your party to have published. You will recall that I laid particular stress upon my opinion that there was no other course for an honorable man to follow, and at the same time preserve his self-respect, than to resign from a party as soon as he finds himself in the minority and unwilling to submit to the majority decision. And if I had not already fully expressed my further views on this subject, I will now add, that while it might be a question of good taste to act as a free lance afterward, one

would certainly be entitled to more respect than if he were to remain a nominal member for the sole purpose apparently of defeating his party's policy.

I will now communicate to you the fact that while I was awaiting Mr. McCarthy's return—the only person, by the way, in England with whom I sought an interview—I was visited by a number of persons in and out of the National party, who fully discussed with me the present situation of Irish affairs. Consequently I can justly claim to be in possession of a knowledge of this question from all points of view. My information I shall repeat to the Board of Trustees of the Federation of America. Whatever their action, there is no question that the time is near at hand when the Irish sympathizers in America, who are looked to for pecuniary aid to the Irish cause, will be heard from with no uncertain note if their cause of complaint be continued.

The majority of the National party has our full confidence, but the Irish people themselves will soon have to assume the responsibility of deciding whether a faction, or the accredited majority of the National party, shall in the future be charged with the welfare of Ireland.

You are fully aware that the sole object of our organization in this country is to raise money, and that we have never desired nor claimed the right of interference with the political affairs of the party; but if we are to be held responsible to any extent for the funds needed for the National party we have certainly the right to insist that our efforts in this direction should not be rendered futile and ridiculous with the public flaunting of internal dissensions by irresponsible members. I will state furthermore that lack of unity and discipline in the party which has permitted any member at his will to ventilate in the public press his purely personal views on his party's policy has, from the beginning, nearly paralyzed our efforts in this country, and this has happened so often against our frequent protest that the opinion is fast gaining ground with us that those who resort to such practices are too selfish to be honest friends of Home Rule. In conclusion, allow me to state that with your personal knowledge of these facts, and the disposition which I showed toward you, your letter cannot be regarded as either courteous or candid. I will send a copy of it with this answer to Mr. McCarthy, with the request that he may publish both, unless his judgment should disapprove of this course.

Yours truly,

THOS. ADDIS EMMET.

Note VI

See page 303

[Thomas Addis Emmet writes to the *Herald* about the National party.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE *Herald*:

In your issue of July 1st, and under the editorial heading "Funds for Ireland," an unfair statement of Irish affairs is made, not intentionally, I believe, but from a want of knowledge of the true situation.

There exists but one party in Ireland in favor of Home Rule, the Irish

National party, of which Mr. Justin McCarthy is the head. In no other country has a party been more united for a common object than this one has been for many years past, as the representative of a very large majority of the Irish people at home and abroad. The National party of Ireland is to-day more closely united than any political party in this country, in England, France, or Germany, and represents a larger proportion of the population. A favorite weapon of the enemies of Home Rule for Ireland has been the assertion, so often made, that the Irish people are too divided to govern themselves.

The following statement is made in your editorial: "The two wings of the Irish Nationalists are, in truth, opposing each other as bitterly as each opposes the common enemy. That is not good politics, and the proof of it may be seen in the fact that ever since the split in the Nationalists' ranks the flow of American contributions has almost ceased."

The first portion of this statement is not correct and the remainder only partially so.

There is no longer a split in the National party of Ireland. A small faction headed by Mr. Redmond claimed for a time to be in favor of Home Rule, but it would be more to the credit of this small representation if it openly joined the Tory party.

Every step was taken by the leaders of the National party long since to conciliate these so-called Parnellites but without success. It is, therefore, unjust to claim a want of unity among the Irish leaders, because these men are not members of the majority party. It might equally as well be argued that unity did not exist among the advocates of Home Rule, because Colonel Saunderson and his friends the Orangemen are not in favor of the measure, notwithstanding they were born in Ireland.

The public has been equally misled by the term "Parnellites." If this be applied anywhere it should rest with the National party, as this body has consistently supported every measure advocated by Mr. Parnell, and has never deviated in the slightest degree from the course indicated by him, while those who have taken the name would be repudiated to-day by Mr. Parnell if he were alive.

The future success of the Home Rule cause rests alone with the people of Irish sympathy scattered throughout the world. The people of Ireland have already taxed themselves to the utmost, and now that help is called for to meet the expenses of the coming election if a liberal response be not made, and made promptly, the gaining of Home Rule for Ireland will be retarded possibly for another ten years.

The statement made in the editorial as to the assistance given by this country is only partially correct. While from many causes the contributions have not been as liberal as formerly, the aid given has not been inconsiderable. Since the organization of the Federation, and in the past three years, more than one hundred and six thousand dollars has been contributed through its influence alone to the cause of Home Rule, and no very special effort has been made to accomplish it.

The National party of Ireland has nothing more to do with English politics

or English parties than so far as either can be utilized to advance the cause. The Liberal party has placed itself on record, and cannot oppose Home Rule in the future, and if it returns to power it may become more enthusiastic in the cause than of late. Should the Tory party be successful, then God help Ireland, with the "coercion laws" unrepealed. It means a return to old methods and measures which kept the country for centuries in a state of turmoil and misery. For years past, under the policy of the Liberal party, Ireland has been a peaceful and law-abiding country, patiently awaiting the issue in the gain of Home Rule by legal means. Should the Tory party become the governing power, this will all certainly be changed. It will then become more necessary than ever before in the history of Irish affairs that the largest number possible should be returned by the National party to Parliament, and this cannot be done without money.

An unusually large representation of the National party in Parliament might be the most efficient weapon in forcing a repeal by the Tories of the so-called Union measure. This, which was brought about by the same party in the beginning of the century, is now known to have been accomplished through means too corrupt and vile for any honest man of the present day to advocate, and a sufficient number of Tories may be found to vindicate the honor of their own country.

A call has been made upon the Irish sympathizers in America, and as has been stated, the issue rests with them alone.

THOMAS ADDIS EMMET, M.D.,

President Irish National Federation of America.

NEW YORK, July 1, 1895.

Note VII

See page 341

[To Mr. Redmond during first visit to U. S. as leader.]

89 MADISON AVENUE, N. Y.,

December 3, 1901.

DEAR MR. REDMOND:

As soon as the United Irish League was organized in Ireland, the organization under my direction, which had represented the Irish National Federation in this country, was disbanded, and the first branch of the United Irish League in the United States was formed. Into its care was given all the books and papers of the old organization so that it was fully equipped for work as soon as we became a united people.

The first action taken by this body was in a communication made to Mr. Dillon requesting that a delegation should be sent to this country at an early day, to aid in organizing branches of the United Irish League throughout the country. No action, however, was taken until after your election to the leadership, and then the decision to send such a delegation was communicated to another organization—composed of many if not all who had formed themselves into a second branch of the United League. But after failure to elect

their candidate for chairmanship of the Executive Council, the members declined to take any further action in common with those of the other branch.

When I called to pay my respects to you, as the head of the National party, and mentioned these facts, you informed me that there had been a mistake in making the communication as you thought at the time all belonged to the League.

I then suggested that you should send for the president, secretary, and others, give the explanation and hear what they had to say, for they represented a body of good workers which you could not afford to lose.

Learning afterwards that you did not act on my suggestion and that none had been called upon to take part in the public reception given you, I still urged that the branch should not be disbanded as I was told the majority wished, but to preserve the organization and do what was possible in the future for the good of the cause. I advised also that the members should attend and take part in the meeting to be held at the Hoffman House for the purpose I had supposed, of obtaining funds for the use of the United Irish League in Ireland.

I have just been informed that none of those connected with the first and only branch of the United Irish League in New York have been invited to attend the Hoffman House meeting, and as the printed invitation I have received directs: "Bring this letter as your credential" it is evident that the meeting is not to be a public one where all could take part for the good of the Irish National cause, but that it is to be held in the interest of a minority, if not a clique.

It was perfectly natural that you, as a stranger, should first look to those who gave you their support when the party was divided, but to continue to do so exclusively has kept up the division, and I fear you have been misled.

At the present time when it is supposed we are again united with a common purpose, a grave mistake has been made in not conciliating those who felt aggrieved, and in not getting the management of affairs into the hands of those who as non-partisans could have presented a united front by placing in the background all on either side who had agreed to disagree.

It would be useless for me to attend the meeting, as the personal influence I could exert for the good of the cause is confined to those who have been excluded, most of whom stood by me during the troubled existence of the Federation, and many were workers under Mr. Eugene Kelly for raising money for the Parliamentary Fund during Mr. Parnell's leadership, and they have always been ready to contribute to the Irish cause.

This letter will close my personal connection with Irish affairs in New York, which began in the spring of 1850 by giving my professional services for several years to the famished emigrants who were suffering on their arrival from typhus or ship-fever, cholera, or small-pox. I have now reached a time of life when I must spare myself from the wear and tear attending the jealousies, bickerings, and strife which, through the efforts of comparatively a few individuals, have of late years to my knowledge been made to play an active part among those of our race in this city.

Sincerely wishing that full success under these circumstances may attend your efforts, I am,

Yours very truly,

THOMAS ADDIS EMMET.

JOHN E. REDMOND, ESQ.
Hoffman House.

Note VIII

See page 342

[New York Central Council of the United Irish League, 47 West 42d Street.]

DEAR DOCTOR EMMET:

NEW YORK, Jan. 13, 1901.

We held a meeting on Friday night last which was attended by Messrs. Patrick Gallagher, Peter McDonnell, John McKee, John J. Rooney, John P. Brophy, Edwd. Murphy, — Burke, P. A. Moynahan, etc., etc. It was decided to send a statement of our position up to the present time to the United Irish League in Ireland. I fear it will do little good now but the majority were in favor of putting ourselves clearly on record with the League. We are preparing a statement, and would like very much, if the matter meet your approval, to send a copy of your letter to Mr. Redmond with, of course, his telegraphic reply in order to be fair. We will show how unfounded his assumption that everything was regularly done. Kindly let us have a copy.

The whole matter will be entirely for the League because no patriotic man now desires a public wrangle. Messrs. Wm. Redmond and Jos. Devlin are coming to complete the work of the other delegation, which in itself shows that everything was not done that might have been performed.

Yours very respectfully,

MICHAEL FOX.

Note IX

See page 342

[New York Central Council of the United Irish League, 47 West 42d Street.]

DEAR DOCTOR EMMET:

NEW YORK, Jan. 29, 1902.

I herewith return the entire correspondence you so kindly sent me. I have read it all over carefully and believe you put our side of the question very strongly and very fairly. I had it long enough to copy the whole business but did not do so lest any part of it might be used out of place. I know we can trouble you again if it be required. Your letter and talk with Mr. McDonnell settled for good all ideas of sending over a statement to the League in Ireland. I had it prepared but I told the meeting that I would cut off my right hand before I would sign it. That while entirely true I could see no difference

between it and the statement published in the *Clan* interest, and also the statements of the common enemy with regard to the non-success of the delegation. Those who most favored sending the statement were the first to move that it be not sent, which disposed of the matter.

About being in any position to meet the coming delegation—I regret that very many appear to have enough of Irish politics for some time. I don't blame them very much, for it takes strong patriotism indeed to survive the maltreatment which we received. For myself I feel that the cause still lives and if any honorable way out can be found I will do what little I can to serve it. I have closely watched and studied the entire League position in Ireland from all standpoints lately, and have come to the conclusion that no matter who is at the head or who is manipulating it from behind, the United Irish League is a great power, the only great power that is tackling the ancient and unrelenting enemies of our people in Ireland, and whether it succeeds or not should be supported as well as any of the organizations of the last twenty years. How to do it in New York is the difficulty. These people who have done all the shouting have done nothing else, but they block the way. Mr. Crimmins's committee has done very little either, neither I fear will do much in the near future, nor can we be called upon to act, and if we were, many of our people will not work with the Fifty-ninth Street crowd. I would work with any one honestly working for Ireland, but I believe there must be an amicable arrangement all around or Ireland's cause will suffer some.

I shall try and see Mr. Devlin and I suppose Mr. Redmond in company with some of our men who believe in doing something. Anyhow it won't do any harm to show a readiness to help and throw the *onus* of finding a way upon others delegated to do so,—perhaps.

Yours very respectfully,

MICHAEL FOX.

Although out of place in the Appendix, I cannot close this brief notice in relation to the work of the Irish Federation without making some comment on the active part taken by the New York Council of the Federation, from the beginning to the end. I am unable to recall the names of the members, in addition to those given by Mr. Fox, with a single exception. In this connection the recollection of Patrick Gleason at once presents itself. Mr. Gleason's work in the early days of the organization was only second in importance to that of Mr. Ryan. His aid was not confined to his duties as a member of the council, for he lent a ready hand wherever he could render service. He was a ready speaker, was well informed in Irish affairs, and a man of tact. When we were beginning to get into trouble on account of the dissension among the Irish members of Parliament and when we most needed his services, we were obliged to accept his resignation on account of his health and business obligations. His loss was a great one, and I can truthfully state that his place was never filled.

My duties along other lines left me in ignorance of the special work of the different members of the council and I only know of the results.

I hope Mr. John J. Rooney or Prof. John P. Brophy, both being ready writers, or Mr. Fox, as Secretary, may, at some time place on record a brief detailed account of the working of the organization, and particularly to give due credit to the individual members. Unlike the members of the Board of Trustees, those of the council never became discouraged from the outlook, nor flagged in their efforts to advance the cause of Home Rule for Ireland, until the Irish National Federation of America ceased to exist and the greater portion of them then entered the United Irish League and are at present as zealous workers for the cause.

Note X

See page 377

[As to where the battle of Harlem Heights was fought,—not on the site of Columbia University grounds.]

In answer to an article published in one of the New York papers during the winter of 1905-6, I entered a protest against placing a bronze tablet on one of the buildings of Columbia College, formerly the site of the Bloomingdale Insane Asylum, to designate it as the position where the battle of Harlem was fought.

My article was printed in the *Magazine of History*, New York, September, 1906, to which the reader must refer if wishing to obtain more knowledge in detail, and to consult Mrs. Lamb's *History of New York* (vol. ii., page 129) for a reproduction of Cotton's map, which gives the situation of Day's tavern, and it in turn locates the point of attack on the American line, which constituted the battle of Harlem. From my article I will give some extracts of general interest.

I am aware that this view is held by many, but beyond the fact that the present site of Columbia University must necessarily be nearer the locality where the battle was fought, it has no greater claim, I believe, to that honor than has Union Square, or any other locality. I am not actuated by a spirit of controversy in raising this issue, nor do I intend to take any further part in discussion. I simply wish to offer a protest, in consequence of my knowledge that the history of our country is being constantly perverted and misstated.

There exists no question that the battle of Harlem was fought either to the north or the south of the western portion of Harlem Flats; that the Americans occupied certain heights; and that the assault of the English was made by one body, and that the larger portion, from the plain below along these heights; at the same time a smaller body gained the top of these heights by ascending a ravine from the Hudson River bank at some distance from the main line of attack. The whole question then relates to the locality of Harlem Heights. Before presenting the evidence on which I propose to base my argument it will be necessary to make a digression.

Grant's Tomb occupies the site of Mt. Alto, the country place of my uncle, the late Mr. Bache McEvers, with whom for many years I spent a portion of every summer. As a boy I became as familiar with every foot of this neighborhood as I am now with the sidewalk in front of my Madison Avenue city residence, where I have lived for nearly fifty years. I generally accompanied my uncle when he took his Sunday afternoon walks, and through his knowledge I became familiar with the history and traditions of this neighborhood, and of Westchester. On one occasion, during the summer, I think of 1838, I had pointed out to me the site of the battle of Harlem Heights, with the ravine on the North River, or west side, where a portion of the British troops came up to make the attack, and beyond that the road on Breakneck Hill, to the east side, down which a portion of the English were driven after being routed. The surrounding country was then under cultivation and divided up in small fields, with scarcely any trees standing but along the river bank and on the brow of the heights to the eastward. This locality and ravine were near the site and possibly form a portion of the present Trinity Cemetery. I was also told that the main part of the battle was fought below, to the south, and I went over the ground about the locality of the present Convent of the Sacred Heart, which neighborhood was too hilly to be termed "a rolling country." From my earliest knowledge in connection with this battle until recent years, no doubt seems to have existed as to where the battle was fought and the accepted belief was that the fight took place on the ground I have described. The fact that the attack was made at distant points and covered quite an area would explain, I should think, the difficulty and the vague manner in which the battle is described or located by those who possessed a contemporaneous knowledge of the locality of the Harlem Heights.

Along the south side of Harlem Commons or Flats, there extended a precipitous ridge of rock and *débris* from the Hudson River at Grant's Tomb to the East River at Hell Gate. At the time of the Revolution the chief exit from the City of New York to the north was by way of McGowan's Pass, and in addition there were several footpaths to reach the plain below. I have always heard that the Bloomingdale road was not extended along the hill by Grant's Tomb and Claremont to the valley below until many years after the Revolution, and there was only a private road in addition to the one by McGowan's Pass, which crossed this line about the course of the present Third Avenue. When I was a boy there were two or three footpaths to the west of McGowan's Pass, and at no other place was the descent possible save to a goat, or an active boy. Across the Bloomingdale road, in front of my uncle's gate and along the top of the hill, there was at that time the remains of the British line of earthworks, which originally extended along the crest of his ridge across the island to the East River. The trench was about two feet deep at that time, and I have frequently followed without difficulty the line well on to McGowan's Pass. In the War of 1812 this line was fortified for the protection of the city by a series of blockhouses, one of which still stands. I believe the remains of the British line of earthworks was undisturbed until the opening of the streets. McGowan's Pass was formerly considered as

forming part of the Yorkville Heights, and no part of this line, to the south of the Harlem Commons, was ever termed Harlem Heights until within recent years. If the portion of these heights nearest Harlem was always called the Yorkville Heights, it is inexplicable why the most distant portion of the line should be in any way associated by name with Harlem. On the other hand, I have often heard the heights on the south side of the Harlem River termed Harlem Heights, and these extend westward to the Hudson River bank. The settlement at Harlem with its Commons, or land in common, and the one at Yorkville represented two distinct interests, and for one familiar with the circumstances it is difficult to understand how any confusion, from accident, should exist between Harlem and Yorkville Heights.

That section of the island to the north of the Harlem Commons, between the Hudson River and the Boston road, which passed from McGowan's Pass to King's Bridge, and from the northern end of the island to the Point of Rocks to the south, then situated below the present site of the convent, included the fortress of Fort Washington and its outworks.

I had at one time in my possession the draft of a letter written by Mr. George Pollock, a linen merchant of New York, and the father of the child whose grave is near the Grant Tomb. In this letter Pollock states he purchased after the Revolution a tract of land and cleared off the primitive forest which still covered this portion of Manhattan Island, and it is not likely, therefore, that the buckwheat field existed in this neighborhood in which it is claimed a part of the battle of Harlem was fought. Mr. Pollock built here a house, where he lived for a number of years, until the death of his wife and the loss of his child from drowning. He then sold the place to Gulian Verplanck, of Verplanck's Point. My uncle leased for many years this place from his cousin, Gulian C. Verplanck, the Shakespearian scholar, and the son of him who purchased it from Pollock. All this portion of the island, west of McGowan's Pass along the river bank to about Sixty-fifth or Seventieth Street, was heavily timbered until after the Revolution. To the existence of this timbered section the portion of the American army left in New York after the battle and evacuation of Long Island owed its escape, for the retreat was made in disorder and the troops were in a demoralized condition. The sudden flight of the army from the city was rendered necessary by the English landing in force at Kipp's Bay, just above the present Bellevue Hospital, where they met with little resistance from the portion of the Connecticut troops, and some other colony I do not recollect, which were placed there to oppose the landing.

This occasion is adduced as one of the few instances where Washington lost his temper and swore as an expert in his effort to avert the flight of his troops, who were demoralized from fatigue, loss of sleep, with probably insufficient food, and discouraged after the defeat at Long Island. The day was an excessively hot one, and Mrs. Robert Murray, of Murray Hill, whose husband was a Tory, but she in sympathy with the American cause, invited the British officers to rest during the heat of the day in her house. She exerted herself to such an extent to make them comfortable, that just time enough, and no more, was gained for the retreat of the American army past this point,

along the wooded banks of the Hudson River. The English were so close in pursuit that Washington, in the rear with a portion of his staff, passed in the neighborhood of Seventieth Street, through the hall of the old Apthorpe house to the woods in the rear, under the guidance of Col. Aaron Burr, as those in pursuit entered the front gate. From a military standpoint it is clear that these troops must necessarily have made their way in the most expeditious manner to McGowan's Pass and across the Harlem Flats, to gain protection within their own lines below Fort Washington, and that no halt was likely made unless to hold McGowan's Pass for a short time to protect the rear and stragglers. And yet a memorial tablet, I am informed, has been placed on one of the buildings of Columbia University to commemorate the halt of these troops along the brow of a continuous declivity, from fifty to one hundred feet in height, as it was at that time; there to await the attack of a victorious and superior force, after all possibility of retreat as a body was cut off, and with a certainty that these troops were without a commissariat! If it were possible to assign any rational reason or purpose, under the circumstances, why the American troops should hold any portion of this untenable line, it is certain that no body of troops, under the most perfect state of discipline, would have risked the fortune of a battle in this place, without artillery and with a precipice in their rear. There is no evidence that additional troops were landed on Harlem Flats from either the Hudson or the East River, and it would be absurd to suppose that the English deserted an advantageous position in front of the American forces in order to go by McGowan's Pass to the plain below with the purpose of making an attack by attempting to scale an almost inaccessible height! An attack by the ravine near this point, as claimed, I know from my own knowledge of the locality would have been impossible, unless the troops to make the attack were landed at the ravine from boats. They could not have passed, before the railroad was built, along this shore for any distance on either side of the ravine. When I was a boy this point was a noted place for fishing, as the water was deep, with a steep bank, so that it was difficult for any one to pass except at low tide, and the passage was then further obstructed by a number of boulders or rocks.

I have never seen the diary of Lieut. Sam. Richards of a Connecticut regiment, from which you quote, but the Point of Rocks in front of the convent was then held by a Connecticut brigade, under Gen. Parsons, if my memory serves me, and a portion of this brigade we have stated was at Kipp's Bay, where the English landed. It would then seem that this portion of the army from New York had followed the course which, I claim, the whole army must have followed by retreating within their own lines, to the north of Harlem Commons.

The following portion of Lieut. Richards's diary, as quoted by you, will I think show that the attack on the American line of entrenchments was to the north of the Harlem Flats, and by the ravine near Trinity Cemetery, as stated: "We then marched [from what point?] and took possession of the Heights of Harlem and immediately flung up lines for our defence. . . . We were employed the succeeding night in throwing up a slight entrenchment on the

brow of the hill at Harlem Heights in full expectation of being attacked by the enemy in the morning. When the sun arose I saw the enemy in the plain below us, at the distance of about a mile, forming in a line. By account afterwards, their number was said to exceed twenty thousand, and they indeed made a brilliant display by the reflection of the sun's rays on their arms. The sharp action which took place that day under Col. Knowlton is so well detailed by the historian I need not repeat it. The enemy sent a detachment of about five thousand along the bank of the North River, which our people attacked with spirit and about in equal numbers and drove them back to their main body. . . . The next day I had a mournful duty assigned to me—the command of a covering party over the fatigue men who buried the dead who had fallen in the action the previous day. I placed myself and party on a small eminence so as to see the men at their work, and to discover the enemy should they approach to interrupt them."

If the battle was fought above on the "University Heights," it might be asked on what small eminence did Lieut. Richards take his position, and by what route did his men reach the plain below to bury the dead?

To the south and southeast of the high land on which Fort Washington was situated, there were a number of step-like hills, with more or less of a level or plateau space between them, and these extended around towards the Harlem River. I recollect distinctly seeing the remains of old earthworks at different points, and the line was to the north and somewhat above the Point of Rocks. In connection with the defence of the Point of Rocks, the Connecticut troops were entrenched on one of these eminences, and if Lieut. Richards was with his command he must first have seen the advance of the enemy in line directly across the plain at the distance he states and at the foot of McGowan's Pass. From the same side as McGowan's Pass, the view would have been a limited one with all the timber removed about the foot of the Pass and there is no portion along the heights, in the neighborhood of the University, from which the front of the line of the British troops could have been seen while forming, moreover the distance would have been much less than that stated by Lieut. Richards.

The main attack was an extended one along the line of entrenchments, including the Point of Rocks, on what I believe was termed the Harlem Heights at the time the battle was fought. In consequence of the extended line and the varied fortune of the day, it has never been known at what spot Col. Knowlton lost his life. The British troops were very severely handled and failed to gain a foothold on any of these eminences, from which they could not have been dislodged and everything south of the ravine would then have been captured. There exists no authority for supposing that any portion of the battle was fought on the plain below, but from Lieut. Richards's diary, as quoted by you, it would seem the dead were buried there under his supervision, but the spot is unknown.

To the north of Manhattanville and for some distance beyond the ravine at Trinity Cemetery, the water was shallow with a shelving beach, along which the British troops could have passed at any state of the tide. It is,

however, doubtful that five thousand men ascended the ravine, because, before a foothold could have been gained, it is said that a bugle call was sounded as though for a fox-hunt, which at once brought upon the enemy an overpowering number of Americans. While it lasted this fight at the top of the ravine was doubtless the best contested hand-to-hand struggle of the Revolution. It is probable that before the whole number of the English reached the top they were divided so that those ascending were driven back to the west, and the portion already on top who were not killed, were driven down on the east side. As I have understood the plan of the battle, the object of those attacking by the ravine was a flank movement to finally get in the rear of the earthworks towards the southeast where the Americans were being assaulted from the plain below, and but for the arrogance of the enemy in giving timely notice of their presence in this quarter, which would have been unexpected, the result would have been a brilliant one for the English.

When I first heard of the battle of Harlem and talked to the old people I met, relics of the battle were to be found in almost every small farmer's house in the neighborhood. From my recollection more particularly of some sword-hilts and portions of sword-blades which were found on this spot I am led to believe that the clubbed musket of the American soldier at close quarters played an important part in the struggle.

Nowhere on Manhattan Island, to my knowledge, beyond the limit of the city, have there been found the remains of so many English and Hessian soldiers, as shown by buttons, cross-belt buckles, bayonets, and portions of other arms, as have been excavated from time to time in the neighborhood of Trinity Cemetery. There could have been no fight at this point unless it was at the battle of Harlem, while the neighborhood about Columbia University, where it is claimed the battle was fought, has been particularly free from all such evidence.

In looking through the *Journals of Congress*, edited by Mr. Worthington C. Ford, I found by accident the following (vol. vi., p. 851):

"Monday, Oct. 7, 1776—

"Resolved, That Gen'l Lee be directed to repair to the camp on the Heights of Harlem, with leave, if he thinks it proper, to visit the posts in New Jersey."

This proves that I am correct in saying that all north of Harlem Flats was called Harlem Heights at the time and after the Revolution. When the change was made I do not know, but at some time it became desirable to locate the "Buckwheat Field" for the battle of Harlem Heights somewhere in the neighborhood of Columbia University; which region at the time of the encounter was, I believe, heavily timbered, notwithstanding the alleged existence of the buckwheat field. It was not until after the battle of White Plains, and early in November, that any portion of the outworks of Fort Washington was abandoned by the Americans. These works were near King's Bridge, and were at once taken possession of by Knyphausen with his German battalions, and for the first time the English got a foothold on Harlem Heights.

In this connection, I will state my belief that after all the excavating

nothing can be judged at the present time with accuracy as to where this line extended at the time of the battle. When I was a boy the Point of Rocks extended so far to the south that it must have almost reached the line of the street now extending eastward from the foot of Claremont Heights. I recollect at one point on the road from Manhattanville to Harlem, this Point of Rocks seemed almost to shut out the valley and view of Manhattanville.

I did not state that the Americans were encamped on Morningside Heights, nor on any portion of the high land to the south of the plain. On the contrary, I labored to show they could have been nowhere else but to the north of the extremity of the Point of Rocks, and all I wrote was in relation to the article published in the *Evening Post*. If in this connection there be anything in Lieut. Richards's account as quoted in the *Post* which "fits in exactly" from the standpoint of these gentlemen, as to the fight being on the Morningside Heights, it is certainly a *mis-fit*. I agree with them that the English troops, described by Richards as forming in line at sunrise at the foot of McGowan's Pass, were not likely to have attempted to scale Morningside Heights. The fact of this force being at the foot of McGowan's Pass goes to prove that they were there to cross the plain and make an attack on the American line, within which Richards's Connecticut regiment was stationed; and as he was with his regiment, which took part in the fight, it becomes evident that the battle was fought about the Point of Rocks.

If Morningside Heights to Claremont, then held by the British, formed a part of Harlem Heights, and the American forces also held a portion of Harlem Heights to the north, it seems evident that the order to General Lee would have been more explicit. The resolution of Congress, passed October 7, 1776, was: "Resolved, That General Lee be directed to repair to the camp on the Heights of Harlem, with leave," etc. The wording can only be construed from a logical point, as showing that the heights below Fort Washington were the Harlem Heights, and there could have been no other Harlem Heights but those occupied by the American forces.

The only foundation for any fighting on the heights to the south rests on an encounter lasting but a few moments. Knowlton, before daylight, was sent by Washington, with a single company of his command, to get on the flank of the British troops encamped on Vandewater Heights, and to reach that position by ascending the Hudson River bank at some distance to the south of the present grounds of Columbia University. Washington had received information that the enemy was forming in force at McGowan's Pass for an attack, and Knowlton was by this means to cause a diversion, if possible, with the object of retarding the general movement. Unfortunately, Knowlton's presence was discovered as soon as he reached the brow of the ascent, and he was forced to make a hasty retreat. Knowlton's party was followed down to the water by a body of the enemy, which crossed the valley to the north, and later in the day attempted a flank movement by ascending a ravine, and was repulsed as described in my paper. This encounter of Knowlton's at daylight on Vandewater Heights, I assert, can scarcely be termed a skirmish nor be considered as part of the battle of Harlem Heights, as the

battle did not begin until late in the day, and lasted three or four hours. Moreover, the place of Knowlton's encounter was so far to the south of the Harlem line (possibly as far south as Ninety-fourth Street) as to render it impossible to show any connection with Harlem Heights, the grounds of Columbia University, or Morningside Heights. I do not propose, nor is it necessary, to enter into any further detail of the battle, my only purpose, as already stated, being to locate the Harlem Heights, on which and about which the battle of Harlem was fought.

To show the confusion which exists as to this locality, even in the minds of Messrs. Hall and Bolton, I will quote a statement made in their paper: "The hill on which the most desperate fighting took place is identified by Major Lewis Morris, Jr., who wrote to his father on September 28th: 'Monday morning an advanced party of Col. Knowlton's regiment was attacked upon a height a little to the southwest of Day's tavern.' Day's tavern was on the line of the present One Hundred and Twenty-sixth Street, two hundred feet west of Eighth Avenue. This locates the fight on Morningside Heights," etc. I do not know what relation the site of Day's tavern may bear to Eighth Avenue, but I do know that it had no relation whatever to the noted buckwheat field near the Columbia grounds, nor to Morningside Heights. My recollection is quite clear in recalling the facts of the site of Day's tavern on the east side of the road, extending from McGowan's Pass, along the foot of the present Morningside Heights to King's Bridge. It was situated some distance to the northeast of the Point of Rocks, and Morris's statement was correct. The Point of Rocks, and other intrenchments on the different hills, forming the American line in this neighborhood, were "a little to the southwest of Day's tavern." I believe the tavern was a mile to the north of any portion of Morningside Heights, and at this advanced point Knowlton with the Connecticut troops was stationed, in the most direct line for the enemy from McGowan's Pass.

Having reached this point, I was prompted to consult Mrs. Lamb's *History of New York City*, it being the only work in my present library from which I could obtain any information relating to the battle of Harlem Heights. To my satisfaction I found a tracing of Colton's map, which confirms the accuracy of my recollection in relation to the site of Day's tavern. In addition, I found that in all essentials as to the wooded country, roads, etc., I had been accurate; a remarkable circumstance, as I have had to trust to the impressions made by my observation and historical studies at a period which would doubtless antedate the birth of either of these gentlemen. Colton's map shows, as I stated, that there was no road at this time from these heights to the valley, and that only a pathway existed from the Claremont Heights along the course of the Bloomingdale Road, which was not open in this neighborhood until after the Revolution. It does give, however, what was probably a farm road from Hoagland's house down into the King's Bridge Road, at about One Hundred and Tenth Street. After the Bloomingdale Road was extended to Manhattanville, this one was probably closed, as it did not exist within my recollection.

Note XI

See page 381

[Showing the Irish Parliament had the right of taxing imports from England. Duane's letter to Clinton, Philadelphia, 28 November, 1780.]

DEAR SIR:

I last wrote your Excellency by General Scott. We have since received dispatches from Holland and have the satisfaction to find that Mr. Adams has received his powers to execute the trust reposed in Mr. Laurens, now a prisoner of war in England.

The Claims of Ireland are still unsatisfied and they [Irish] passed an act to prevent, by a severe duty, the importation of unrefined sugar from England, insisting that it shall be brought directly from the Islands into their own ports; and claiming in every other respect a perfect equality with what they call their Sister Kingdom. The Courtiers in that Parliament were averse to this measure, but the Patriot Counsellor Yelverton, told them that his argument should be concise. If they would not agree to it he would put himself at the head of the Associators. This is a mode of reasoning which proves irresistible.

By the way, is it not the highest insolence that, while the claims of Ireland are submitted to from —, and preparations to enforce them by arms, Americans are persecuted as Rebels for exercising the same Right? Holland continues to be rent into faction. The stadtholder, under British influence, restrains some of the Provinces from acting with vigor; while the Republican party, in all, seem resolved to support our Cause, and are earnest for a close Alliance with us.

In England the Crown has acquired additional strength by the misconduct of the people, headed by Lord George Gordon. It is said the late Elections have proved unfavorable to the patriots, and that several of the most distinguished have lost their seats in Parliament.

But it is a general opinion that the Convention of the Neutral powers will have a much greater effect upon the British Cabinet than the eloquence of angels. Lord Shelbourne, in their House of Peers, declared that it was to be taken for granted that the United States would be admitted to that Convention as an Independent people. Indeed all accounts agree that the Greater Powers of Europe are altogether advocates for our freedom; and the ministerial writers in late publications whine and complain that all mankind are Ingrates, and that they are left without an ally to contend against France, Spain and America. They might add Ireland to the catalogue; for the Liberation of that Kingdom will eventually press to the quick and lend to the destruction of her [England's] commerce as much as any other cause.

In the meantime they have manifested a servility in offering assistance to the Russian fleet, tho' armed merely to humble their maritime power, which cannot fail to render them contemptible. With the same low condescension they have endeavored to soothe and cajole the country of France

and Spain, and seem prepared to sacrifice every sentiment of glory and every prospect of national advantage if America can be deserted and left to their vengeance. These Courts, however, seem decided to pursue the War; and France, in every event to maintain her alliance, besides the ties of Honour, their future safety, and a desire to recover the disgrace of the last War; both these nations are become responsible for their conduct to the Northern Powers; nor can anything justify them, to themselves or to the people, while these states by vigorously proceeding to establish their Freedom, call down the admiration and respect of Mankind.

From intelligence out of our Capital it appears that the Enemy expressed great chagrin and disappointment on examining the new arrangement for the campaign which they intercepted. They had hoped, it seems, that we were too much broken to attempt a formidable opposition. If the views of Congress are seconded by the States, and the army supplies which we have requested partially produced, it is the general opinion that the Enemy will relinquish the American War and think seriously of preserving their remaining Dominions. One decisive effort will be of more avail than languid, precarious operations for years. But these reflections need not be made to your Excellency, who has long been impressed with the necessity of vigorous determination to expel the enemy.

The late hurricane in the West Indies has produced such horrible devastations that nothing equal to it has happened, perhaps, since the deluge. Only partial accounts have yet come to hand; but the tempest, continuing many days with unabated violence, it may be concluded that its effects have been dreadful to the Islands both windward and seaward. It must prove a fatal blow to Britain; but our ally has a great share in the calamity. The loss of shipping and lives must be prodigious.

I cannot but say, excepting in the case of Vermont, that I never enjoyed so much satisfaction in the proceedings of Congress as at this time. There is a decision and a spirit in their measures which has become indispensably necessary. They have made all the preparations for the next Campaign with the utmost unanimity and to the entire satisfaction of the Commander-in-chief.

I continue alone to represent the State. It is a confidence which I endeavor to deserve by unremitted application and devoting my whole time to the public business. Habit and a great store of health make it tolerable; and a hope that I am serviceable to the country reconciles me to continue so long in a station on some accounts undesirable. The want of a decent support from the state is among the number of discouragements which give me disgust. There are others which must occur to your Excellency of a nature much more general and consequential.

Be pleased to present my most respectful compliments to Mrs. Clinton, and *au revoir*.

I have the honour to be, with the utmost respect and affection, Dear Sir,
Your Excellency's most obedient and very humble servant,

(Signed) JAMES DUANE.

HIS EXCELLENCY GOVERNOR CLINTON.

Note XII

See page 382

[A letter to the New York *Irish World*—published Oct. 26, 1907—giving some indication of the present feeling of the educated English people towards Ireland and Home Rule. Changes within the past generation.]

*S. S. Celtic, Oct. 9, 1907.*EDITOR *Irish World*:

I went abroad late in the spring with no expectation of accomplishing more than a visit of a few weeks to my relatives. Parliament was in session when I arrived in London, but I was unwilling to inconvenience busy men by having them call on me. Consequently, as I was limited in my power of locomotion, I did not see any of the Irish leaders, nor, in fact, did I meet abroad any one particularly interested in Irish affairs.

I spent more than a month in London and passed over two months in the Scotch Highlands during the grouse season, with the house filled with sportsmen. I have seen and heard much of special interest, while more than a generation has passed since I have had the opportunity of meeting a like number of educated Englishmen.

I made it an object to obtain what information I could relating to Irish affairs from an English standpoint, and I was surprised to find that a great change in public sentiment had taken place. The number of individuals I met during my last and my previous visits was comparatively a limited one, I confess, upon which alone to base an opinion. But a few scattering straws are after all a better indicator of a passing current than a compact bundle, and especially valuable when in corroboration of other testimony.

An intense and aggressive prejudice against the Irish people seemed to exist formerly among the upper class of Englishmen, and to a lesser degree as well against their religion. At the time of my previous visit, the average Englishman, if he gave any thought at all to the Irish people, regarded them as a worthless set of drunken vagabonds, with whom nothing could be done save to hang them or drive them out of the country. In these very words, in fact, I have often heard such views expressed. The press of the period, as a reflection of the views of the public, will verify my statement. And at the same time the profoundest ignorance existed in England regarding the political condition of Ireland.

The English of to-day with whom I was thrown are but little better informed, and the subject of Irish affairs seems to be one seldom discussed among themselves.

When I broached the subject I found a condition of perfect indifference with them all, and yet in but a single instance did I hear the expression of unkind feelings toward the Irish people. This exception was in the case of an army officer who, as soon as I made reference to the Irish people, pro-

nounced them "a set of ruffians." Upon showing him that he had no knowledge of the Irish people, he frankly confessed that he had based his supposed knowledge entirely upon what he had always heard in reference to them. I am satisfied that avoidance of expressing opinions was not due to my supposed sympathies; for in their ignorance my connection with Ireland was unknown, and I was thought to possess merely the sentiments of an American whose ancestors had emigrated from Ireland at some remote period.

With lack of evidence as to the cause, which however was possibly a result of the constant agitation by Irish leaders to educate the English people, I was surprised to find that almost every one freely admitted the fact that Ireland had been misgoverned, and where it was necessary they thought a change should be made. But in the admission of a cause for complaint there was not the slightest expression of sympathy, nor of a desire to do justice by righting a wrong; simply a change of methods was desirable if it could be safely made, as the easiest means of relief from what might prove an intolerable annoyance.

It seemed to be generally taken for granted, after making such an acknowledgment regarding the past condition of misgovernment, that the issue in question should no longer exist, since no one of the present generation was responsible for the past and since nothing could be gained by the revival of old issues, especially when every loyal citizen of Great Britain now had the same advantage. That there was no appreciation among the Irish people of such advantages these gentlemen fully understood, but its absence was due to a cause evidently beyond their comprehension. When I pointed out that Irishmen had never enjoyed the advantages of British subjects, it was argued that, if so, it was due to their disloyalty, and that so long as this continued there could be no change nor remedy in the future, but things must continue in the old rut. It was to little purpose that I attempted to show that the Irish people had never been conquered, and were not willingly a part of the British Empire; that their interests had never been considered, nor had there ever been a concession made save from necessity, and that therefore it seemed unreasonable to expect any loyalty until a different course was inaugurated.

My recent experience confirms an opinion long held by me as to the impossibility for an Englishman (or for an Irishman by birth with English sympathies) to understand the feelings of the majority of the people of Ireland. So foreign is the nature of the two people to each other that a co-ordination of oil and water is not more difficult. Mr. Gladstone made an effort to overcome the difficulty, and to an extent that no one is likely to follow, and yet even his deductions, based on false premises, were often ill-defined.

The knowledge gained from individuals in England would be of little importance if their views had not coincided to a remarkable degree with the general public opinion as shown by the daily press. With ample leisure, as I was unable to take part in the grouse-shooting, I studied closely the editorials and the communications made to the *Times*, the *Telegraph*, and *Morning Post*, published daily in London, together with several other papers issued in different parts of England.

Before detailing at greater length my deductions, it is important to refer to another great change which has taken place in England. Thirty years ago or more the general British feeling toward the United States was a near approach to one of contempt; and, so far as an educated Englishman is capable of any effort at the humorous, it was shown by his constant inclination to place in a ridiculous light everything relating to the American people. With possibly some sentiment of jealousy still remaining, there is, however, throughout England and with all classes, a healthy appreciation of the power and important position held by the United States and our own people are thought to be but little different from themselves—"Anglo-Saxon," of course, with possibly a few "Scotch-Irish"! This feeling of respect does not extend equally toward any other nation, and with this appreciation there is also a desire to be on good terms.

A prevailing public opinion in the United States on any special subject or issue has certainly at the present time great weight in Great Britain, particularly among those in charge of public affairs. Hence the future benefit to Ireland's interests, and, what is of equal importance, the beginning of a realization that the Irish race in the United States is a potent factor to be considered in its influence upon the future relations of the two countries.

In some form or other the "Irish question" in England seems now to block the way. While I have no more faith than formerly in the sincerity of any future philanthropic efforts on the part of the English Government in Irish affairs, I am impressed with the belief that necessity will solve the question of Home Rule and that one English party is as likely as the other to become its instrument. Moreover, it is my firm conviction that the present outlook is one of great promise for the future success of Ireland's aspirations.

At no time within my association with Irish affairs has this promise seemed brighter, and only the Irish people themselves can destroy this prospect by permitting themselves to be goaded into an outbreak, giving thus an excuse for coercion. I believe this issue is most desired by certain members of the present government, since credit would then be claimed by themselves for forethought in not granting Home Rule, and, with the necessity for coercion claimed as their vindication, they would hope thus to weaken the power of the party in opposition.

As there are a number of the Liberal party who honestly wish to conciliate the Irish people, and whose counsels were ignored in its policy toward Ireland, it is within range of practical politics for this party to retrace a course which has proved a false one from the beginning. If the Irish people can continue to hold their present position and thus afford the government no assistance, the future standing of the Liberal party must prove one without vantage, and not tenable. The unexpected should never be ignored in politics; therefore Home Rule may yet be granted by the present party in office to strengthen its position, or, if its policy continue to be an uncertain and drifting one, the Tories will certainly soon return to power.

Could I entertain any sentiment approaching sympathy with either of the English parties, it would be with the Tories; for an open enemy can be dealt

with on more certain terms than an uncertain friend, without the courage of his convictions. Judging from those I have met among the Tories, who seemed to have as little prejudice toward the Irish as any Englishmen could have, I believe Home Rule, or any other measure short of separation, would be freely granted Ireland by them, if the necessity therefor could be proved to their satisfaction.

The same would of course be true of any party whose purpose was an honest one, but strange to state, I have found among the Tories actually a desire "to do the right thing" for Ireland, so far as their ignorance and prejudice admitted of a judgment. The future must therefore be relied upon to prove this necessity.

All governments are selfish, but the English one is particularly so in its policy, which is but a reflection of the trend of the majority of its people. An individual of family, position, or wealth, or in expectation of either, is educated in England, as a rule, by his social surroundings from childhood to feel the importance of his position and to give little thought to others in the gaining of his own comfort and advantage. This selfish training becomes the more pronounced as he advances in life.

The Irish people owe a lasting debt of gratitude to Mr. Parnell and Mr. Biggar, who, with profound knowledge of the vulnerable nature of their antagonists, availed themselves in public life of such knowledge to the advantage of the Irish cause. By their ingenuity and perseverance in the House of Commons, and elsewhere, a system of obstruction was developed and a persistent effort was made for giving prominence on all occasions to Irish affairs. This course proved a grievous infliction for many in opposition.

Mr. Redmond and those associated with him in Parliament have proved themselves experts in demonstrating the value of this line of tactics and its necessity as well, since the English as a race are less influenced by reason and argument as cause for changing preconceived opinions than any other people. The course thus followed by the Irish members was the more necessary, since nothing has ever been gained for the relief of the Irish people without having previously and literally worried the English members of Parliament into compliance.

This compliance has always been due to a fear of the consequences of refusal wherever those in opposition could exert the power of retaliation, or else it was prompted by a desire to escape the annoyance attending a steadily maintained course of worrying, employed to ensure recognition. To the influence of one or both of these potent agents an English statesman can always in time be forced to yield. This effect is not due to any want of brute courage, but to the predominant desire to escape personal worry and annoyance from a subject with which he has no sympathy nor knowledge of its purpose, and which gives no chance for profit.

In caricature John Bull has always been represented as thick in the girth, irascible in appearance, of a figure easily winded, and showing in feature a disposition ever ready to resent any interference with his personal comfort. This portraiture is supposed to represent an Englishman who has reached that

period of life when he usually comes into his inheritance and greater importance from having charge of public affairs. Certainly this representation gives no indication of any susceptibility to the subtle influence of argument; so my pen sketch of John Bull is within the meaning of the accepted picture.

If I am correct in regard to the existence in England of a feeling of annoyance that such prominence should be given constantly to Irish affairs, a desire for relief must of necessity come in time; and to gain therein any compromise, short of dismemberment of the Empire, will be finally accepted, both by the government and by the English people.

There was never a greater necessity than at present for keeping Irish affairs prominently before the public, even *ad-nauseam*. There are many in England at present fully satisfied that eventually Home Rule must be granted to Ireland, and they are prepared to accept the inevitable when forced to take the initiative.

An early knowledge by the Government of the intended organization of the party called the Sinn Fein [and it is possible that its establishment may have been made in the interests of the Government and with the hope of dividing the Irish people] did doubtless mislead the Government, if it did not itself, in regard to its importance; and this misunderstanding may be also responsible for the recent milk-and-water consistency of the last governmental offering towards the relief of Ireland. But all who have any accurate knowledge of Irish affairs have no fear of division at the present time, for THE IRISH PEOPLE WERE NEVER MORE UNITED. No political party nor movement in the United States, nor in England, nor in any other country can claim to have reached so nearly a unit as the Irish party in Ireland at the present time, and this union has continued for years increasing in strength. Differences must arise in every movement, and these should be fully discussed as the Irish people have done; but, when the majority has come to a decision, the minority must yield all individual opinion as the only means to secure success.

I am free to acknowledge that when I left home and for some time previously I had lost all hope of the possibility of Home Rule for Ireland being gained in my lifetime. I had lost no faith in the honest effort of the Irish leaders, nor had I ever any doubt as to the final result being a favorable one for Ireland. I was, however, ignorant of what I now believe to be the true condition of affairs, and I returned home with a gain of strength both in body and in political faith.

If the case be considered on its merits it seems unjust that a movement like the present one in Ireland should be criticised in regard to its results, when the game has yet to be played out to a finish. Bad as the present state of Ireland is known to be, no one ignorant of what it was previous to twenty years ago can now form any idea of how much has been gained by the persistent efforts of the Irish members of Parliament. Therefore, the subject is not worthy of discussion regarding the greater necessity now existing for keeping every Irish member of Parliament at his post for the protection of Irish interests. With the exception of an open outbreak in Ireland, it is believed

no occurrence would now be more gratifying to some members of the Government than that Irish members should absent themselves from the House of Commons and thus leave their enemies freedom of action.

Under no other circumstances nor in any other country has a people ever been more thoroughly represented than the Irish through the delegates selected by themselves to attend the several National Conventions held in Dublin of late years. With the utmost degree of dignity and order were the affairs of the country discussed, and this was done before deciding upon the adoption of a settled line of policy by the majority. Without a dissenting voice the last assembly, held within a few weeks, approved of Mr. Redmond's leadership and of the work of his associate members of the House of Commons, and it was shown, moreover, that the gratuitous service of these men had been rendered with a degree of personal sacrifice little known and little appreciated.

If the course of any persons in Ireland is to be criticised it should be that of those individuals constituting a very small minority and claiming to be in sympathy with the cause of the Irish people, but who yet have done nothing towards carrying out the decision of the majority, but have, by their neglect or indifference, given as much support to every English interest as if they were in the pay of the government for that very purpose.

I think I have a fair and accurate knowledge of the existing conditions of political affairs both in Ireland and in England. I therefore wish it were in my power to carry conviction and to prompt the English to act justly towards Ireland, simply in the English interest.

Even with a vast majority of the Irish people detesting every relation with British rule, from the experience of centuries, I believe that Ireland at the present time could be conciliated. Her people are naturally of a forgiving disposition, and they might thus become a prosperous and peaceful portion of the Empire; but one condition alone can accomplish this result, that of Home Rule—the placing of the entire management of Ireland's internal affairs in the hands of her own people. No other concession will now or hereafter make the Irish people contented to remain under the British crown. Moreover, this concession needs to be a voluntary act on the part of the English Government, made in a friendly and trusting spirit, to which the Irish people will promptly respond. It may be argued that this is exacting too much from a stiff-necked and unimpressionable people; but the Divine Law demands, in the end, retribution from nations as well as from individuals for violation of its precepts. Holy Writ, in addition, presents many examples where nations have suffered from not heeding its teachings of justice. Sooner or later England must pay tribute to the inevitable Law.

From being a united people, determined to gain their object, the Irish through their perfect organization are in a stronger position to-day than they would be if a repeating rifle were in the hands of every man in sympathy with their cause. An appeal to arms might readily lead to defeat, but so perfect a union of public sentiment must become at length an irresistible power.

It is now of little moment how far the Liberal party was pledged toward the granting of Home Rule; but its leaders, by their silence alone, previous to the

last general election, are responsible for misleading the Irish people in their just expectations. Under these circumstances the last "peace offering" of the Government was an insult to the Irish people and a drivelling utterance in its pretensions to sagacious statesmanship. It but marked another opportunity lost by England in the government of Ireland. It has deceived no one possessing any knowledge of the situation. It has shown the weakness of the present English administration, weakness from dissension within its own ranks, while the rejection of this bill by Ireland has commanded universal respect. No better evidence could be given of Irish organization as well as of the faith of the people in the ultimate success of their present political course, than the rejection of this measure without a dissenting voice in the last Irish national assembly.

A respect for a supposed existence of an average degree of understanding among those responsible for the passage of this bill prompts, in all charity, the opinion that its acceptance by the Irish people was neither desired nor expected. It is probable, in view of the evident lack of courage to seize a golden opportunity and to follow a course wisdom would have dictated, that the government perpetrated this sham merely to gain time.

History but repeats itself in Ireland, since, unfortunately, England learns nothing from experience there. Therefore, as already stated, the probabilities are that in the near future another attempt at coercion, with all the official brutality of the past, is to be feared.

England has yet to learn that Ireland cannot be conciliated, nor intimidated by brute force. The exercise of this power is as fruitless an expectation as would be the destruction of Ireland's rocky cliffs by the never-ceasing pounding of the sea, and the action of both these forces has been tested by the lapse of centuries.

In the present temper of the Irish people I believe another attempt at coercion will forever wipe out every possibility of future conciliation. Instead of the necessity for holding the people by the throat, as the policy of the past may be figuratively indicated, the Irish people, if again enraged by coercion, will have to be bound hand and foot forever in clear anticipation of what will take place when the English Government shall become discouraged, as heretofore, with its result, and relaxes the coercive restraint. The danger then would indeed be great that the Irish people, in their helpless condition of defence, might be forced to resort to means of retaliation to which humanity cannot give thought without a shudder. This danger does exist, and the English Government doubtless possesses a more accurate knowledge of this fact than any individual could obtain, therefore if coercion be forced again upon a long-exasperated people the responsibility for its results will rest upon the English.

"God save Ireland" is a supplication which should be constantly on the lips of all who wish well to that afflicted country, and this prayer should be to save her from impending danger.

During a period of nearly sixty years I have done all in my power to advance what I believe to be the best interests of Ireland. With each

recurring disappointment I have still been strengthened in my belief that final success would come. For centuries the majority of the Irish people have shown a determination of purpose in their opposition to the misrule of England, and the irresistible nature of this opposition has never been fully appreciated.

Many with whom I have associated have accomplished more than I have been able to do, but I will yield to no one in regard to my honesty of purpose. The possession of a certain degree of experience in Irish affairs, which enables me to judge of cause and effect, entitles me, I hope, to advice, or at least to render what I state worthy of consideration. I would therefore impress all in Ireland with the necessity, as well as the advantage to the National cause, of keeping strictly within the limits of the law. Every claimed violation of law will prove of service to the Government. I would urge all at home and abroad who hesitate, to cast aside every doubt of the efficiency of the present leaders of the National party and by so doing to give them moral support; and with equal confidence would I ask that they should be given all the financial aid possible. I am certain everything is being done as well as it possibly can be done and that the money affairs of the party are being managed with economy. It would be difficult to find any one who will have accomplished more than Mr. Redmond has, and every man connected with him is the right man in the right place.

What I have gained during a long life has been chiefly through my own efforts, and I have found that the secret of success was not in speculating as to when or how soon an object may be obtained, but by a continued and undivided effort until the object in question has been reached. Such determination of purpose in any undertaking insures success, and without determination failure is inevitable.

I am almost willing to yield to your judgment in Irish affairs. Should what I have written in the leisure of a sea voyage seem of sufficient importance for publication in the *Irish World*, it is at your service.

Yours truly,

THOMAS ADDIS EMMET.

Note XIII

See page 407

[From the *Irish World*.]

EDITOR the *Irish World*:

DEAR SIR: I enclose a letter from Dr. Browne, Bishop of Cloyne, on an important subject, and it speaks for itself. Please publish, and give it a prominent place in your paper.

Yours truly,

THOS. ADDIS EMMET, M.D.

BISHOP'S HOUSE, QUEENSTOWN,

November 20, 1909.

DEAR DR. EMMET:

I received a few days ago your letter of inquiry regarding certain statements made to you, and I hasten to reply to it.

In your letter you write as follows:

"It has so happened that recently several well-educated men have said to me that the Irish people can no longer be in such close relation with their priests as formerly existed. When I asked for the reason I have been told that the young men at Maynooth studying for the priesthood are obliged to take an oath before they can be ordained, as a pledge that they never say or do anything against the English Government."

In reply, I beg to say that there is no truth whatever in this statement regarding Maynooth students. The students of Maynooth take no such oath, or promise, or undertaking. In this matter they are as free as any Irish student in any college in France, or Rome, or Louvain; or as any lay-student in any college or university in Ireland.

You further state in your letter that your "educated" informants added "that this [oath] is exacted by the Government for paying for their education." This statement is also absolutely untrue. The college of Maynooth does not receive one penny of Government grant to pay for the education of its students or for the upkeep of the college, or for any purpose whatsoever.

The gentlemen who made those statements to you cannot be "educated," but on the contrary are very ignorant of the conditions on which clerical students enter and live in Maynooth College.

Thirdly, you mention another statement of your informants, namely, "That at heart the priests of Ireland are secretly opposed to Home Rule, and that in consequence many of the people cannot give them their confidence as of old." Now the statement is opposed to the record which every day's experience supplies. You have only to read from day to day our Irish newspapers to see how earnestly the priests of Ireland advocate and demand Home Rule, and how persistently they subscribe, and encourage their people to subscribe, to the maintenance of the United Irish Parliamentary party, the first and chief point in whose programme is Home Rule for Ireland. The statement is ridiculous and absurd.

The priests of Ireland do not countenance and never have countenanced secret societies; neither are they in favor of disunion and dissension amongst those who are in earnest in working for Home Rule. Unfortunately, as you well know, disunion and dissension amongst Irish Nationalists has been too often in our history the cause of failure and ruin.

Permit me to say that it was no friend of Ireland's best interests or Ireland's Home Rule government, who made any of those false statements which have naturally grieved you, a staunch Irish patriot, to hear.

I remain, dear Dr. Emmet, with much respect,

DR. THOMAS ADDIS EMMET, Yours very faithfully,

89 Madison Avenue, New York. ✠ ROBERT BROWNE, *Bishop of Cloyne.*

Note XIV

See page 126

After this work had passed into the possession of the publishers, I accidentally learned that the portrait of Fulton loaned to the Hudson-Fulton Committee and claimed to be an original by Benjamin West, belonged to R. Fulton Cutting, Esq. On writing to Mr. Cutting for information, he kindly answered at length stating that it had come into his possession by inheritance, and by tradition was clearly proved to have been painted by West. I sent him a transcribed copy of the chapter from this work showing I claimed that Miss Elizabeth Emmet had painted the only authentic portrait known of Fulton after reaching manhood and this portrait by Miss Emmet Fulton had copied in miniature, thus showing his appreciation of it. In reply, Mr. Cutting honestly acknowledged that after reading my statement his faith in the authenticity of his portrait was weakened, and he would have the matter investigated.

I also sent him a copy of the Emmet engraved portrait of Fulton used by Colden in his work and of the engraved fraud by Delaplaine, claiming to have been taken from an original West, so that it could be clearly seen that both engravings were printed from the same plate. In his reply Mr. Cutting stated that his portrait and those held by Mr. Robert Fulton Ludlow and Mr. Church Osborne were all claimed as authentic portraits by West, and were of the same type or appearance as the engravings I had sent him.

This being the case, and with the blowing up of the English ship off the English coast, near Deal, Oct. 15, 1805, with one of Fulton's torpedoes fired by himself, and shown in all these portraits claimed to have been painted by West, the subject is narrowed to the fact that none could have been painted before 1805. When Fulton visited England for the purpose of exhibiting his torpedo, he had lost all hope of being able to make any terms with France, and through some friend in England he was invited by the Government, and a vessel was placed at his disposal for the purpose. He had no confidence in the English Government and the visit was as an enemy, for he was known in England as a citizen of France and an enthusiastic supporter of the French Government. Moreover, he held a French commission and it was known he was to accompany the French army in the expected invasion of Ireland or England. The English were in the greatest dread of this new mode of warfare, and it was generally thought at the time that the invitation was extended with the hope of being able to secure Fulton's person after a knowledge of his secret had been obtained. England would have justified Fulton's imprisonment on the plea of necessity for her own safety and to prevent France from gaining the advantage of his services. In addition, she would have claimed the right to arrest and imprison Fulton as a traitor, who had given aid to the enemy, as his father was an Irishman. England would have been so far justified, as she has never yielded the claim that children of a native of Great Britain continued to be her citizens without reference to their place of birth. The War of 1812 was fought on this plea, and when peace was made she still

refused to yield the point. The blowing up of the vessel was such a complete success that Fulton was summoned before a committee of lords with the view of purchase. Fulton would not agree to accept any price unless he was left free to render his service at any time to his country. There is every reason to believe that Fulton got out of the country without delay, as he was in France immediately after. He soon sailed for the United States, arrived in this country early in 1806 and it is not believed that he went abroad afterward. It does not seem probable under the circumstances that Fulton met West, nor that he would have painted his portrait if desired, West being a personal friend of George the Third and a pronounced Tory.

Fulton painted on Miss Emmet's picture a sketch of *Fulton No. 1*, the keel of which was laid in June, 1814, and she was launched in February, about the time of Fulton's death. These facts settle the period within which Miss Emmet painted Fulton's portrait, and it was probably not done until after the vessel was sheathed. The only knowledge the world has ever had of the explosion was obtained from a sketch Fulton made and this was used by Delaplaine in 1817 on his fraudulent plate. There does not seem to be the slightest evidence that West ever painted a portrait of Fulton and could not have done so except as a young man. I learn from Mr. Cutting that his portrait shows the blowing up of the vessel, and Mr. Ludlow is ignorant of the history of his portrait, but it also shows the explosion. I have not been able to communicate with Mr. Osborne, but Mr. Cutting states that his portrait of Fulton was obtained from a dealer, that it has the same outlook, but is not as well painted as either of the others. It is evident that these paintings are copies made by some unknown portrait painter, and since 1817, from Delaplaine's fraudulent engraving which was accepted in one generation as a copy of an authentic portrait by West, and in the next tradition claimed them as originals. The coloring in these portraits must be entirely guesswork. The miniature copy made by Fulton is now apparently the only authority for the color of his eyes, hair, and complexion.

The original portrait of Fulton by Miss Emmet has apparently been lost. Francis has been dead for years and there is no means of ascertaining who purchased it. After an inquiry of nearly fifty years it seems impossible that it can be in the City of New York, unless it is held by some one ignorant of the subject and its history, and the same contingency may exist if it has been removed from the city.

Note XV

See page 378

[Translation from the Latin of the Papal brief conferring the title of Knight Commander of the Order of St. Gregory the Great.]

POPE PIUS X.

To his beloved son, DOCTOR THOMAS ADDIS EMMET.

BELOVED SON:

Health and Apostolic Benediction. We have heard, on the excellent

authority of the Archbishop of New York, that you, a most distinguished member of the Medical profession, having long since embraced the true faith of Christ, have by your splendid gifts of mind and heart rendered the highest service to the Church, and deserve therefore to be rewarded by an honorable and illustrious title.

In view of this, We absolve you from all excommunication, interdict, and any other ecclesiastical sentences, censures, and penalties which you may have incurred; and believing that you are free from all such, We hereby make, constitute, and name you a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Gregory the Great, of the civil class, and We inscribe you in the same illustrious body and number of Knights.

However, We grant you, beloved son, the privilege of wearing the uniform distinctive of this order and degree of Knighthood, and likewise the corresponding insignia of the superior grade; to wit, a gold octagonal cross, bearing an image of St. Gregory the Great on a red surface, and suspended from the neck by a red silk band trimmed with yellow at the edges.

That there may be no disparity either in the uniform or cross to be worn, We have given order that an appropriate design be forwarded to you.

Given at St. Peter's, Rome, under the seal of the Fisherman's Ring on the twenty-seventh day of June in the year of our Lord, Nineteen Hundred and Six, and the Third of our Pontificate.

ALOYSIUS, CARDINAL MACCHI.

Note XVI

Chief Contributions to Medical Literature

BY THOS. ADDIS EMMET

(Incomplete List.)

Report of the Medical Board of the Emigrants' Refuge Hospital for 1854.

"Calcareous Deposition on the Surface of the Heart, with Reference to the Manner in which the Blood is Propelled from that Organ."—*New York Medical Times*, 1855.

"On Œdema Glottidis Resulting from Typhus Fever," etc.—*American Journal of the Medical Sciences*, 1856.

"Silver Sutures and Ligatures."—*American Journal of Medical Sciences*, 1859.

"A Radical Operation for Procidentia Uteri."—*New York Medical Times*, 1865.

"Treatment of Dysmenorrhœa and Sterility."—*New York Medical Journal*, June, 1865.

"Reduction of Inverted Uteri by a New Method."—*American Journal of Medical Sciences*, Jan., 1866.

"Reduction of Inverted Uteri," etc.—*American Journal of Medical Sciences*, April, 1866.

"Accidental and Congenital Atresia of the Vagina, with a Mode of Operating for Successfully Establishing the Canal."—*Richmond Medical Journal*, Aug., 1866.

"Inversion of the Uterus with a New Mode of Procedure to be Adopted as a Last Resort."—*American Journal of Medical Sciences*, Jan., 1868.

Vesico-Vaginal Fistulæ from Parturition and other Causes, with Cases of Recto-Vaginal Fistulæ. 8vo, pp. 250. W. Wood & Co., New York, 1868.

"Surgery on the Cervix," etc.—*American Journal of Obstetrics*, Feb., 1869.

"Inversion of the Uterus, etc."—*American Journal of Obstetrics*, Aug., 1869.

"A Case of Ovariectomy—the Pedicle Secured with Wire by a New Method."—*American Journal of Obstetrics*, Feb., 1870.

"A Rare Form of Spina Bifida," etc. Presenting features in common with an ovarian cyst.—*American Journal of Obstetrics*, Feb., 1871.

"Prolapsus Uteri, Its Chief Causes and Treatment."—*New York Medical Record*, 1871.

"Chronic Cystitis in the Female and a Mode of Treatment."—*American Practitioner*, Louisville, Feb., 1872.

"Laceration of the Perinæum, Involving the Sphincter Ani, and Operation for Securing Union of the Muscle."—*New York Medical Record*, March, 1873.

"Philosophy of Uterine Disease," etc.—*New York Medical Journal*, July, 1874.

"Laceration of the Cervix Uteri, as a Frequent and Unnecessary Cause of Disease."—*American Journal of Obstetrics*, Nov., 1874.

"Treatment and Removal of Fibroids from the Uterus by Traction."—*Transactions of the Medical Society of New York*, 1875.

"Risse des Cervix Uteri," etc.—Berlin, 1775—*Uebersetzt* von Dr. M. Vogal.

"Etiology of Uterine Flexures with the Proper Mode of Treatment Indicated."—*Transactions of the American Gynæcological Society*, for 1876.

"Congenital Absence and Accidental Atresia of the Vagina."—*American Gynæcological Society Transactions*, 1876.

"Proper Treatment of Lacerations of the Cervix Uteri."—*American Practitioner*, Jan., 1877.

"Removal of Fibrous Tumors from the Uterus by Traction," etc.—*American Journal of Obstetrics*, Jan., 1877.

"In Memoriam—Edmund Randolph Peaslee."—*American Journal of Obstetrics*, etc., April, 1878.

"Congenital Absence and Accidental Atresia of the Vagina." *Gynæcological Transactions*, 1878.

The Principles and Practice of Gynæcology. With one hundred and thirty illustrations. 8vo, pp. 855. Philadelphia: Henry C. Lea's Son & Co., 1879.

The Principles and Practice of Gynæcology. With one hundred and thirty illustrations. 8vo, pp. 855. London: J. & A. Churchill, New Burlington Street, 1879.

The Principles and Practice of Gynæcology. Second edition. Thoroughly revised, with one hundred and thirty-three illustrations. 8vo, pp. 875. Philadelphia: Henry C. Lea's Son & Co., 1880.

The Principles and Practice of Gynæcology, etc. London: J. & A. Churchill, New Burlington Street, 1880.

Prinzipien und Praxis der Gynækologie. Von Thomas Addis Emmet, M.D., Arzt am Frauenspital des Staates New York, etc. Nach der Zweiten Auflages des Originals Deutsch Herausgegeben von Dr. C. G. Rothe, Pract. Arzt in Altenburg. 8vo, pp. 576. Leipzig: Verlag Von Ambr. Abel, 1881.

"A Study of the Etiology of Perineal Lacerations, with a New Method for its Proper Repair."—*Transactions of the American Gynæcological Society*, 1883.

The Principles and Practice of Gynæcology. Third edition. Thoroughly revised, with one hundred and fifty illustrations. 8vo, pp. 876. Philadelphia: Henry C. Lea's Son & Co., 1884.

The Principles and Practice of Gynæcology, etc. Third edition. London: J. & A. Churchill, New Burlington Street, 1884.

"A Memoir of James Marion Sims, M.D., LL.D." Read before the N. Y. Academy of Medicine, Jan. 3, 1884.—*New York Medical Journal*, Jan. 5, 1884.

"Pelvic Inflammation, or Cellulitis versus Peritonitis."—*Transactions of the American Gynæcological Society*, 1886.

"Prolapse of the Vaginal Walls, Due to Laceration of the Cervix and Injury to the Vaginal Outlet."—*The Medical News*, Jan., 1886.

"On Certain Mooted Points in Gynæcology." Read before the British Medical Association in Brighton.—*British Medical Journal*, Nov. 13, 1886.

"A Study of the Cause and Treatment of Uterine Displacements."—*Transactions of the American Gynæcological Society*, 1887.

La Pratique des Maladies des Femmes par Th. A. Emmet, etc.—Ouvrage traduit sur la troisième édition et annoté par Adolphe Olivier, etc., avec une préface par M. le Professeur U. Trélat, avec 220 figures intercalées dans le texte. Paris: J. B. Baillière et Fils, 8vo, pp. 860, 1887.

"On the Use of the Vaginal Tampon in the Treatment of Certain Effects Following Pelvic Inflammation."—*New York Medical Journal*, Feb. 18, 1888.

"Tracheotomy without a Cannula."—*New York Medical Journal*, June 2, 1888.

"The Causes and Treatment of Urethrocele."—*Transactions of the American Gynæcological Society*, 1888.

"Laceration of the Cervix Uteri and the Indications for its Restoration." Read before the Ontario Medical Association, Toronto, Canada, June 11, 1890.—*The Canadian Practitioner*, Aug., 1890.

"Rectocele: Its Causes and Cure." Development of the operation at the Woman's Hospital.—*American Journal of Obstetrics*, etc. No. 7, 1890.

"Injury to the Pelvic Floor and the Method of Repairing the Same."—*Transactions of the American Gynæcological Society*, 1891.

"Inclined Decubitus—An Important Aid in the Treatment of the Diseases of Women."—*New York Journal of Gynæcology and Obstetrics*, Feb., 1892.

"Reminiscences of the Founders of the Woman's Hospital Association."—*New York Journal of Gynæcology and Obstetrics*, May, 1893.

"Success in Gynæcological Plastic Surgery."—*New York Journal of Gynæcology and Obstetrics*, Feb., 1893.

"In Memoriam—Charles Carroll Lee, A.B., A.M., M.D., LL.D."—*New York Journal of Gynæcology and Obstetrics*, June, 1893.

"Reminiscences of Dr. Thos. Addis Emmet."—*The Medical News*, Nov. 18, 1895.

"Incurable Vesico-Vaginal Fistula, a New Method of Treatment by Suprapubic Cystotomy."—*The American Journal of Obstetrics*, No. 5, 1895.

"The Use of Traction and Morcellation in the Removal of Fibroids versus Hysterectomy."—*American Gynæcological and Obstetrical Journal* for 1895.

"When to Amputate in Preference to the Repair of a Lacerated Cervix by the Usual Method."—Reprinted from the *American Gynecological and Obstetrical Journal* for September, 1897.

"England's Destruction of Ireland's Manufactures, Commerce, and Population. A lecture given at Cooper Union, to the New York Branch of the Irish National Federation of America, Feb. 1, 1897.

"Ireland's Past and Future."—*Donahoe's Magazine*, Boston, 1897.

The Emmet Family, with Some Incidents Relating to Irish History and a Biographical Sketch of Prof. John Patten Emmet, M.D., and Other Members. Privately printed. Edition 130 copies, 4to, pp. 411. 95 portraits and other illustrations. New York, 1898.

"Irish Emigration during the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries." Read before the American-Irish Historical Society.—*Transactions*, vol. ii., 1899.

"Reminiscences of the Founders of the Woman's Hospital Association." (Part second with additional material.)—*American Gynecological and Obstetrical Journal* for April, 1899.

"Personal Reminiscences Associated with the Progress of Gynecology."—*American Gynecological and Obstetrical Journal*, May, 1900.

Ireland under English Rule, or a Plea for the Plaintiff. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1903. 8vo, vol. i., pp. 333; vol. ii., pp. 359.

"Some Popular Myths of American History."—*The Magazine of History*, with Notes and Queries, Feb., 1905.

The Birthday Dinner to Thomas Addis Emmet, M.D., LL.D., Given by his Professional Friends, at Delmonico's, New York, May 29, 1905, etc. Bradstreet Press, 1905, 8vo, pp. 176.

"The Battle of Harlem Heights."—*The Magazine of History*, with Notes and Queries, etc. Sept., 1906.

Ireland under English Rule, or a Plea for the Plaintiff. By Thomas Addis Emmet, President of the Irish National Federation of America, Knight Commander, Order St. Gregory the Great. Second edition and in a large part rewritten. Vol. i., portrait of Parnell, pp. 393. Vol. ii., portrait of John E. Redmond, pp. 393. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 8vo, 1909.

Introduction and Account of the Mecklenburg Convention, the Passage, Signing, and Publishing of the Declaration of Independence. Sm. folio, pp. 18, New York, 1876, of which there were but two copies printed.

Other volumes are in the Emmet Collection, Lenox Library, as the *Annapolis Convention*, *The Members of the Continental Congress*, etc. including some series of which there was but one copy printed.

Note XVII

Honors Conferred, and Positions Held in Hospitals, etc.

(An imperfect list.)

Graduate in Medicine, Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, March, 1850.

Resident Physician, Emigrant Refuge Hospital, Ward's Island, New York, 1850.

Appointed Sept., 1852, Visiting Physician to the Emigrant Refuge Hospital and began the practice of medicine in the City of New York.

Assistant Surgeon to the Woman's Hospital Association, May, 1855. Surgeon-in-Chief in the Woman's Hospital, 1862. Visiting Surgeon to the Woman's Hospital in the State of New York, 1872. Resigned, 1900.

Consulting Physician to the Roosevelt Hospital, New York.

Consulting Physician, New York Foundling Asylum, New York.

Consulting Surgeon, St. Andrew's Infirmary for Women, New York.

Consulting Gynæcologist, St. Vincent's Hospital, New York.

President of the New York Obstetrical Society.

President of the American Gynæcological Society.

President United States Catholic Historical Society.

Vice-President twice of the Medical Society of the County of New York.

Member of the Board of Managers of the Institution for the Blind, New York City, in 1866.

President of the Irish National Federation of America while it existed, from May, 1891, until Mr. Redmond's election, 1901.

Hon. President of the Robt. Emmet Branch of the Irish National Federation of Ireland in Clondalkin, County Dublin, Ireland.

Received in 1882 the Degree of LL.D. from the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia.

Received in 1899 the Laetare Medal from the University of Notre Dame of Notre Dame, Ill.

Dec. 19, 1906, received the insignia of the Knight Commanders of the

Order of St. Gregory the Great, from the Holy Father, Pope Pius X., and invested by the Most Rev. Archbishop Farley, of New York.

MEMBER OF MEDICAL SOCIETIES

Permanent Member, Medical Society of the State of New York.

Member of the Medical Society of the County of New York.

- " " " New York Academy of Medicine.
- " " " Pathological Society of New York.
- " " " Obstetrical Society of New York.
- " " " Alumni Association of the Woman's Hospital.
- " " " American Medical Association.
- " " " College of Physicians, Philadelphia.
- " " " British Medical Association.
- " " " Medical Society of Norway.
- " " " " " " the State of Connecticut.
- " " " " " " New Jersey.
- " " " " " " London, England.
- " " " Obstetrical Society of Berlin.
- " " " " " " Brussels.
- " " " " " " Boston.
- " " " " " " Chicago, Ill.
- " " " " " " Dublin, Ireland.
- " " " " " " Detroit.
- " " " " " " Edinburgh, Scotland.
- " " " " " " Louisville, Ky.
- " " " " " " Little Rock.
- " " " " " " Washington, D. C.
- " " " " " " Philadelphia.
- " " " Gynæcological Society, London, England (recently incorporated with the London Obstetrical Society).

"What he bids be done is finished with his bidding."

Coriolanus,

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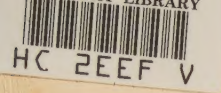
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